THE

MUSICAL TOUR

OF

Mr. DIBDIN;

IN WHICH--PREVIOUS TO HIS EMBARKATION FOR INDIA--HE FINISHED HIS CAREER AS

A PUBLIC CHARACTER.

"There was a grain of ſand that lamented itſelf as the moſt unfortunate atom upon the face of the univerſe; "but, in proceſs of time, it became a DIAMOND!"

Readings and Muſic.

SHEFFIELD:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. GALES, AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THIS WORK,

WITH PRIDE OF HEART, HUMBLE DEFERENCE, AND GRATEFUL SUSCEPTIBILITY,

IS INSCRIBED

TO

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

BY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS's

MOST FERVENTLY DEVOTED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

Charles Dibdin.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is neceſſary to announce, by way of advertiſement, that on account of the prodigious circuit this TOUR comprehends; the unavoidable alterations as to the time of its publication; and a variety of other concurrent circumſtances—the whole of the ſubſcribers' names were not received in time to *extend* the number of this impreſſion, which, from the uncertainty of what might be its reception, I have to lament was fixed *ab origine* at *ſix hundred*. The following liſt contains names for five hundred and fifty-ſeven copies—the remainder of the impreſſion I mean to take with me to INDIA—which I flatter myſelf will not be deemed an offence by thoſe who have ſubſcribed and cannot be ſupplied, as it will be impoſſible, my engagements being already made, to wait for the ſecond edition, though it is already begun.

It would be departing from every principle I have profeſſed, to conſider the overplus ſubſcribers—who I am proud to notice already amount to nearly two hundred—as *chance customers*; it would be as unfair not to act upon the plan of *firſt come firſt ſerved*; thoſe ladies and gentlemen therefore—many of whoſe names have been procured through the conſpicuous patronage which gives ſuch luſtre to this work, and would conſequently HEIGHTEN AND ADORN IT—are requeſted to obſerve, that in ſix weeks, a much larger impreſſion will be publiſhed, when they will be ſupplied with copies, and their names added to the liſt. It is proper alſo to ſpecify—to put every thing upon an equitable footing—that no perſon will be conſidered as a non ſubſcriber till the 12th of June—previous to which day ſubſcribers names will be received by Mr. PRESTON, at his Muſic Warehouſe, No. 97, in the Strand.

I cannot finiſh this advertiſement without lamenting that a prior engagement obliges Mr. GALES to relinquiſh printing the ſecond edition of this publication; in conſequence of which it is begun in LONDON—where even if the original ſhould be improved upon, it will be no triumph, as there will not be the ſame diſadvantages to encounter.

For all further particulars, the public is reſpectfully referred to ſuch articles in the newſpapers as will be publiſhed through that authority I ſhall leave behind me.

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MUSICAL TOUR.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"On this hint I ſpake."

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

I am perfectly aware that no man ought to obtrude himſelf unneceſſarily on the public—but when chance has thrown in the way of even the meaneſt individual occaſion to remark on a variety of matters that lead to ſuch information as may afford general or particular inſtruction and amuſement, I know no reaſon why ſuch a labour ſhould not aſpire to popular notice.

Upon this principle—I addreſs, to the beſt judge I know of all general ſubjects, whether natural or acquired, my MUSICAL TOUR. In which I have had opportunity, at different times, to laugh, to deplore, to pity, and applaud—it has excited, in ſome inſtances, my aſtoniſhment; in others, my indifference; it has called forth my warmeſt gratitude, and moved my ineffable contempt.

The provocation of theſe different feelings, of courſe, had its riſe from my different public and individual reception. I have been loſt in admiration

at the benignant liberality of one man in power, and obliged to ſhelter myſelf under a ſort of contemptuous compaſſion at the ignorant importance of another. I have been charmed to wonder at profeſſional candour, and I have ſmiled, unmoved, at profeſſional envy. I have warmed to delight at inſtances of private friendſhip, and have beheld with unhappineſs, and forgiven, wanton attempts to do me private injuries.

As for my public reception, it has been flattering in the extreme, as far as it relates to applauſe. I wiſh I could ſay the ſame as to profit. One advantage I have certainly reaped from it—my country experience has given me a more competent view of popular opinion than all I had before done. I believe it may be owing to my having converſed with my audience, and taken them at the moment I made them feel. Among the number, however, who have attended me, I ſhall not eaſily forget the few who are firmly convinced I am a moſt impudent impoſtor—for that Mr. DIBDIN amaſſed ſo large a fortune by the *Padlock* and the *Jubilee** as to be perfectly independent; whereas I ſtroll about the country; that I am a ſtout, jolly young man, in my own hair, whereas Mr. DIBDIN is a tall, thin man, and wears a wig†. On this ſubject I have a large ſtock of Anecdotes, which you will get in their place.

This TOUR alſo will, as far as opportunity has permitted me, give the public ſome uſeful hints relative to inns, manufactories, natural and artificial curioſities, the ſtate of the country as to cultivation, and ſuch other particulars as have curſorily ſtruck me—and, really, Mr. PATERSON ought to ſubſcribe handſomely,

* For the truth of this matter ſee the ſtatement of my profits for dramatic pieces.

† Nothing can be more curious than popular prejudices. I know a clergyman who, having enjoyed for ſeveral years the world's good opinion, was turned off, through a ridiculous pique, by a young nobleman to whom he was preceptor. After his diſgrace every vice and folly that could taint a man's character was attributed to him. He drank, wenched, and was ſo complete a gambler, that, had he kept his old ſituation much longer, he would have ruined the principles of his pupil. I know him well—and am convinced he is free from all theſe vices, and in particular as to play.—I declare I once ſaw him, in a ſingle game at whiſt, *revoke five times*.

handſomely—for I ſhall be able to improve his road book, which, in ſome inſtances, is very erroneous. Having alſo had many opportunities of converſing with men of genius, I ſhall communicate my remarks on thoſe converſations; in which, in particular, will be compriſed my ſentiments on MUSIC in all its points of view; for, to tell you a ſecret, while I merely conſidered myſelf as a public man, I held up diſdain as a ſhield to ward off the ſhafts of envy, and conceived myſelf under no obligation to blunt that malignity which neither gave me pain, nor injured me in the opinions of the candid and liberal. Having, however, made my election to cramp myſelf no more in the trammels of public drudgery, I mean, without favour or affection, honeſtly to point out, that muſic neither is, nor ought to be, what it is repreſented; that a knowledge of it, ſufficiently competent for all common purpoſes, is to be eaſily attained; and, in ſhort, to ſhew the world how to beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad—and, as I pledge myſelf to do this fully and fairly, I have no fear of ſucceeding to the diſcomfiture of all ſuch as have maintained that I am no muſician, that I do not know the nature of harmony, a ſingle method in modulation, or a rule in compoſition. Another object which peculiarly demands my attention is the THEATRE. Nor will a fair expoſition of its arcana come by any means improperly through the medium of this publication. An account of the motives which induce me to quit my native country are a part of my compact with the public, and they cannot be enumerated without relating many theatrical tranſactions—beſides, a recent correſpondence with Mr. HARRIS actually comes within the meaning of the TOUR, and as I conſider myſelf under an examination—and, what ought to be ſerious indeed, a ſelf-examination—would it not be unpardonable to conceal any part of the truth? which, for my comfort, will infallibly be credited; becauſe, ceaſing to be a public man, I cannot be ſuppoſed to have any intereſt in what I do.

Theſe matters, together with a prodigious number of obſervations, both of my own and others, on all general ſubjects—anecdotes, and the eſſence of what I have delivered, at different places, under the title of READINGS and

MUSIC,

Music, will make up a ſeries of letters which, as they are to contain the remarks of a man long in the habit of adminiſtering to the pleaſure of the public, will, I truſt, with the advantage of your ſentiments on each ſeparate letter, be found to excite and ſatisfy public curioſity. Thus, you ſee, like Othello, I could take a hint—no ſooner had you ſignified a wiſh that I ſhould addreſs theſe letters to you, than I plumed myſelf upon that opportunity of introducing them eligibly to the world, and I hope you will ſuſtain no diſgrace in this liberty taken by,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

Hereford, Auguſt 16, 1787.

6 MA 65

LETTER

LETTER II.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PROCEED.

"Give me a man that is not paſſion's ſlave, and I'll wear him in my heart's core."

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

I cannot have a ſtronger ſtimulative to proceed than your kindneſs. The praiſe you are pleaſed to afford my introductory letter—which cannot, from its nature, be ſo entertaining as thoſe of which it is the harbinger—gives me very flattering hopes that this teſtimony of public gratitude will hold ſome rank in the world's eſtimation. Be aſſured it ſhall be written with the moſt rigid integrity, and I think it will create ſome intereſt. You are ſo kind to ſay "that you really think a ſeries of ſuch letters would "take; and, though much depends on popular caprice and momentary taſte, "for which there is no accounting, yet you muſt encourage me to proceed—for "it is a muſical age, and an *annus mirabilis* of anecdote." Under the auſpices of a generous public, aſſiſted by the advice of a warm and experienced advocate, I ſhall fearleſſly go through my taſk, aſſured, while I addreſs myſelf to you, my *feelings* will meet every indulgence from the *kind friend*, and my FAME every advantage from the ABLE CRITIC.

I am, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, October 14, 1787.

LETTER III.

WRITTEN TO PROVE THAT PROFIT IS A BETTER THING THAN FAME.

"*Who would fardels bear,*
"*And ſweat and groan under a load of life?*"

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

A meaſure, without a motive, is a ſuperſtructure without a foundation. There has been as much ſpeculation on my becoming an itinerant, as might, in France, have procured me the honour of a *lettre de cachet*. Vainly I ſay, at the bottom of my bills, that, having received a long and liberal patronage from the public, I come to thank that body for having amply requited my ſervices. Say the cavillers, 'your argument makes againſt 'you. Had you drawn ſo much money as you report, the preſent meaſure 'would not have been worth your while; and if you are ſuch a favourite, why 'not continue in a ſervice that has procured you ſuch reputation?' Some few I have ſet right in theſe particulars—the reſt are referred to this very letter, which ſhall "a round, unvarniſhed tale unfold."—

Firſt then—I certainly have received more public applauſe than any Engliſh compoſer, except ARNE; nor was it leaſt when I could boaſt of that glorious competitor's friendſhip. Can any other than myſelf count upwards of ninety ſongs of his own compoſition, that have been encored? and yet I never in my life wrote a ſingle puff on my own account—but, on the contrary, conſtantly reprobated that contemptible ſupport of imbecility, and rotten prop

of

of debilitated reputation. Out of nearly ſixty pieces which I have written and compoſed, and which, before I have done, I will enumerate, no one has been actually damned—three only have been withdrawn—*The Shepherdeſs of the Alps*, which was miſerably performed—*The Chelſea Penſioner*, which was actually ſo ſucceſsful as to have four ſongs encored on the laſt night it was repreſented—and *Amphytrion*, which I was compelled to write on a plan I never approved. Many of the remainder have been performed more than thirty nights, ſome more than ſixty, in the firſt ſeaſon—not to mention thoſe which conſtantly keep the ſtage, and are favourites all over the kingdom; and yet, among theſe I have not included the *Padlock*, the *Jubilee*, nor any of thoſe pieces which, though compoſed by me, are not of my writing. A reception like this is evidently a liberal one, and muſt have brought an immenſe ſum of money—but to whom? To the managers of the theatre—who have conſtantly the oyſter, while the poet and compoſer divide the ſhells. Thus, uniting both thoſe characters in myſelf, I have been encumbered with two ſhells inſtead of one—for fame, after all, like a theatrical banquet, though very *fine*, is not EATABLE. Theſe reaſons, which, I truſt, bear no marks of vanity, ſince they are plain facts, and I offer them only in my vindication, will ſhew that, though I have been handſomely paid, yet it has been in a coin advantageous to no other being than a camelion; and, as I am no air eater, but, on the contrary, love, as well as any body, the good things of this world, my intention is certainly to go where I am informed they are to be found.

Thus, you ſee, I have made the matter fairly demonſtrable, without the ſmalleſt depreciation of the public liberality. *They* gave the money, and *I* the pleaſure; and, therefore, I have not the leaſt doubt but they had rather I had received the profit.

Nevertheleſs—I ſhould have made the beſt of theſe bad bargains, and jogged on in the old way, had it not been evident that my unfortunate connection with the Circus barred the doors of the theatre—or rather, left them a little

a little open, that they might ſqueeze me the harder. I have had no piece ſince *Amphytrion* but *Liberty Hall*, which, after having *nine* ſongs encored the FIRST night (ſix of which were repeated, and the other three excuſed, out of compaſſion to the performers) was *hiſſed by a party* on the *tenth*, and immediately withdrawn. This cannot poſſibly be attributable to Mr. LINLEY—for, though, eleven years ago*, Mr. SHERIDAN excuſed himſelf from keeping a

* This circumſtance deſerves to be told. I had certainly no expectation at *Drury-lane* after GARRICK retired from it. Poor BRERETON, however, to whom Mr. SHERIDAN was under obligations wiſhing me to remain at the theatre, made his friend promiſe that I ſhould return to my old ſituation. As Mr. BRERETON is dead, I ſhould not venture to aſſert this as a poſitive fact, had not Mr. SHERIDAN confeſſed he had made ſuch a promiſe; not, however, without ſaying he was ſorry for it; as he was ſure my being at *Drury-lane* would cauſe a heart-burning between Mr. LINLEY and me. He had, nevertheleſs, he ſaid, done ſomething that would anſwer the purpoſe as well—having prevailed with Mr. HARRIS to engage me as compoſer to *Covent Garden*. At his deſire I called on Mr. HARRIS, who aſſured me, and I ſincerely believe him, that he had never *any converſation* WHATEVER on the ſubject. His words were "ſurely Mr. SHERIDAN's mad." No engagement of courſe took place, and I went to France.—While I am on this ſubject, I ſhall mention, that there are moments when mean men are aſhamed of their own littleneſs. At my return from France I made a verbal engagement with Mr. HARRIS, to the excluſion of all others, as compoſer to the houſe. Let it be remembered I do not ſay this to accuſe him of inconſiſtency—it was certainly his intention not to have a compoſer, till the buſineſs of *Poor Vulcan* induced him to alter his mind. It was at this time the theatrical coalition had taken place, and Mr. HARRIS and his colleague were never aſunder. One morning I came to a rehearſal rather before the time, and found theſe gentlemen talking on the ſtage. Mr. HARRIS, to whom I had that morning ſent the hunting ſong beginning "give round the word diſmount diſmount," came to me very eagerly, to thank me for my expedition in getting it ready. Mr. SHERIDAN, who could not avoid ſeeing me, ſeemed not to know me. We talked a good while, on different ſubjects, during which time, to do his modeſty juſtice, with all his conſummate eloquence, he knew not what to ſay. At length, finding he muſt ſpeak to me, he called Mr. HARRIS aſide, and aſked him who I was—and, being informed, he came up to me to make an apology for, as he ſaid, not knowing me. I might be altered, but ſo was he—for, when I before ſaw him, he was as remarkably ſpruce, as, at the time I mention, he was remarkably ſlovenly. Said he, "Mr. DIBDIN, I beg your pardon a thouſand times—I had not the ſmalleſt recollec-'tion of you. I don't know how it is—but—you are ſtrangely altered. You had no powder in your "hair when I laſt ſaw you." 'Faith then,' ſaid I, ''twould have been no wonder if I had not known 'you, for when laſt I ſaw you—*you had*.' 'But,' ſaid I to Mr. HARRIS, ''tis not wonderful Mr. SHE-'RIDAN ſhould not chuſe to know me—for the laſt time I ſaw him was when he ſent me on that fool's 'errand *to you*.'

a promiſe he had made of giving me the ſituation of compoſer to the houſe, which I had ſeven years held under Mr. GARRICK, by telling me that a connection with *Drury-lane* would certainly cauſe a heart-burning—though in the affair of *Liberty Hall* Mr. LINLEY protracted the benefit till it was no benefit at all—though Mr. LINLEY poſitively accuſed a friend of mine as the author of the above ſupererogate damnation, which friend has given me many ſtrong and unequivocal proofs that he is no dealer in words only—though I had the honour of kicking my heels in Mr. LINLEY's hall about thirty times in one ſeaſon, concerning a farce which was curſorily read, liked, reviſed, and at length returned through the medium of the under prompter—which farce, by way of parentheſis, I afterwards ſent to Mr. HARRIS, who returned it, writing me word I had better get it performed at *Drury-lane*—though, notwithſtanding all this, I ſince ſent two pieces to Mr. LINLEY which were returned *unread*—and, laſtly, though Mr. LINLEY, to put the matter upon a footing, wrote me a letter, ſaying they did not want *my talents* at *Drury-lane*—yet, Mr. LINLEY's character as a fair, candid, honeſt man; free from littleneſs, and above all *envy*—his diffidence of his own merit, which he has often confeſſed to me did not at all qualify him for dramatic compoſitions—in ſhort, his amiable private virtues, his wonderful public abilities, which are ſo real that they are ten times over repeated almoſt every day in almoſt every newſpaper. All theſe abundantly prove that the above-related circumſtances, though ſelf-evident, have, ſomehow or other, like a ſham flaw in a good indictment, a ſort of apparent defection; and can, by ſpecious and ingenious arguments, which are a great deal better, becauſe more faſhionable, than plain truth and common ſenſe, be made to quaſh the charge; and not only ſhew the accuſed immaculately innocent, but groſſly injured. But to drop all pleaſantry—are not theſe fardels of the mind? and if ſo—are they not incomparably more galling and ponderous than thoſe of the body? Mine, however, will always be relieved by the reflection that I have a friend like you, and the pleaſure I take in aſſuring you that I am unfeignedly yours,

C. DIBDIN.

York, Sept. 28, 1787.

LETTER IV.

MORE REASONS FOR PREFERRING THE SUBSTANCE TO THE SHADOW.

"*Nothing extenuate—*
"*Nor ſet down ought in malice.*"

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

AS Triſtram Shandy was a long while employed on writing his hiſtory before he was born, ſo I ſhall be ſome time getting on with my MUSICAL TOUR before I ſet out. My motive which I talked of in the laſt letter is like a quantity of vivid quickſilver, which, being touched, ſeparates into a number of ſmaller globules. Theſe, in order to go on with preciſion, it muſt be my taſk to ſweep again into the original maſs—or, to ſpeak leſs circularly—it will be proper to touch on all that train of ſubordinate events which induced me to muſter up the *abſolutely* neceſſary reſolution of roving into foreign parts. To do this without a retrogade motion, for I hate every thing ungraceful, I ſhall not go regularly back, but at once ſkip to that period when, in conſequence of a difference of opinion with Mr. HARRIS, about the mode of altering *Amphytrion*—which, being done his way, was, as I predicted, performed without ſucceſs—that gentleman and I ſeparated. At that time I applied to a friend of mine to enter into ſome ſcheme with me, who prevailed on ſeveral other gentlemen to join him in building the Circus. The hiſtory of that place—the infamy of its preſent occupier—the blindneſs of the Surry magiſtrates—the ill treatment of the proprietors—and my incorrigible

weakneſs

weakneſs and folly in tamely ſuffering ſo many impoſitions, would make up matter for a much larger work than this I am writing—but, as I will not pay your patience ſo ill a compliment as to require that you ſhould rake in a jakes, and as alſo I mean, in my public deceaſe, to die in peace with all men, I ſhall only ſay that, having laboured four times more during three years than any other man ever did, I found I had nothing for it but to regain the theatres. This was certainly a forlorn hope, and I ſtruggled with it as long as I could. In particular, I had the pleaſure of kicking down about 290l. by building a caſtle in the air near Pancras, by virtue of an agreement with the famous—I had almoſt added another ſyllable—JACOB LEROUX, Eſq. architect, brick-maker, and trading-juſtice in the diſtrict of Clerkenwell. This gentleman, with a daſtardly ſpeciouſneſs for which a Hyena might envy him, promiſed me a licenſe in the name of ſeveral magiſtrates *who oppoſed the motion*, and knowing, I ſuppoſe, the actual value of the proteſtations he had made, erected the ſkeleton of a building, which was blown down by the firſt high wind after the licence was refuſed.

Foiled thus in every attempt at independancy, I did my utmoſt to get reconnected with the theatres, but to no purpoſe. One manœuvre, which I practiſed to accompliſh this, deſerves notice. I got a friend to preſent a comedy to *Drury-lane*, without naming the author, who had ſo much intereſt, that Mr. SHERIDAN himſelf read about half a dozen pages, and praiſed them. The reſt of the piece was read by Mrs. SHERIDAN, who liked it very much. It was then referred to Mr. TICKEL, who referred it to Mrs. TICKEL, who read and approved it. After this, Mr. TICKEL pronounced that, with a few alterations, it would do; and ſomething was in agitation, though never completed, concerning an accommodation for 100l. till the piece ſhould make its appearance. My friend is ſince gone abroad—and ſeeing I had nothing elſe for it, I wrote to Mr. TICKEL, ſetting him right concerning the author of the comedy, and deſiring to have it returned. Though I took a great deal of pains to get an anſwer to the letter, I have never yet received one, and the piece of courſe

courſe remains in their hands. As I ſhall certainly, throughout the whole of this work, be very tenacious of advancing what I do not poſitively, and from my own conviction, know to be fact. I ſhall remark upon the above—that, as I had no communication whatever with Mr. TICKEL concerning this ſame comedy, I could come at what I have related through my friend's account only. I have a pretty ſtrong *preſumptive* proof, however, that it is literally true; for, during the tranſaction, to clench the buſineſs, which the readers ſee it did with a vengeance, a near relation of Mr. TICKEL had a curacy given him of two livings, not an hundred miles from *Bedford*, by the very gentleman who preſented the comedy. Another friend, in the ſame manner, ſent an afterpiece to Mr. HARRIS, who returned it, ſaying, "though it had great theatrical "merit, it would not do on the ſtage."—Hear this, ye would-be-witlings, and rejoice! theatrical merit is no longer a dramatic requiſite! This piece is now in the hands of Mr. COLMAN, who, by agreement, was to have performed it during his late ſeaſon—but, whether he did not wiſh to riſque the principal character with any body but Mr. PALMER, which is the reaſon he aſſigned to me, adding, that the piece was ſo well written it deſerved good actors, for that it was in the ſtyle of the *Guardian*, but more delicate—or, whether he was ſhocked at the cruel and inhuman murder of *Harveſt Home**—or, in ſhort, whatever may be his reaſons, it ſtill lies in his hands. I even, to leave nothing untried, made an agreement with Mr. DALY, the Iriſh manager, which, after being broken, on his ſide, three times, yielded me, in three years, about 120l.—whereas, had it been properly kept, I muſt have received ſix times that ſum.

Finding myſelf therefore in the ſtate of ADAM, with all the world before me, where to chuſe—for I have pretty well proved that the theatrical paradiſe was ſhut againſt me—it ſtruck me that the warm and foſtering climate of ASIA might revive a drooping plant that had been neglected in its native ſoil; but then, as Mr. BAYS ſays, came in the *Quomodo*—how to procure the ways and means. I had never travelled much in *England*, and I thought it would be no bad thing to

* See the ſtatement of pieces.

to pay my perſonal reſpects to my old patrons, to thank them for their liberality, and at the ſame time preſent them with ſuch an entertainment as ſhould not only inſure me their good wiſhes and intereſt them for my proſperity, but ſupply me with the means to accompliſh my deſign.

Determined however to make ſure of every thing in my power, I wrote to Mr. HARRIS, telling him my intention, and offering to ſale ſuch materials as I conceived might be uſeful to him. I received a letter encouraging me to furniſh him with pieces of any deſcription; and I have actually from that time to this, at my leiſure, been hard at work for him.

But I know not how it is—my mind miſgives me on this ſubject. I have ſince ſeen Mr. HARRIS at BRISTOL, and heard from him at YORK. However, I ſhall anticipate nothing—all matters ſhall come in their proper order—and, if you have the patience I wiſh you—for patience you muſt have if you jog on with me through my TOUR—indeed, if I was to follow the examples of ſome muſical travellers, I ſhould exerciſe no other virtue in you—you will permit me to place the banquet I have invited you to, in what manner I pleaſe. Intereſt forbid, having ſuch work for my own imagination, I ſhould not leave the reader as much room as poſſible for the workings of his. It has been affirmed that the pleaſures we fancy, are completer than thoſe we enjoy; and, if this poſition be founded, who knows but, by conſtantly keeping curioſity on tiptoe, I ſhall receive credit for having furniſhed a good feaſt, even though half the merit lay in exciting the appetite. There is more art, ſay the painters, in concealing than ſhewing. Would any one read an epigram if the laſt line were taken away? Not to gratify, would be to to make a TANTALUS of the reader; but ſtill let us remember that *poſſeſſion*, eaſily attained, is but another word for SATIETY.

Thus, having, by a regular gradation, with a few ſhirts and books in a trunk, a well-digeſted plan in my head, and a letter from Dr. ARNOLD to Dr.

HAYES, in my pocket, ſeated myſelf in the Oxford ſtage-coach, my next letter will of courſe contain what happened to me at that *confuſion of tongues*. In the proſecution of which, as well as of all the reſt of my adventures, though no more than OTHELLO would I have any thing extenuated, or ought ſet down in malice; yet like DICK, in *The Miller of Mansfield*, I ſhall certainly ſpeak *truth*, and if that happens to be SATIRE, I cannot help it—yet never ſhall I ſay truer than when I aſſure you,

I am,

With perfect ſincerity,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

York, September 30, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER V.

CONTAINING A JOURNEY TO OXFORD—WITH A DESCRIPTION OF A MUSICIAN WITH GOOD SENSE, AND A CLERGYMAN WITHOUT PRIDE.

"*Yet I am honeſt—though I wear black.*"

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

IT was not in the dull month of November, when Engliſhmen hang and drown themſelves, but in the ſprightly month of March, when they rouſe from their lethargy, when citizens and tom-tits begin to inhale the bracing influence of the eaſtern breeze, and ponies and country-lodgings are ſmartened up for cuſtomers. You who are perfectly, correctly, critically erudite, will not ſurely blame me for being particular as to dates. Some readers remember nothing but the chronological parts, and it does not ſignify three-pence by what means this Queen happened to be raviſhed, or that Emperor flayed alive, ſo that they can give a faithful account of the time ſuch an event took place. Mr. SHERIDAN marks the time in the commencement of his *Duenna* by making the clock ſtrike four, though he ridicules that very circumſtance—forgetting of courſe that he had uſed it—in *The Critic*.

On the ſeventeenth of March, 1787, I left *the regions of ſmoke* for the *regions of accompliſhment*. Nothing paſſed on the road worthy your notice. The converſation of the paſſengers in the ſtage-coach was in the uſual ſtile. Almoſt every object brought with it ſome remark. We admired, as uſual, the entrance of *Sion-Houſe*, the convenient ſituation for ſtar-gazing of Mr. HERSCHEL—we ſighed,

ſighed, as uſual, to think on human depravity, on contemplating the gibbets upon Hounſlow-Heath ; and we lamented their fate who were poiſoned at Salt-Hill. The very dinner was as uſual—ſome ſoup which might have been miſtaken for a doſe of ſalts reliſhed with leeks, and a boiled leg of mutton ſcarcely warmed through. At length the majeſtic view of lofty ſteeples, towers, and turrets demanded our admiration—and we preſently arrived at Oxford.

The next morning I called on Dr. HAYES. If you have never ſeen this gentleman, I muſt tell you that he is the very kind of man that of all others intereſts you ſtrongly in his favour the moment you ſpeak to him. I believe no human creature ever poſſeſſed a better or a more blameleſs heart, and never was a countenance more the index of a mind ; for whatever fancy can picture of benevolence, mildneſs, and benignity, is written there, in characters ſo legible that they cannot be miſtaken. If he ſhould ſee this portrait of himſelf, and from his diffidence wiſh I had blotted it out, let him forgive me in the reflection that I am only ambitious to do him that juſtice which he has ſo much pleaſure in rendering to all mankind. Nay—you ſhall yourſelf confeſs I am not a flattering painter. Can you tell me, my dear Sir, a character ſo near perfection as he who, a profeſſor himſelf, knows not *profeſſional envy?* This man then is Dr. HAYES—and he is ſo very different from JOSEPH SURFACE, that all the world ſpeaks *well of him*, and yet all the world ſpeaks TRUTH.

After we had talked over my buſineſs, in the courſe of which converſation I told him that I had a very ſtrong wiſh to ſtart my entertainment at the Univerſity, to give it a proper ſanction, he referred me to THE VICE CHANCELLOR, and gave me an introductory letter. I aſked him if Dr. CHAPMAN was eaſy of acceſs, and he told me I ſhould find him the moſt chearful, amiable man I had ever converſed with. This report was ſo true that I muſt try my hand at another deſcription.

THE

THE VICE CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD is a tall, well-made man, with all the eaſy grace and native ſimplicity of a plain country gentleman—and yet a demeanour that might ſhame a courtier. His eye is ſo piercing that it ſeems to penetrate your very intentions—and yet ſo mild that it is eaſy to diſcern his only ſolicitation is to know your wants, and ſupply them. His converſation is as ſimple—yet as elegant as SWIFT's *Drapier's Letters*. His diſcernment remarkably acute; and his diſcrimination preciſion itſelf. This gentleman, if he ſhould ſo far honour me as to read this book, may wonder how I can venture to affirm ſo much from the little opportunity I had of converſing with him; but I will be ingenuous enough to declare that I went to him pre-determined to make my obſervations—and thoſe obſervations went not more to any other part of his conduct, than his invincible integrity—of which as well as the reſt you ſhall judge.

I muſt premiſe however, I would not declare what paſſed between us, could I for a moment ſuppoſe it would create the moſt diſtant chance of belief in the breaſt of any young gentlemen of the Univerſity, that Dr. CHAPMAN is not as anxious to give them pleaſure as they to receive it. He certainly debarred them at that time of what they afterwards did me the kindneſs to conſider as a very high gratification. I told him the nature of my entertainment, and his words were theſe: "I am very ſorry I muſt refuſe you my conſent. Your profeſſi-
"onal abilities deſerve a different anſwer; and I dare ſay you would perform
"nothing that could diſcredit either yourſelf or the Univerſity—but I am, at
"this moment, particularly circumſtanced. There have been lately many
"riots; and though I am very deſirous of pleaſing the ſtudents, they ſome-
"times put it out of my power. Here was a Mr. COLLINS, and I could not
"with propriety let him perform. He went away—and the young gentlemen
"took the matter ſo much in dudgeon that they encouraged ſome Italians to
"ſing here, without my permiſſion. I was in conſequence under the painful

" neceſſity of ſending them to priſon ;* and it is more than probable, were I " now to tell you—which I wiſh I could—Mr. DIBDIN you may perform your " entertainment—they might think I ſet you up againſt their favourite Italians, " and it might turn out a ſerious quarrel—for, in ſuch a caſe, your profeſſional " reputation would be of no avail—and they would reſent in their anger what " in a cooler moment they might be convinced they had reaſon to thank me " for."

Nothing could be handſomer than this reaſoning. I felt myſelf ſo influenced by it that I was more pleaſed at ſuch a refuſal than I ſhould have been by an unconditional permiſſion. This gentleman took a great deal of pains to prove himſelf right in a matter wherein, had he been ſo minded, he had nothing to exerciſe but an *ipſe dixit*. The diſcharge of his duty as *vice chancellor* did not ſatisfy him—he choſe to diſcharge it as *a man*. In fine, as he ſaw nothing that he could diſapprove in the nature of my entertainment, he could not bear that I ſhould come to Oxford for nothing; and thinking very probably that his apparent refuſal might be of public diſadvantage to me, he gave me his word that I ſhould perform my amuſement in the following term. Thus I took leave of Dr. CHAPMAN, a character, were it more imitated by the *clergy*, religion would be more revered by the *laity*.

To prove however that I have no further intereſt in what I have ſaid above, than that fair and candid juſtice I am determined to do every man I mention in this ſeries of letters, I declare I did not put ten guineas in my pocket by my performance at OXFORD, on my return—and I neglected what would have been a conſiderably greater advantage to me. I can therefore have no other reaſon for what I here advance, than a regard for truth, unbiaſſed by any ſervile

* The riotous conduct of the ſtudents upon this occaſion went ſo far that one of them ſtruck the mayor, and it was expected at the time I was there that a ſentence of expulſion would paſs againſt him at the end of the term.

vile motive; and as that ſhall honeſtly actuate me upon all occaſions, you will by and by get the portrait of another vice chancellor who had his *motives* for refuſing me too—but they were not exactly of the ſame complexion as Dr. CHAPMAN's. In ſhort, PLUTARCH compared the *paralleled* virtues of his heroes—MINE will be all *contraſt*. And though I will not ſuppoſe but that all characters are honeſt who wear black, yet it will be readily granted me there are ſhades of that colour, even from the diſmal, dingy firſt mourning of an heir, to the light, airy French-grey in which he takes poſſeſſion of his father's titles and eſtate.

Adieu! Hey for BATH—where you will find me in my next letter.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

York, October 4, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

A DESCRIPTION OF BATH, AND A TOLERABLE INSTANCE OF MODEST ASSURANCE.

"*He ſpeaks more in an hour*
"*Than he'll ſtand to in a year.*"

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

ON Sunday, March 20, I arrived at that mixture of lowlineſs and grandeur, pride and meanneſs, politeneſs and impertinence—BATH—the region of faſhion and dullneſs—of elegance and vapidity—of public reputation and private intrigue—of extravagance and impoſition. Where dreſs is the *ne plus ultra* of all virtue—where a graceful minuet is conſidered as the height of human perfection—where good-breeding is carried to ſuch a pitch of refinement that doves and rooks mix *ſans façon*, and the foxes and geeſe are all of one family—where the buildings, like the viſitors, are grand, heavy, and ſmoke-dried—where Iriſh gentlemen of high families and low fortunes lay in wait for opportunities to amuſe thoſe miſſes who paſs their whole time in contriving how they ſhall moſt conveniently leave ſick mamma to the care of the old nurſe—and where convivial lords who have worn out the cellar, the larder, the waiters, and themſelves in London, are wheeled down, with about ſix months to live, to drink the waters, hobble cotillions, pick their teeth, qualify Burgundy with ſpruce beer, faintly revive expiring nature by the adminiſtration of ſtimulatives, beat falſe time, ſcream bravo, *mal apropos*, and hiccup out *non nobis domine*.

Here

Here—for Fortune ſo willed it—was I to make my *coup d'eſſai*; and having fixed myſelf in a lodging, I began to prepare for my entertainment, which I adverti ſed for the following Tueſday, Wedneſday, and Friday. On the Monday morning came a loud rap at my parlour door. I called "Come in," and a genteel, well looking man entered the room with—in what they call the ſinging or faſhionable brogue—'Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant. I 'underſtand you are Mr. DIBDIN, whom all the world knows—the compoſer 'of *The Padlock*, and *The Jubilee*, and *Poor Vulcan*, and *The Quaker*, and all 'thoſe charming pieces that 'tis a long time we have been delighted with. Oh! 'by my ſoul I do tink that beautiful ſong—ſtay a minute—which is it? Ah 'fait its no matter—you never made a bad one in your life. Well, Sir, don't 'let me interrupt you. I take the liberty of calling—for you ſee I am diſtract-'edly fond of muſic, and I find we are going to be charmed with a little enter-'tainment of your fabricating. Sir, I have it in my power to do you a great 'deal of ſervice; and to be ſure I ſhall conceive it the duty of myſelf and every 'other friend I have, to be as ſtirring as poſſible in this buſineſs. I know al-'ready of a party of fourteen that I have not ſpoken to. And den there is—'Oh fait there are ſome very capital families here—don't be uneaſy—pray 'could you favour me with ſome little, delicate, charming, beautiful touch—'only juſt you know to make their mouths water by tellingthem what I have 'heard.' I was at the *Piano Forte*, and complied with great readineſs, and indeed as much as any thing to know the drift of this long harrangue, which I ſhrewdly ſuſpected implied ſomething more than mere ſpontaneous good nature. After I had done—he cried—'ah by my ſoul—there's no other man 'alive but yourſelf wid ſuch taſte. Well now I'll tell you ſomething—where 'do you perform?' I anſwered "at the new rooms." 'Well, but ſure there 'won't be room enough for the people, they'll come in ſuch crowds—'but that is not what I am going to ſay—do your know you have it in your 'power to do me the greateſt favour in the world.' "I am ſure then Sir I "have it in my inclination." 'Ah, now that's what I have always ſaid—'true genius and politeneſs conſtantly go hand in hand together. Sir, I thank

'you very kindly. You muſt know there is a lady in this town of great diſ-
'tinction—one of the firſt Iriſh families—the honourable Mrs. O'N—. She is
'at the head of fifteen thouſand a year, and writes poetry like an angel.—Oh
'to be ſure I have not the ſweeteſt ſong of her writing—here it is—you ſhall
'read it' He then produced me the firſt ſtanza of a ſong, certainly very prettily written. 'Now do you ſee, I entreat this may be a ſecret between
'you and I'—and ſo very Iriſh was this requeſt, that MATHEWS, of BATH, to whom I had been playing the ſongs of *Harveſt Home*, was in the room from firſt to laſt.—'what do you tink I have promiſed—you muſt know I have a
'pretty notion of muſic, and I play tolerably well, for a gentleman, on the
'violin—I have promiſed to ſet this ſweet ſong to muſic, and for the life of me
'I don't know how—now you ſee—you would do it it in three minutes—
'I can ſay it's mine—and, as we ſhall keep the ſecret, nobody can know any
'tink about it. What do you tink of this?—you know I ſhall make ſome
'large parties for you—oh, by my ſoul, you may depend through my means
'of having a thick audience. Well, Sir, if you will be ſo very kind as to do
'me this great favour, I ſhall have a very ſingular and particular pleaſure—
'and in return, excluſive of the attention I mean to pay your performance,
'which, indeed, is but the duty of every man who is a lover and encourager
'of profeſſional merit—I ſhall certainly ſerve you any way within the ſcope of
'my intereſt and ability.' Not to tire you—I ſet the ſong; promiſing, like the PRINCE OF WALES about the death of HOTSPUR, that if a lie would do him grace, I'd dreſs it in the fineſt terms I had. The captain was in raptures—promiſed me to bring ALL BATH—and then came—alone. I met him afterwards at the catch club, where he made no ſort of apology for his breach of promiſe, but careleſſly ſaid that Mrs. O'N—was charmed with the ſong—that he felt himſelf very gay in his borrowed plumes—that he was ſorry I had ſuch a bad room—that it would do my heart good to hear them ſing catches and glees in Ireland, where he ſhould be very happy to have the pleaſure of ſeeing me—and, in ſhort, reſorted to ſuch paltry ſubterfuges, as induced me to pity him for a contemptible ingenuity which, I dare ſay, he thought merited praiſe.

Determined,

Determined, however, by an honeſt manœuvre, to repay his nefarious one—I gave the ſong to Mr. INCLEDON, who ſings it charmingly at Vauxhall, and it is now printed with my name to the muſic in the title page. The negroes, with that ſhrewdneſs for which they are remarkable, call a promiſe *windy*. At a place called DEEP BAY, in ST. KITT'S, the young men are remarkable for taking advantage of the credulity of the negro girls. One of the poor creatures who had been abuſed and forſaken, complained to her brother: Honeſt QUAMINO anſwered—"Siſſy, I always ſay you dam fool—for what "you go DEEP BAY?—you no ſavey Deep Bay young man *full a windy*."—which compliment, however it may belong to the Iriſh gentleman, has nothing to do with me, when I aſſure you I am,

Moſt ſincerely,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

York, October 5, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

IN WHICH THE READER IS RESCUED FROM THE COMPANY OF A YAWNING AUDIENCE AND A MELANCHOLY CATCH CLUB—BY A WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE.

"*If in theſe hallow'd times, when ſober, ſad,*
"*When gentlemen are melancholy mad—*
"*When 'tis not deem'd ſo great a crime by half*
"*To violate a veſtal—as to laugh*"—

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

ON Tueſday, the twenty-ſecond, at noon, I made my public appearance—if performing an entertainment before eight and thirty perſons can be called ſo—for the *firſt* time during twelve years; and, if I had not a perſeverance beyond any other man, it would have been my *laſt*. Heaven defend me from ſuch a ſet of inſipid, vague, unmeaning, countenances. One of the number I have ſince performed before at MONMOUTH, and another at WAKEFIELD, both of whom inſiſted upon it that the performance was much better than at BATH—when the fact was they were only in company more diſpoſed to be happy. All thoſe paſſages which to your knowledge have kept the audience in a roar, were received with a vacant gravity, an unfeeling ſtare, a milk and water indifference. Enough, as I ſay of my poet, to make a man forſwear ever taking a pen in the hand—and yet, I found afterwards that they were all pleaſed—it was only their manner of expreſſing themſelves. It was BATH, and therefore it would have been vulgar to laugh or give way to any emotion that indicates pleaſure ſuch as the heart participates. This I had occaſion

ſion more minutely to remark by paying a viſit to the catch-club—where even the glaſs, which never circulated more freely—nor all the toaſts that accompanied it—the ſongs that relieved it, which were pretty well fraught with that reproachful ſubſtitute for humour that men who are ſtrangers to real wit find ſo much pleaſure in, could ſcarcely raiſe a ſmile—the broad bottoms of the glaſſes, as if inſtinctively, reſounded a peal of applauſe at the end of every ſong, but till the end of the next, all was ſilent as death. I note this as an inſtance of faſhionable gravity, beyond credibility—for, that a meeting, profeſſedly convivial ſhould apparently be held without mirth, is a kind of exiſtence without a ſoul—a mental death—but it may be reconciled by ſaying that it is a refinement on politeneſs, reſerved alone to grace the luke-warm court of the luke-warm KING BLADUD.

As theſe remarks on the affected ſtupidity of the BATH auditors naturally lead to audiences in general, I ſhall, while I am on the ſubject, ſpeak a little of the different feelings of different ſpectators. Some have been in raptures about nothing—others have applauded without diſcrimination—ſome have intruded their opinions on every body, and others have not dared to feel till they had aſked the opinions of their neighbours. But it is not BATH alone—every ſeparate place I have ſeen has its peculiar mode of indicating its pleaſure. You may remember, in a letter written to me ſome time ago, you wondered at my advertiſing my entertainment at BIRMINGHAM, when it was notorious that at one of the meetings, where *L'Allegro il ed Penſoroſo* was performed, the audience was unmoved at every part of it but the line

"Drew iron tears down PLUTO's cheeks"

At BRISTOL—which place, to a proverb, is remarkable for hoggiſhneſs—they did not conſider ſo much the quality as when they had enough—and ſo of the reſt—the particulars of which local taſte will come in their place. I cannot, however, refrain from noticing the delight that *Grog* has given all

the captains of ſhips, and *The Race Horſe** all the ſportſmen. The claſſical men have chuckled at *The Siege of Troy*, and the muſical at *Pompoſo*—not to mention that every individual member of all the audiences ever aſſembled to hear me has bridled up, and been charmed beyond meaſure, at the compliment contained in the laſt four lines of the entertainment. I ſhall conclude this letter with an anecdote of GARRICK and old CERVETTO.

When GARRICK returned from ITALY, he prepared an addreſs to the audience, which he delivered previous to the play he firſt appeared in. When he came upon the ſtage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finiſhing with a huzza. As ſoon as this unprecedented applauſe had a little ſubſided, he uſed every art of which he was ſo completely maſter to lull the tumult into a profound ſilence—and, juſt as all was huſhed as death, and anxious expectation ſat on every face, old CERVETTO, who was better known by the name of NOSEY, anticipated the very firſt line of the addreſs by—aw—a tremendous yawn. A convulſion of laughter enſued, and it was ſome minutes before the wiſhed-for ſilence could be again reſtored. That, however, obtained—GARRICK delivered his addreſs in that happy, irreſiſtible manner in which he was always ſure to captivate his audience; and he retired with applauſe ſuch as was never better given, nor ever deſerved. But the matter did not reſt here—The moment he came off the ſtage, he flew like lightening to the muſic room, where, collaring aſtoniſhed NOSEY, he began to abuſe him pretty vociferouſly. 'Wha—why—you old ſcoundrel—you muſt be the moſt infernal'—at length poor CERVETTO—"Oh! Mr. GARRICK! vat is the matter—vat I haf do—"Oh God vat it is!"—'The matter! why you old, damned, eternal, ſenſeleſs 'idiot—

* A gentleman of Leeds aſſured me that ſong had procured an old hunter of his a ſinecure for life—for ſo much had it rouſed his fears leſt the faithful creature ſhould become a hack on the road, and afterwards tug round a mill, that, even after he ſhould be uſeleſs, no ſum ſhould purchaſe him out of his poſſeſſion—nor is this gentleman the only one by many who has made ſuch a reſolution. Thus, by one happy portrait of ſtrong nature, have I procured the emancipation of a ſet of brutal ſlaves—let the expediency of freeing human ones be left to the deciſion of others.

'idiot—with no more brains than your damned baſs viol—juſt at the—a—very 'moment I had played with the audience—tickled them like a trout, and 'brought them to the moſt accommodating ſilence—ſo pat to my purpoſe—'ſo perfect—that it was, as one may ſay, a companion for MILTON's viſible 'darkneſs'—"Indeed, Mr. GARRICK, it vas no darkneſs." Darkneſs! ſtupid 'fool—but how ſhould a man of my reading make himſelf underſtood by—'a—anſwer me, was not the whole houſe, pit, box, and gallery, very ſtill?' "Yes, Sir, indeed—ſtill as mouſe." 'Well then, juſt at that very moment 'did you not, with your damned jaws extended wide enough to ſwallow a 'ſixpenny loaf—yaw?—Oh I wiſh you had never ſhut your damned jaws 'again.' "Sare, Mr. GARRICK—only if you pleaſe hear me von vord. It is "alvay the vay—it is indeed, Mr. GARRICK—alvay the vay I go when I haf "the greateſt *rapture*, Mr. GARRICK." The little great man's anger inſtantly cooled. The cunning readineſs of this Italian flattery operated exactly contrary to the laſt line of an epigram—the honey was taſted and the ſting forgot—and it not only procured NOSEY's pardon, but forced a declaration from his patron that he ought to be forgiven for the wit of the offence. Upon this principle, perhaps, the yawning of the BATH audience was all rapture—in which caſe CHURCHILL can only mean that every man has a right to expreſs his feelings his own way—mine is to ſay literally what I mean; which I do when I aſſure you that I am,

With great truth,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

York, October 16, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

TREATING OF FASHIONABLE SINCERITY, AND THE HONOUR OF AN IRISH MANAGER.

"*All this wheedling of Lucy's is not for nothing.*"

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

I had ſcarcely returned home after my firſt performance at BATH, when two ladies knocked at my parlour door. They were uſhered in; and, having thanked me for my entertainment, and profeſſed themſelves extremely ſorry that I had been ſo thinly attended, they proceeded to aſſure me that as apparently I was a ſtranger to the mode of conducting an amuſement at BATH, they, who were leaders of faſhionable matters, could not refrain from calling to ſet me right concerning ſome particulars, and offer me ſuch advice as might be conduſive to my intereſt. After a good deal of converſation, it was agreed that I ſhould ſuſpend the performance, to give them an opportunity of enquiring when a repetition of it would be moſt agreeable to the company then in the town. Theſe preliminaries adjuſted, they went away; and one of theſe ladies actually took the trouble of adviſing me, by letter, of what ſhe had learnt, and a time was at length appointed which would, according to her advice, procure me a full audience. The morning came, and I had the honour of meeting only *ſixteen perſons*; but what moſt aſtoniſhed me was, that my *two patroneſſes* did not appear among the number. It immediately ſtruck me that they had played me the *ſecond part* of

of the *ſame tune* through which I had been ſo completely *hummed* by the *Iriſh Solmon.* But why?—wherefore?—from what motive? They wanted no ſong ſet to muſic; and yet there muſt be ſomething in the wind, or elſe why call on me and write letters? Not to tire you about ſuch a ſtupid buſineſs. I at laſt learnt for a certainty that they were ſupporters of the *Old Rooms,* and had taken every poſſible pains to decry the entertainment—to repreſent me as an impoſtor—and appoint a time when nobody would attend—not becauſe they had the ſmalleſt objection to me, but—becauſe I performed at the *New Rooms.* Thus, at BATH, I fell a ſacrifice to a ſtupid caprice in which I had not the ſmalleſt concern.

At length my eyes were opened by Mr. DERHAM, the maſter of the *New Rooms,* who aſſured me it would be the height of folly to attempt another performance. I cloſed with him in opinion, and offered the money I had agreed to pay for the rooms, which he refuſed with theſe words—'Mr. DIBDIN, however you may have been treated by others in BATH, you ſhall meet with nothing illiberal from me. I have no ſort of objection to getting money, but I never yet got any *dirty* money—and I am ſure I will not begin now. If you think I have done you any kindneſs, the only return I require is, to hear of your proſperity, which I ſincerely wiſh and ſhould be happy to promote.' I ſhall make no comment on this kind conduct of Mr. DERHAM, his domeſtic and general character is too well known to need my panegyrick; and I am ſure, though my regard to juſtice would not permit me to do ſo, I ſhould have better pleaſed him, had I been totally ſilent on this head.

Theſe matters paſſed at that notorious moment when the buſineſs of Mr. TWYCROSS's E O tables engroſſed all the converſation of the place—when the dove-houſe exulted and the rookery ſhook to its foundation. That building however I am afraid is erected upon too permanent a footing to be overturned ſo eaſily. Thoſe are temporary convulſions, and only ſerve to diſcover the damaged parts that *at a proper expence* they may be the more ſecurely ſtopped.

At this time—for things fall out generally pretty *apropos* with me—I received a meſſage from Mr. DALY's agent, who happened to be at BATH to engage a performer.

You may remember, in Letter IV, I mention an engagement I had made with Mr. DALY, and this is a proper place to go into the particulars of it. To do ſo I muſt ſtate the ſubſtance of a hand-bill I was compelled to publiſh in the month of February laſt. It mentioned that I had entered into an article, under a penalty of 200l. with Mr. DALY, for three years, to furniſh certain pieces and certain muſic for the Iriſh theatre; that Mr. DALY had broken this article in three ſeveral inſtances, two of which I had overlooked, and was willing to qualify the third, if Mr. DALY would let the whole matter go to a reference. This—being then in England—he ſeemed to conſent to. A gentleman on each part was appointed; but as it was evident his friend was too cloſely connected with his intereſt (being afterwards his agent, and indeed the very gentleman who ſent to me at BATH, as above) my appointed referee, ſeeing all this, wiſhed to have an umpire. The buſineſs was however trifled with. Mr. DALY would not ſign the bond of arbitration; and in ſhort nothing had been done when my friend was obliged to leave town, and Mr. DALY on the eve of his departure for Ireland. In this ſituation I was determined to bring him to reaſon; and for that purpoſe commenced an action againſt him—but reſolving to treat him with every kind of delicacy, I would not ſuffer it to be ſerved. This he was informed of by my attorney, to whom he acknowledged that I had treated him ſo handſomely, and with ſo much lenity, that he engaged his *word* and HONOUR not to leave England till I ſhould be fully and fairly ſatisfied. He thought proper however to forfeit his promiſe, and my friends urged me to publiſh an account of the matter, as a warning to others.

This buſineſs had ſtood over from February till the above meſſage. I met the gentleman, and after a fruitleſs attempt to obtain my due, fearing that ſome trick might be played me—as the article was not at that moment cancelled—I agreed

agreed to receive *forty pounds* for TWO HUNDRED, and exchange general releaſes, ſo charmed was I to get rid of ſo ſcandalous a buſineſs; and as it was repreſented to me that much inconvenience might accrue to Mr. DALY from the above hand-bill, which ſtill ſtood out againſt him uncontradicted, I voluntarily offered to give a declaration under my hand that I was ſatisfied with the concluſion of the buſineſs. Theſe matters premiſed, the proper writings were put in hand I received *thirty pounds* in CASH, a note at two months of *ten pounds*, and a promiſe *in writing* that the pieces of mine then in Mr. DALY's poſſeſſion ſhould be delivered into the hands of a friend *as ſoon as poſſible*. Had theſe promiſes been fulfilled I ſhould have conceived myſelf prohibited by my written declaration from publiſhing this tranſaction—but as in TEN months, inſtead of *two*, the payment is not made, nor the pieces returned, I look upon the authority I gave to ſay I was ſatisfied in the light of a defeaſance on the back of a warrant of attorney, which is done away if the conditions annexed to it are not literally complied with—the bond therefore, as far as it relates to Mr. DALY's having behaved unhandſome and diſhonourable, remains yet in *full force* and *virtue*, and if any perſons after this chuſe to engage with Mr. DALY, without a proper ſecurity, I think a ſtatute of lunacy might be taken out againſt them without much impropriety.

I ſhould be wanting to myſelf and common juſtice, if I did not ſay, before I quit the ſubject of BATH, that with particular pleaſure I ſaw my old friend KEASBURY, with whom, twenty years ago, I have heard "the chimes at mid-"night." He was well and happy, and may he long continue ſo! Nor muſt I omit that I witneſſed a moſt reſpectable performance at his theatre. The farce, which was Mr. SHERIDAN's *St. Patrick's Day*, was acted infinitely better than ever I ſaw it in London. Indeed this is one excellent property of a *regular* company in the country, the minuter parts—which a town actor thinks ſo little of, and which by the bye are remarkably material, witneſs GARRICK's attention to them—are paid much more reſpect to; but however this applies more immediately to BATH, where my old friend's veteran judgment and gen-

tlemanly

tlemanly deportment will always inſure from the performers a proper reſpect and attention. But leſt it ſhould be thought that I am applying the motto at the head of this letter to any intereſted purpoſe, I aſſure you I only wiſh it to tell againſt the ladies and the Iriſh manager; for I aver with the trueſt ſincerity, that I deſire no favour at Mr. KEASBURY's hands, and only wiſh I may ſee him alive and hearty many years to come, and that ſo far from *wheedling* you, I mean nothing but truth when I aſſure you that I am,

With great truth,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

York, October 17, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

A FAREWELL TO BATH.

"They talk of beauty that they never ſaw,
"And fancy raptures that they never felt."

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

'TIS indiſpenſably incumbent on me to ſay ſomething concerning the manners, muſical taſte, &c. of the inhabitants of all thoſe places in which I have been, or may yet paſs through. This however I ſhall not be even tolerably qualified to do, till I come to where I returned to Cambridge, having before that time made no reſolution to publiſh my TOUR, and therefore of courſe many matters which I have ſince treaſured were almoſt forgotten as ſoon as paſſed. Indeed I do not conceive it at all my province to point out market-days, fairs, wakes, and ſtatutes, the number of inhabitants, or talk of corporations, charters, grants, and privileges, unleſs indeed it ſhould ſeem to be neceſſary for the illuſtration and eſtabliſhment of any particular fact which common opinion has groſſly miſrepreſented. Thus, I will not call BRISTOL the ſecond town in England, in point of the number of inhabitants, when I am ſure SHEFFIELD contains as many—and I believe MANCHESTER, but certainly LIVERPOOL double the number. I ſhall however give ſuch curſory hints as I have promiſed in my firſt letter. At preſent I have not quite done with BATH—which, as a city, is like a Frenchman's ſhirt—the ruffle is very fine, but the body very coarſe. Place a man in his ſleep in the Creſcent, and he might upon waking conceive himſelf in an amphitheatre,

erected by the ſame workmen who built the Temple of Solomon; but inſtead of this, place him in one of thoſe blind alleys—for there are no other communications—which ſeparate the old town from the new, and fancying himſelf in Field-lane or St. Giles's, he would immediately ſearch for his pocket handkerchief. In ſhort, as I obſerved before, all is either ſplendidly dull or dirtily vulgar. As to their muſical taſte, it is a bad imitation of that in town—they contented themſelves with bagpipes till the famous commemoration, and then they muſt ſqueak, belch, and ſnort out oratorios. I aſked one of their capital hands how they managed to underſtand HANDEL, and he anſwered me, 'they 'fund un woundy crabbed at firſt, but after they had altered un a little they 'did un auver rarely.' At the only inn I ſaw at BATH they were extravagantly dear and intolerably impudent. In reſpect to natural curioſities, the Baths may be reckoned of a very extraordinary kind—but every body knows what they are; for artificial ones, faces and faſhions* exhibit them at every corner. In ſhort, BATH is the fitteſt place in the world for *art* to banquet on *credulity*—for *extravagance* and *folly* to go unmaſked at noon day, for *reaſon* and *wiſdom* to ſhun—and to ſpeak in the language of the poet, for *rakes* and *idiots* "to "talk of *beauty* that they *never ſaw*, and fancy *raptures* that they *never felt*."

In my next letter you will find me at BRISTOL, at which place, and in all places, even in the luxury of an orange grove ſhaded by the ſpreading cedar and refreſhed by the ſpice-conveying breeze, I ſhall not be leſs than at this moment,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

Beverly, Oct. 21 1787.

* Juſt at this time the ladies wore a veil made of one very large piece of gauze, which entirely covering the head and monſtrous head dreſs, was drawn by a running ſtring, and tied about the waſte; thus exhibiting a thin, but prodigious globe on their heads, and no ſort of addition on their petticoats—for hoops and trimming were out of faſhion—every lady, but eſpecially if ſhe was tall and thin, looked like a ſtalk of dandelion run to ſeed, the heads of which, children, under the name of mops, and ſomething elſe, blow for paſtime into the air.

LETTER X.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF DIET AND GORMANDIZING, AND ANOTHER OF THEATRICAL MERIT.

" *All the world's a ſtage,*
" *And all the men and women merely players.*"

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

WOULD one think it poſſible that a diſtance of only twelve miles ſhould make ſuch a difference in manners, as to preſent you with two diſtinct ſpecies of human beings? At BATH every thing is *ſuperficial*—at BRISTOL every thing *ſubſtantial*. At BATH every thing *gay*—at BRISTOL every thing *grave*. In BATH they live in *fine houſes*, and are *poor*—in BRISTOL in *ſhabby ones*, and are rich. At *careleſs* BATH nothing is thought of but the *preſent moment*—at *provident* BRISTOL no ſtep is taken but with a view to the advantage of *poſterity*. In ſhort they are both actuated by an equal, though different ſpecies of folly; for, one flies off from the reaſonable part of human purſuits, and ſeeks for pleaſures that have no place but in the imagination, like a volatile body which leaves the earth and loſes itſelf in ſpace, while the other is buried in the muck and groſſneſs of ſenſual enjoyments, till the wearied appetite is ſunk in gorged ſatiety, without capacity to know diſtinction.

On my arrival at BRISTOL, which was on Monday in the paſſion week, the firſt objects that preſented themſelves, when I alighted from the coach, were

were three living turtles, lying on their backs. This circumſtance ſoon produced me an account from the WAITER, that, on the following week, the DUKE OF PORTLAND was expected there, with a large body of the minority; and that ſhips had been diſpatched to fetch good cheer on the joyful occaſion. Their only fear, it ſeems, was, that as his GRACE laboured under an indiſpoſition, and was obliged to eat by preſcription, he could not be able to cut any capital figure at the noble exerciſe of the knife and fork. Mr. FOX, Mr. SHERIDAN, and their facetious colleague Capt. MORRIS, who it was reported was hired on purpoſe to abuſe the miniſters in a new ſong ſet to an old tune, were however expected to fill up the principal parts in the gormandizing concert, which was to finiſh with a capital duetto between burgundy and diſaffection. But ſo fallacious are the hopes, and precarious the expectation of turtle-eaters, as well as all other ſublunary beings, that theſe glorious proſpects vaniſhed like a dream, for the DUKE OF PORTLAND came almoſt alone—no one adherent of conſequence having accompanied him but LORD STORMONT, whoſe paſſion in no way leaning from the line of a perfect gentleman, and a true bred man of faſhion, the poor dear BRISTOL MEN felt awkwardly throughout the whole buſineſs, and were even, ſome ſay, heard to groan when they preſented the DUKE—not with his *freedom*, for that coſt nothing—but with the *gold box* and *five pounds a year*—for, though this laſt was not ſterling, yet a promiſe with a merchant is the ſame as money—the ſalary annexed to the high office to which they did his GRACE the honour to call him.

Paſſion week being obſerved in BRISTOL with great exactneſs, by way of balance in hand, to anſwer the expected diſburſements during the feaſts after *Eaſter*, nothing like amuſements could be thought of. In the *Eaſter week* every moment was appropriated to the DUKE OF PORTLAND, therefore, of courſe, I could not get my entertainment in edge ways. On the week following, when I did perform it, and heaven knows to very little purpoſe, the conſtant cry was—that ſo much *more* money had been expended on the above occaſion than was expected, that they were obliged to pull up a little—but if

I would

I would ſtay a fortnight longer, and perform upon more reaſonable terms, there could be no doubt but I ſhould find it worth my while. Never having been fond of any thing ſo rigidly methodical, and fearing it would not anſwer my purpoſe—the conſtant maxim of a BRISTOL MAN being to take care that nobody ſhall *get any thing by him*—I gave the matter up, and devoted the remainder of my time to pleaſure.

Among the reſt—for the firſt time I had ever ſeen any thing written by Mrs. INCHBALD—I attended at the performance of *Such Things are*, and *The Widow's Vow*—the firſt of which I ſhould have known belonged to a lady if it had been only for *the wig*, which I will venture to ſay outdoes every thing in Mrs. BEHN's *Rover*. The parts were many of them incomparably well played. I never ſaw Mr. LEWIS in *Twineall*, but I ſhould think nothing could ſurpaſs BERNARD in that character. Mr. DIAMOND was very correct and able in *Haſwell*—and, indeed, where there would otherwiſe have been any deficiency, perfectneſs and good diſcipline gave the whole an air of reſpectability which I could wiſh to ſee imitated on a LONDON Theatre—where, frequently, in a game of romps, the author is kicked and buffetted about in a moſt unmerciful manner. In theſe particulars, my old, valuable friend JEFFERSON—who, hearing I was at BRISTOL, came from BATH on purpoſe to ſee me—perfectly agreed with me. What can be the reaſon JEFFERSON is not engaged in TOWN? This queſtion I did not aſk him, but it has twenty times occurred to me. Surely the man whom GARRICK took delight to perform with cannot but be an object to the *Theatre*. He was conſtantly, as every body knows, the *Colonel Briton* to his *Don Felix*—the *Claudio* to his *Benedict*—the *Aimwell* to his *Archer*—the *Frederick* to his *Don John*—and I could name many other ſimilar inſtances—nay, when he left off walking as *Benedick* in the *Jubilee*, he choſe JEFFERSON as the only perſon that could repreſent him. JEFFERSON is like GARRICK in the face, and he gives you a ſtrong idea of him altogether, only larger. Nor let it be ſaid that GARRICK uſed him *as a foil*. It is well known at the *Theatre* that GARRICK was particularly careful to have thoſe

plays well got up in which he appeared himſelf. Upon theſe occaſions he had recourſe, wherever he could, to JEFFERSON, PARSONS, WESTON, and DODD. Did not then GARRICK's judgment rank JEFFERSON reſpectably? It is true he ſhrunk a little from the very firſt-rate abilities. He would never couple with BARRY in *Tragedy*, and very reluctantly indeed with KING in *Comedy*—and, if the common courſe of the buſineſs made it indiſpenſible—for where is there a play in which KING has not ſucceſsfully performed?—you will always ſee that the two characters wear ſo very different a complexion that no auditor can draw a comparative view of their merits. And here I cannot refrain from noticing, that there was no man whom Mr. GARRICK openly careſſed and ſecretly hated ſo much as Mr. KING.* I know this fact, or I would not aſſert it; and I believe it may be eaſily reconciled, when we conſider that Mr. KING, added to his uncommon merit as a performer, is an *independent man*. Yet, with all his faults, ſhould the memory of GARRICK be revered. I have an enthuſiaſtic reverence for his merit as a performer—and, as JEFFERSON was at leaſt his faithful and approved companion in his theatrical career, let us no more neglect him when we think of GARRICK, than we would *Pylades*, *Achates*, and *Patrocles*, when we think of *Oreſtes*, *Æneas*, or *Achilles*. Perhaps, however, as my intereſt at the *Theatre* is not very ſtrong, I had better have let alone this recommendation of my friend—but it cannot, at any rate, injure him with the world—and as his ideas at leaſt, like mine, are independent, he muſt content himſelf—for no man, through the wonderful ſerenity of his diſpoſition, is more eaſily contented—with being *reſpected*, inſtead of *affluent*.

My opinion, however, of my theatrical influence was ſomewhat different at the time I mention—for, on that morning, I met Mr. HARRIS, who was, for

* I'll bring this fact home to Mr. KING's recollection. Mr. GARRICK prepared a proſe Dialogue, which was ſpoken by himſelf and that gentleman at the *Jubilee*, immediately after the *Ode*—a time when there was not the ſmalleſt poſſibility of receiving attention to any thing. But this was not enough—What part did Mr. KING act? Why, truly, in the place where about twelve hundred people were in enthuſiaſtic admiration of SHAKESPEARE, he was to find out a thouſand faults in his writing. Nor was this ungrateful taſk fairly ſet about—for, written by Mr. GARRICK, the objections were all pretended—the better to ſhew his defence of the poet, by way of anſwer.

for the benefit of his health, at the *Hot Wells*. This gentleman ſo corroborated the contents of the letter I formerly mentioned, that, during the play, I took meaſure of BERNARD and BLANCHARD—and they may remember I told them ſo—for thoſe parts I intended to introduce for them in a *new Opera*, which has been long ſince finiſhed, but I fear will never be performed.

In this letter you ſee I have ſtuck cloſe to my motto—for whether men perform the farce of greatneſs, zeal, faſhion, or gormandizing, in real life, or on the ſtage, as FOOTE ſays "the purpoſe is the ſame, and the place im-"material." As I have not, in the writing of theſe letters, a ſingle document to conſult but my memory, how naturally have the greateſt part of my quotations been from SHAKESPEARE! VOLTAIRE, meaning to abuſe him, pays that wonderful poet a moſt elegant compliment. He ſays "The Engliſh, "becauſe they find in SHAKESPEARE many paſſages fraught ſo ſtrongly with "force and nature that they get them by heart *in ſpite of themſelves*, think "him a great writer." If they wanted a better proof, I am ſure it was not in Mr. VOLTAIRE's power to give it them.

Adieu.

Yours, very ſincerely,

C. DIBDIN.

Why have I not heard from you!

Beverly, October 22, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

A GRATEFUL SUBJECT.

"Nay, do not think I flatter."

To T. S. Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

AS ſo many procraſtinations threw ſome time on my hands, I improved it, as much as poſſible, by cultivating the friendſhip of a gentleman whoſe profeſſional abilities and private virtues endear him to all who have the pleaſure of his acquaintance. A better proof, I think, of his *private worth* need not be given than that he paſſes from eight to twelve hours, out of twenty-four, in fagging at teaching, that moſt miſerable of all drudgery, and the remainder cheriſhing his wife and improving his children. Nor need I hold him up better as a model of *profeſſional excellence* than by remarking that he has genius, judgment, taſte, and, what is better, good ſenſe to regulate them. His compoſitions, which are many of them models for harpſichord muſic, never ſink to mediocrity, and often riſe to perfection. He has not the folly to ſubſtitute abſtruſeneſs for nature, but contents himſelf with *pleaſing* inſtead of *ſurpriſing*. As a performer, he ſhall take any man's ſtile, and excel him—and I will demonſtrate it in a moment. Firſt, there is no paſſage ever ſo difficult but he can execute—and what no other player I ever heard could attain—I mean keeping regular time—he has in the higheſt perfection; for, let the paſſage be ever ſo rapid or interwoven, a child, with an ear, may as eaſily mark the accented parts as of the moſt familiar tune. I beg, however, I may be underſtood to mean that my friend is no conjurer, nor performer

of

of impoſſibilities—for three-fourths of harpſichord muſic have neither plan nor motive, nor indeed any drift but difficulty—in particular thoſe unmeaning, ſenſeleſs rhapſodies in muſic that, were they executed by APOLLO, would have no better effect than a Dutch concert. For the ſake of ſimplicity, that beautiful ground-work of all ſublimity, I hope I am underſtood—and yet, is not that hope, like many of mine fruitleſs? I ſhall make myſelf clear, however, by ſaying there are two poſitions in muſic, which common ſenſe ſays muſt ever be kept ſeparate and apart. Theſe are the different diſtinctions of time—one is to count *four*, and the other *three*. Yet, the muſic-mongers—againſt common ſenſe—with no other remedy for their imbecility than abſtruſeneſs—no other ſubſtitute for their ſterile and unprofitable imaginations than extraneouſneſs—pretend to make one hand play four and the other three *in* and *at* the SAME TIME. Cannot the moſt common underſtanding, without the ſmalleſt knowledge of muſic, ſee, in one moment, that this is an impoſſibility? If you ſhould go to BRISTOL, call on Mr. BOYTON—the gentleman to whom I have alluded above—and he will, for my ſake, be glad to ſee you—unleſs he ſhould be offended—which I entreat he will not—at my endeavouring to do him a piece of juſtice, which he will think more than he deſerves, though I well know my utmoſt praiſe is inadequate to his merit. The ſubject of this letter has given me ſo much pleaſure, that I will not mix it with other matter. I cannot flatter—but 'tis like winning ones own heart to ſpeak the praiſes of the deſerving. 'Tis hard you will not write to me—yet, were you never more to do ſo, I could not ceaſe to be,

Moſt heartily,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

Beverly, Oct. 23. 1787.

LETTER XII.

A DIGRESSION.

"He has the wide world for his heritage."

TO THE PUBLIC.

I have ever conceived it the utmoſt height of extravagant folly to deal with even the ſlighteſt appearance of diſingenuouſneſs in any appeal to the public. The truth is ſo eaſily told—and, beſides, it brings with it ſuch a ſaving of trouble, art, and duplicity—all which are mighty diſagreeable things—that—excluſive of the comfortable conviction that a man's argument cannot fairly be controverted—'tis in every other way his intereſt to keep that honeſt, manly monitor in view. Thus, to give fairly up the moſt diſtant appearance of double dealing, I ſhall addreſs no more letters to T. S. Eſq.—Not that I have altered my ſentiments in any reſpect relative to that gentleman—I know his admirable talents, nice diſcernment, and correct judgment—I know theſe letters would have been greatly benefitted by his remarks—I know his erudition is profound, his taſte elegant, and his ſtile beautiful. Nor do I at this moment believe he has altered his opinion in relation to me; and, as one ſtrong proof of it—though I confeſs I have yet received no anſwer to my *ſecond* letter, which introduced the *five* ſucceſſive ones, as will be ſeen by comparing their dates—he very lately told a particular friend of mine that my *ſeven* firſt letters—I uſe his own words—"are wonderfully well written." The fact is, I hope to leave England by the beginning of April, and chance having thrown

this

this gentleman and I ſuch a diſtance from each other, were I to wait for anſwers reſpectively to my letters, it would now be morally impoſſible for this publication to come out till I had loſt the INDIA ſeaſon. I therefore—as I have frequently done, and I never repented it—throw myſelf upon the candour of the Public; not, however, in the paltry manner in which their indulgence is too frequently ſolicited on the ſtage*—but, backed with an aſſurance that, though the front of my army cannot come up, yet I am winged with particular literary friends, and well flanked with caſual ones; add to which, I have ſeveral out-poſts—well ſituated—of well-wiſhers, and an admirable *corps de reſerve* of—*the lovers of muſic*; nor am I yet without hope that I ſhall derive ſome aſſiſtance from the main body. Thus, when all my forces are muſtered together, I flatter myſelf I ſhall not fail of a complete victory over my enemies, whom I ſhall deliver up to the public to be *admoniſhed* and FORGIVEN.

A friend of mine, when he ſwore an oath, would ſay—God forgive me—which he called rubbing out as he went. Thus—by way of clearing my ground, or, as the ſailors call it, bringing up lee-way—I ſhall make this letter one entire digreſſion, into which I ſhall collect all extraneous matter. And, firſt—being *figuratively* at one place and *literally* at another—it may be aſked why I did not ſet down thoſe tranſactions I celebrate at the time they happened. I have already ſaid that at my firſt ſetting out I had not the ſmalleſt idea

* This brings to my mind a whimſical anecdote, which I cannot avoid giving a place. TOMMY HULL, who is well known to have been the *apologiſt-general* at *Covent Garden Theatre* for about five and twenty years, took it into his head at the time of the diſpute between KEPPEL and PALLISER, to diſtinguiſh himſelf as a *lad of liberty*. On the night when all LONDON was illuminated on KEPPEL's acquittal, he undertook, not only to light up his tenement in *Martlet-court*, *Bow-ſtreet*, but treat the populace with *ſmall beer*. They had drank all but one barrel, which out of wantonneſs—becauſe it was rather ſtale—they left running. The door was now ſhut, leſt ſome of the *liberty boys* ſhould take a fancy to the *ſilver ſpoons*. At this they grew clamourous, and bawled out very outrageouſly for *more beer*. TOMMY—as was his cuſtom—thinking it high time he ſhould now make his appearance—popped his red night-capped head out of the window, and there was immediately a cry of "hear him—hear him." When he thus began:—'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to tell you—that the ſpiggot is out of the 'fauſet, and the ſmall beer is run about the cellar—*and we humbly hope for*—YOUR USUAL INDULGENCE.

idea of writing any account of my TOUR at all. Again—Circumſtances, at the firſt bluſh, dreſſed in the deluſive charms of novelty, have a ſtrength and falſe glow, which, upon a nearer inveſtigation, meliorate into ſober truth, and wear off the influence of primary prejudice. Thus, had I ſpoken of my friend BOYTON in the moment I was witneſs of his wonderful performance, I might have injured him by exaggeration; and in this I give the ſtrongeſt poſſible inſtance—becauſe language can ſcarcely produce an hyperbole on the ſubject. To give a contrary inſtance—Had I not waited till contempt had died away, and given place to indifference, I could not probably have told my ſtory of the *Iriſh Jolmon* with that triumphant coolneſs which will never ceaſe to make a much more uncomfortable wound than the keeneſt ſhafts of haſty reſentment. I inſiſt upon it CIBBER gave POPE more uneaſineſs, and the world a better opinion of his good ſenſe—in his eaſy, well-tempered, facetious letter—than did the other atchieve againſt CIBBER, or with the public—with all his weight of abilities—in the laboured bitterneſs of his invidious *Dunciad*.* I might have raſhly blamed one man for a ſlight, or an unkindneſs, that originated in another; and I might have extolled a third for *tinſelled* wit, which—from a graceful manner and faithful memory—he had the art to paſs for ſterling.—FOOTE, when he heard GARRICK repeat his ode at the *Jubilee*, declared—whether

* It has often occurred to me, as a matter of aſtoniſhment, that any one, after reading the *Dunciad*, ſhould doubt POPE's being an envious man. Nothing can be more ſelf-evident than that he wrote more than any man for *fame*; and what could divert him from ſuch a purſuit to loſe time on a work which muſt die with the names it ſtigmatiſes, but—ENVY. How one digreſſion introduces another. Take the following lines on ENVY.

See, ENVY!—from her cheeks the colour fled,
While *aconite* and *nightſhade* bind her head—
See, how her ſhrivel'd ſhanks with palſy ſhake!
How her lips quiver!—while a forked ſnake—
Pointing her tongue, ſends poiſon in each hiſs,
To wound the happy in the hour of bliſs!
See where ſhe ſkulks, with torn, diſhevell'd hair,
Puſh'd, urg'd, and goaded on—by *lank* DESPAIR!

whether the ſubject had inſpired him—whether the genius of SHAKESPEARE had deigned to illuminate his fancy with ſome rays of its wonderful effect—or, from whatever cauſe it proceeded he knew not—but that certainly the ode was elegantly and poetically written. The next morning—having read it—he ſwore he muſt have been in a dream*—for that the whole was the moſt ſtupid rhapſody of incongruous nonſenſe that ever was liſtened to. If he had taken a month to conſider of it and had been unprejudiced, he probably would have decided that it was a meritorious attempt; and, if not executed in a manner worthy the ſubject—which could not be without the pen of another SHAKESPEARE—the errors of the *poet* ought to have been forgotten, in the inimitable merit of the *ſpeaker*, which was beyond all deſcription admirable, and fairly equal to the wonderful taſk.

Having cleared away all the froth of the whipped ſyllabub, to which this letter may be compared, I am now come to the *drop of wine* at the bottom. It was written, howſoever the rovings of fancy may have led me aſtray, in a great meaſure—to ſay this—

Five minutes before I ſat down to this table where I am now writing, being at BEVERLY in Yorkſhire, I diſpatched to the printer at HULL a manuſcript of the *propoſal* for publiſhing my MUSICAL TOUR. It immediately afterward occurred to me, as a thing not impoſſible, that when the liſt of ſubſcribers come

* FOOTE had the moſt contemptible opinion of GARRICK's literary abilities. He once received an anonymous letter which pointed out to him a French play as an excellent ſubject for his theatre. This circumſtance he mentioned to a nobleman who happened that evening to be behind the ſcenes, adding that he ſhould be particularly happy to know the author, as it was incomparably well written—for among other *traits* there were ſeveral quotations that ſpoke a perfect and elegant knowledge of claſſical reading. Said HIS LORDSHIP, 'I think I can gueſs at him.' "Can you, my lord," ſaid FOOTE, "I wiſh I "could." 'What do you think of GARRICK?' "Oh no, my lord," anſwered the wit, "I am ſure "it is not GARRICK." 'Why?' returned his lordſhip. "I ſhall anſwer," ſays FOOTE, "like SCRUB. "*Firſt*, I am ſure it is not GARRICK, becauſe there's *Greek* in it. *Secondly*, I am ſure it is not GAR-"RICK, becauſe there's *Latin* in it; and *thirdly*, I am ſure it is not GARRICK, becauſe there's *Eng-*"*liſh* in it."

come to be publiſhed, if the names of all thoſe I praiſe ſhould appear in it, ſome of my kind friends may be ſo civil as to conſider what I have ſaid, as ſo many purchaſed encomiums; and as a man practiſes firing at a mark to put himſelf *au fait* to a duel—ſo, by anticipation, do I falſify all ſuch malice. At this preſent writing I do not know who will ſubſcribe, and I cannot ſpeak warmer or cooler of people than I have occaſionally done already: beſides, I muſt be a poor hireling indeed to ſell panegyricks for twelve ſhillings a piece. To be more ſerious, I declare ſolemnly, that no conſideration ſhall warp my pen to the deformity of an invidious lie, nor—which would be equally reprehenſible—the proſtitution of unmerited praiſe. Kindneſs has a moſt wonderful effect upon me. Perhaps becauſe I have received as little of it as any man. There are many living inſtances that I can forget injuries, but never obligations; and tho' many parts of this work will ſting *home*—and I would have them do ſo—yet will they wound the keener becauſe it will be plainly ſeen—I have no *rancour*.

I have met with more real kindneſs during my MUSICAL TOUR, than in all the reſt of my life put together—yet think not I mean of a pecuniary nature—I deteſt all ſervile conſiderations. *Rectitude* is a chearful companion, and nothing is ſo ponderous as *obligation*. Though I hope this very book will yield me a good ſum of money—yet I ſhould receive it with reluctance, if I did not feel I had EARNED IT. Theſe ſentiments will not, I am ſure, be cenſured by the public, who have not in the whole round of their ſervants, one more ambitious to merit their favour than

The obliged

And grateful

C. DIBDIN.

Beverly, October 24, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

AN ADIEU TO BRISTOL.

"Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
"That frets and ſtruts his hour upon the ſtage—
"And then—is heard no more."——

To Mr. B.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU who ſo largely contributed to make BRISTOL agreeable to me, deſerve in preference to any other this letter, which I take the liberty of addreſſing to you—eſpecially as it comes where I am to deſcribe thoſe beautiful ſituations with which that place abounds, and which would for ever have been unknown to me, but for your kind ſolicitude. You taught me to admire the extenſive and pictureſque views from DURDHAM DOWN, CLIFDEN HILL, COOK'S FOLLY,* and KING'S WESTON. Nor had I more pleaſure in the charming variety theſe ſweet places afforded than in your converſation. What a number of circumſtances it called home to my recollection, as you pointed out the former theatre to me, where POWELL, HOLLAND,† and ſo many

* There is a ſtrange anecdote related of this place. One COOK dreamt that he was bit by an adder, and it ſo preyed on his mind that he built this place, which is very lofty, and reſided wholly in the upper apartment. One cold day his ſervant brought in a faggot that concealed an adder, which, upon being diſturbed, flew at Mr. COOK, bit him—and he died of the wound. The reader may give what portion of credit he pleaſes to this tale.

† What I am now going to relate I know to be fact, and it conveys nearly as ſtrong a pre-ſentiment as the above. The laſt time HOLLAND ever performed he was in unuſual ſpirits. During the evening, he

many of the old ſchool were ſuch favourites! Poor POWELL! Poor HOLLAND! The one a ſacrifice to youthful impetuoſity*—the other, a proof that the moſt rigid prudence is no ſafeguard againſt the grim tyrant.† From the theatre,

he related a number of anecdotes—but it was remarkable he continually alluded to POWELL. He repeated the lines written by Mr. COLMAN, and which he had ſpoken on POWELL's death. At length I heard him repeat theſe extraordinary words: "The firſt time I ever ſaw POWELL was at a *ſpouting-club*, "where he and I performed *Poſthumous* and *Jachimo*. The firſt time we ever played on the ſtage toge- "ther was *Poſthumous* and *Jachimo*. The laſt time we ever played together—and, added he, with a "ſigh, it was the laſt time HE ever played—was *Poſthumous* and *Jachimo*." What makes this matter ſingular, almoſt beyond belief, is—that the time he made theſe obſervations he was performing *Jachimo*, and he died a few days after.

* POWELL was a well diſpoſitioned young man; but he was weak, and his profeſſional and perſonal vanity got the better of every tie or conſideration. He was handſome, lively, and preſuming; to which, if we add that he was a manager, it will be ſeen that it was an eaſy matter to make *his* terms with many of the actreſſes, provided he acceded to *their's*. Indeed his amours were not confined to the theatre, kept-miſtreſſes and demireps were continually ſending him letters to the ſtage-door, none of which ſolicitations he had the courage to reſiſt. The conſequence was fatal and inevitable—he died a martyr to his pleaſures; for what head could even a robuſt conſtitution make againſt the waſteful conflict of mercury and ſtimulatives. His acting was ſtrong nature, as luxuriant as a wilderneſs. It had a thouſand beauties and a thouſand faults. He felt ſo forcibly that in any impaſſioned ſituation, tears came faſter than words, and frequently choaked his utterance. If GARRICK had never gone to Italy, and we can ſuppoſe he would have *honeſtly* inſtructed him—there was certainly no height of perfection in tragedy, to which ſuch abilities could not have reached; but GARRICK's performance in real life was not the worſt part of his acting. POWELL, as an actor, viſibly declined from the moment his tutor turned his back on him—ſo much does nature want aſſiſtance on the ſtage.

† HOLLAND was extremely different from POWELL as an actor and a man—he kept as reſpectable a public ſituation, and his company was more courted. He had not received a liberal education, but his intellects were of that ſtrong, clear, and decided kind, they performed for him the taſk of a tutor ſo well, that his deciſions, upon all occaſions, were founded in ſound judgment and experience. He was free, good-natured, cheerful, and generous—nor had he an unkind wiſh to any human creature. He indulged himſelf as much as any young man reaſonably ought—yet, with his purſe and his heart ever open—though ſprung from obſcurity, which he had too much good ſenſe to conceal—at the age I believe of thirty-three he left his family ſix thouſand pounds. As to his acting, what he wanted of POWELL's natural requiſites, he made up in ſtrong diſcrimination. One was ſuſceptible—the other critical. Whoever remembers their playing thoſe favourite parts *Poſthumous* and *Jachimo* will feel the truth of this obſervation. POWELL made the ſtrongeſt firſt impreſſion. HOLLAND pleaſed you moſt upon repetition. POWELL, though he often

theatre, you led me to that natural wonder, the *Hot Well*, and to that ſtill ſuperior one, *St. Vincent's*, as well as that vaſt chain of rocks which form a convenient boundary to conduct the river ſafely to KINGROAD, employ a number of workmen, make up highways, build houſes, and ſupply foppiſh peaſants with glittering ſleeve-buttons.

As to the muſical taſte of BRISTOL, the treatment at inns, and other indiſpenſible matters, I ſhall mention them when I return; for I will not give you pain by ſpeaking truth of your neighbours. Adieu.

Yours,

With the trueſt friendſhip,

C. DIBDIN.

Hull, Nov. 4, 1787.

often charmed, ſometimes diſguſted you. HOLLAND, even where you could not admire him, gave you no pain. In ſhort, POWELL owed to nature—what HOLLAND owed to himſelf; and if after all we are obliged to admit ſomething of pre-eminence on the ſide of POWELL, and thus regret his loſs as an actor, we cannot refrain from heaving a deeper ſigh when we conſider that in HOLLAND we loſt an honeſt man, and a valuable member of ſociety.

Before I quit this ſubject, I ſhall relate an anecdote relative to the funeral of POOR HOLLAND. He was one of FOOTE's greateſt favourites, perhaps in ſome meaſure becauſe the world ſaid he was the retailer of his wit; but there was no occaſion, HOLLAND had wit enough of his own—beſides, Ariſtophanes dealt in the retail way himſelf. GEORGE GARRICK, being one of HOLLAND's executors, with his uſual good nature—for no man poſſeſſed more—undertook to manage the funeral in a way ſuitable to his friend's circumſtances, for which purpoſe he went to CHISWICK, and ordered a decent vault, and ſuch other preparations as he thought neceſſary—HOLLAND's father was a baker. FOOTE was invited to the funeral, which he certainly attended with unfeigned ſorrow; for, excluſive of his real concern for the loſs of a convivial companion, whenever he had a ſerious moment, he felt with very ſtrong ſuſceptibility. While the ceremony was performing, G. GARRICK remarked to FOOTE how happy he was, out of reſpect to his friend, to ſee every thing ſo decently conducted.—"You ſee," ſaid he, "what a ſnug family vault "we have made here."—'*Family vault*,' ſaid FOOTE—with the tears trickling down his cheeks—'Damme, if I did not think it had been—*the family oven*.'

LETTER XIV.

FROM A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

"*Even as one wedge driveth out another.*"

To Mr. DIBDIN.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I had the pleaſure of witneſſing your performance, I ſaid but the truth when I aſſured you it would be no trifling ſatisfaction to me to promote whatever you ſhould conſider as your intereſt. As to your requeſt of addreſſing your public letters to me, I embrace with great ſatisfaction an opportunity of receiving an earlier entertainment from them than the reſt of your friends. Nobody can be more zealous in your cauſe. There is, I confeſs, one conſideration that will make me read them with reluctance—every ſucceeding letter will be one approach nearer to your departure, which you know I never cordially liked—though I own you have conquered every ſcruple but one. Anſwer me. What will the people of INDIA ſay of you, when they ſee in your book that you make a viſit to them, your *forlorn hope?* You ſee I begin the office of a friend by treating you with freedom. My remarks, however, will not be very troubleſome to you. Your career is brilliant, and it were pity to ſtop it. Adieu. I have read thirteen letters, and be aſſured I ſhall make a peruſal of the reſt ſupercede every other conſideration of buſineſs or pleaſure—being

Your ſincere friend,

And obedient ſervant.

*****

Nov. 6, 1787.

LETTER XV.

ANSWER.

"There's an eſpecial Providence in the fall of a ſparrow."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I thought the beſt way of thanking you for your letter, would be to inſert—and anſwer it. It ſhall be printed however without your name—nor ſhall I publicly uſe it at all, though out of kindneſs you have ſtipulated for no ſuch arrangement. My reaſon is, that though *I* may find it neceſſary to go to loggerheads with witlings and crotchet-mongers, it would be unhandſome to bring you in as my ſecond, or even bottle-holder. Thanking you heartily for your zeal and kindneſs, and aſſuring you that I ſhall take every care to merit your attention to my letters, and by that means inſure myſelf the good opinion of the public, I ſhall firſt, anſwering your only remaining ſcruple, proceed on my TOUR. The prejudices of general opinion, from which I believe no man is wholly free, incline one naturally to form ideas of a long voyage, a foreign climate, a ſtrange race of people, and new laws and cuſtoms, that after fairly and maturely conſulting our reaſon we really find do not exiſt. Theſe beget a repugnance to leave our native land, which, were it examined, would be found to originate in folly and ignorance. I am ſure there is not more danger in a long voyage than a long journey. I have myſelf been overturned, during this TOUR, in a chaiſe, and was within a very little of breaking my neck. Lloyd's Evening Poſt contained, ſome time ago, an account of a gentleman who having been two voyages to the Eaſt-Indies, returned, and in taking

a

a ſhort journey in the mail-coach—was overturned and killed. As to a foreign climate, can it be worſe than the month of November in England? For ſtrange people—they are to be met with every where. New laws cannot certainly be better than the *ſpirit* of thoſe in this country—but the *letter* and the *execution* cannot any where be *worſe*.

I ſhall hereafter have occaſion to animadvert a little ſtronger on this ſubject. It is very true I leave England, becauſe I think I have not been well treated; but ſurely this is paying a compliment to the liberality of INDIA. They love pleaſure—it is in my power to give it to them. The compact is a fair one; and if they find me capable to take a review of their amuſements, regulate them, ſupply them with novelty, put them upon an eligible and permanent footing, and at length leave them in poſſeſſion of ſuch materials as will induce them to encourage me while I ſtay, and remember me afterwards—what will it be between us, but a mutual obligation? And yet, though I argue ſo coolly, and I hope reaſonably, I had till very lately every one of the above vulgar prejudices and abſurd notions—for which no man alive can invent a rational excuſe. Nay, I had eight years ago gone to INDIA, could I have conquered theſe ſcruples, which—though I had in great meaſure got the better of—returned with irreſiſtable force, upon receiving the news of my brother's death. My election however is now made; yet, believe me, I go not like an exile. I go to give and receive pleaſure and advantage—to earn honeſtly a competency, and return with it to my native country. If there be any difficulties to encounter, I ſhall hope to ſurmount them, by the means of unconquerable ſpirits and a ſtrong conſtitution; and, if after all—it ſhould ſo happen that I am beckoned there by the finger of fate, I could not better obey the ſummons than in believing, with our immortal poet, "that there's an eſpecial providence "in the fall of a ſparrow." I am not however foolhardy enough to court the accompliſhment of this; nor will I ſay, with the philoſopher, "ungrateful

"country

" country, thou ſhalt not have my aſhes." Sacred be deſtiny's immutable decree !*

I ſhall be proud to ſee you again in Old England, and aſſure you, face to face, as I do now under my hand, that I am,

With great truth,

Your obliged friend,

And humble ſervant,

C. DIBDIN.

Newark, Nov. 9, 1787.

* I once expreſſed theſe ſentiments, in the following ſong.

SONG.

WHAT of fortune would'ſt tell me—I know all the *paſt*—
Am content with the fate I'm at *preſent* poſſeſſing—
And if for the *future* our lots are all caſt,
We might there find a *curſe* where we hop'd for a *bleſſing*.

What's hid in the ſtars, then, is not worth our care—
We ſhall know it too ſoon if 'tis any vexation—
If 'tis good fortune—pleaſure's a little too rare
To rob ourſelves of it by—anticipation.

II.

Then curiouſly ſeek not the myſteries of fate
To explore—by a vain, idle paſſion directed—
The knowledge of ill cannot leſſen its weight—
And joy is moſt welcome when leaſt 'tis expected.

What's hid in the ſtars, &c.

LETTER XVI.

ONE SUSPICION REPAID BY ANOTHER.

"*Since the world will—why let it be deceived.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

FROM BRISTOL—I ſat out with a view to perform a night or two at GLOUCESTER; to which place—I cannot avoid noticing—I had a moſt beautiful journey. The wonderful rich ſoil round that city ſo invigorates vegetation, that the country looked as if the ſeaſon had been a month older; but, when I arrived, one would have ſworn the place was entirely deſerted. I could not help fancying that ſome public occaſion had invited all the inhabitants to a diſtance. No ſuch thing. It aroſe from nothing more than—as the reſidents in other places get out, and mix with each other, and thus enjoy the comforts of ſociality and good fellowſhip—thoſe at GLOUCESTER ſtay at home, in their own hugger mugger way—and form no acquaintance but with the cats and crickets, by the fire ſide. Without exaggeration—'tis ſo remarkable for its dullneſs, that you may, upon an average, look from one end of the ſtreet to the other, twenty times, and not at any one time ſee twenty people. This gave me but poor hopes of GLOUCESTER. Nor were my expectations more ſanguine when, in a converſation with Mr. RAIKES, I found the town was as much in ſackcloth as if there had been a general mourning. Four or five unexpected bankruptcies had thrown them into a conſternation not to be deſcribed; which, added to their natural gloom, made GLOUCESTER, at that time, the moſt unfit of all places for making an experiment

periment with my entertainment. I therefore got into a chaiſe, and poſted away to CHELTENHAM; but there were yet arrived only a ſick lord, an old maid, and a monkey:—ſo I ſtayed all night, ſlept in a damp bed,* and went on to WORCESTER. Of this pretty and very ſprightly town—I own—I augured well. Nor was I deceived in my expectations. I found the inhabitants, however, very tardy; and, had it not been for a reverend and honourable gentleman—who never fails to countenance public amuſements whenever he can with propriety—I ſhould never have had a ſecond night. This owed its riſe to a report—which ſomebody had very goodnaturedly propagated—that I was an impoſtor. When one conſiders it has been affirmed that a man took thirty pounds to be ſhot for ADMIRAL BYNG—and that FOOTE had his leg cut off on purpoſe to procure a patent—or—as ſome have maintained—to give him a graceful hitch in his walk—is it wonderful that a ſtranger ſhould have ſome difficulty in proving his own identity? They were, however, reaſoned with in the following manner. 'Tis true this man may poſſibly not be Mr. DIBDIN—in which caſe, thoſe who attend his performance would be ſubject to ſome kind of raillery; but it is alſo poſſible he may be the very identical man—and, that admitted, would not his departure in dudgeon bring a ſtronger ridicule on the place? 'Suppoſe,' ſaid a few—who really were poſſeſſed of ſomething like reaſon—'the firſt performance ſhould be watched with a critical eye, and a 'report ſpread as to its merit, and the originality of its fabrication—if he be an 'impoſtor, it will be then time enough to give way to our reſentment: if not, 'ſurely he deſerves ſome apology, and future attention—for having paid us the 'compliment to come among us.' So ſaid—ſo done. I was attended by eleven critics, who, I am ſure, had made up their minds before they came—for it ſo happened that they had good ſenſe enough to ſee there does not exiſt a man who could have performed what I promiſed and yet have been an impoſtor.—I plainly perceived the drift of this *manœuvre*, and went through my entertainment with a ſpirit that ſurpriſed my audience. When I had finiſhed—an apology

* This is infallible if any one ſhould ſleep there in the month of April.

apology was made me, in the name of the city of WORCESTER—and, to be brief, I had afterwards four very decent nights; and, that not ſatisfying them, they exacted a promiſe from me to return in the race week.

The report of my being an impoſtor originated from an unmarried lady, who had ſeen me, ſhe ſaid, at BIRMINGHAM, and who—as ſhe did not confeſs herſelf a member of the tribe of old maids—was not a little nettled, as I afterwards underſtood, when I remarked—upon hearing this ſtory—that her love of juſtice had got the better of her *amour propre*; for, that by mentioning BIRMINGHAM—where I had not been for twenty-five years—ſhe was tacitly obliged to agree to an age rather more ancient than it was her uſual cuſtom to acknowledge.

I ſhall ſpeak of WORCESTER more fully on my return—and, in the mean time, beg the favour of your company to BIRMINGHAM—whither I went in the ſtage coach, in company with a plain, agreeable man, who I could very ſoon perceive was intimately concerned in ſome large manufactory. As I am, upon all occaſions, juſt as willing that the laugh ſhould go againſt myſelf as another, I here inform you of a matter in which I conceived myſelf to be wonderfully ſagacious. About ten months before the period I ſpeak of—or, as Mr. BAYES has it, long before the beginning of this play—I went, with a party, to dinner at the ISLE OF WIGHT, where a genteel man ſent in his compliments, and requeſted he might dine with the company. Our own being rather a promiſcuous meeting, he was readily admitted. He turned out to be a pleaſant, chatty companion—ſeemed to be very ready on every general topic—but the whole of his converſation appeared purpoſely to allude to his being a man of property. I took it for granted that he was ſo—and did not teſtify a little ſurpriſe when the landlord told me he was a rider, or what they call in Yorkſhire—*a bagman*. I was determined afterwards to take care who I believed to be men of property—and this Journey from WORCESTER to BIRMINGHAM was the firſt time afterward that my ſuſpicions were awakened.

Every

Every time the gentleman was talking of bills of parcels and bails of goods, I could not get rid of the idea of—*bagman*; and, before we arrived, I had actually ſet him down for a vain, empty pretender to property—a pattern carrier—a ſtirrup holder—in ſhort, the very ſhadow of what he appeared to be. During the interval between our arrival and dinner, he went out—and the waiter aſking if I knew who that gentleman was, I anſwered careleſſly—ſome bagman I fancy. 'Bagman!' cried the waiter, 'the gentleman is worth eighty thouſand 'pounds!—a great clothier, near CHELTENHAM.' This incident may ſerve to ſhew how deceitful are appearances! and it ſhould teach us this leſſon—to pay every object its proper degree of reſpect:—for as there is no rank, ever ſo high, but vice may debaſe—ſo there is no ſtation, ever ſo low, but virtue will exalt. Both theſe men behaved very properly. One kept a little higher than his real rank, like an able ambaſſador, to demand reſpect to his maſter—while the other, like a king, condeſcended a little—to ſhew he had no pride. If it had not been for the officiouſneſs of the landlord at the ISLE OF WIGHT, I ſhould never have known—that the firſt had only credentials to ſhew; nor ſuſpected—that the latter was the leſs a man of property for not aſſuming airs of conſequence. How I came to be thus ſuſpicious, I cannot conceive. My characteriſtic—and 'tis no feather in my cap—is credulity? and my pocket and peace of mind have often ſmarted for believing the *ipſe dixit* of other men in preference to the evidence of my own ſenſes. The poet ſays "ſince the world will, why let it be deceived." Do not you, however, believe that there is the ſmalleſt deceit in my aſſuring you that I am

Yours,

Moſt faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

Nottingham, Nov. 12, 1787.

LETTER XVII.

VARIOUS SUCCESS AT BIRMINGHAM, OXFORD, AND LONDON.

"Vain his attempt who ſtrives to pleaſe you all."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

OUT of three times that I advertiſed my entertainment at BIRMINGHAM—I performed it only twice. Theſe fuliginous ſons of Vulcan were, at my arrival, too buſily attending to feats of horſemanſhip—a ſpecies of amuſement ever fatal to my intereſt—to take any notice of me. One thing completely diſguſted me. At WORCESTER it was ſuggeſted to me that, as my price was three ſhillings, the tradeſmen and others in middling ſituations could not afford to pay that ſum, or mix with the company who could—and, therefore, I made a diſtinction; and, partitioning the town hall—which is very large—admitted company at three ſhillings and eighteen-pence. The ſpirit of the people was rouſed at this circumſtance—and very few indeed were to be found in the back ſeats, while thoſe in the front were crowded. Upon making the ſame experiment at BIRMINGHAM, it was exactly the reverſe—for as the inhabitants of WORCESTER, of middling property, made a point of paying three ſhillings, ſo people of very conſiderable property in BIRMINGHAM, ſkulked in at eighteen-pence. One circumſtance, I own, made me look upon BIRMINGHAM as a very likely place for ſucceſs. It was the firſt town in which I appeared as an actor; and, as I ſignified this by a paragraph in the hand bills, and made—what I there ſaid—a ſort of invitation, to witneſs the maturity of thoſe abilities which they had ſeen in their infancy,

I naturally ſuppoſed I ſhould awaken their curioſity—and that they would be pouring in by hundreds. Not a bit. The people of BIRMINGHAM were too much taken up with hobnails and horſemanſhip to pay me the leaſt attention. Upon mentioning my ſurpriſe to a Frenchman, he exclaimed—*Mon dieu que eſt ce que voulez vous? Comment agir pour faire un cheval vuider l'avoine q'il n'ai jamais mange'*. I confeſſed the juſtice of the remark, and comforted myſelf with a letter I had in my pocket from Dr. HAYES, encloſing one from THE VICE CHANCELLOR, which gave me leave to come to OXFORD for three days in the following week.

Thus I left BIRMINGHAM—without being able to ſing the glee of "Smiths "are good fellows." Of my journey to OXFORD, I can give you no farther account—having travelled in the night—than, that at the *White Lion* at STRATFORD-UPON-AVON—that very Inn which I ſaw in ſuch confuſion at the JUBILEE—we had the moſt ſcandalous ſupper that ever was ſet upon a table. But as, on my return to WORCESTER, I ſhall have ſomething to ſay further of this houſe, you will now, if you pleaſe, attend me to Dr. HAYES, who received me with his accuſtomed cordiality and politeneſs. We ſettled the mode of commencing the entertainment, and I waited on the VICE CHANCELLOR to thank him for his kindneſs, and requeſt that I might ſubmit the copy of my amuſement to his inſpection. He was pleaſed to ſay—he had a particular pleaſure in obliging me; and—as he did not ſuppoſe I would offer any entertainment to the ſtudents unworthy my reputation or their attention--he truſted the matter wholly to me, and thought a peruſal of the copy totally unneceſſary.

The firſt night was announced—and with every care and circumſpection I prepared for it. I cut out *Grog*, and introduced—for the firſt time it was ever ſung—*The Siege of Troy*. I took occaſion—merely becauſe I felt it—to introduce an oblique compliment to Dr. CHAPMAN; which afterwards, as

I underſtood, was inſerted with ſome handſome remarks in the OXFORD paper.* In ſhort, I performed the three nights, for which I had permiſſion—and was granted, at the preſſing inſtance of many members of the univerſity a *fourth*—and I may truly ſay, as to applauſe, no man ever experienced hanſomer encouragement. The profit, however, was only what I have before mentioned.

During my ſtay at OXFORD I became more intimate with Dr. HAYES—and, as our converſations on *Muſic* were very frequent, he could not help telling me what trouble he had been put to, at different times—though he had never ſeen me—to defend my reputation againſt the malignity of the ignorant and the invidious. Theſe converſations finiſhed with my making him a ſort of half promiſe to put a ſtop to the tongue of envy, by compoſing the proper exerciſe and taking the complicate degree of *Bachelor* and *Doctor* of MUSIC. This promiſe, however, ſo given, I fancy I ſhall not keep. I deſpiſe envy too much to fear it—and, therefore, cannot condeſcend to ſilence it. As to the exerciſe, it is compoſed—and—be it known to the muſical critics—though it is a taſk infinitely more complex than any thing I had before done—I never ſet myſelf an eaſier leſſon in my life: ſo much leſs difficult is it to work by *method* than *fancy*. As, however, the ſong of hope is a part of it, one half of the kingdom will witneſs for me that melody and harmony may be blended; and, as I ſhall, previous to my departure, make a preſent of the overture to ſome of the firſt concerts—particularly thoſe of LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, and LEEDS—the moſt rigid theoriſt ſhall be obliged to confeſs—that the firſt *fugue* I ever thought it worth my while to make, is one of my beſt compoſitions; for it does not wrong my own-eſtabliſhed maxim—of never loſing ſight of melody—yet it extends and expatiates through all the wide field

* The compliment was this. I ſaid SOLON was no enemy to pleaſure. He only condemned thoſe fictitious repreſentations which concealed the deformity of vice, and gave countenance to lawleſs enjoyments. He went one night to ſee one of theſe performances, which THESPIS conducted. When it was over he aſked the comedian if he was not aſhamed of himſelf. 'What harm have I done?' ſaid THESPIS 'twas only in jeſt'—'true' ſaid SOLON—but approving vice in jeſt is the ſureſt way to make it admired in earneſt.

field of modulation. If the cavillers take up this, let them conſider it merely as a whet—by and by they ſhall have a full meal.

At OXFORD, I received a letter from a friend, informing me, that my little piece of *Harveſt Home* had been performed, and received with very great applauſe. To corroborate this account, I ſent the next day for the *Morning Chronicle*, where I found it ſpoken of in the higheſt terms. Mr. WOODFALL, among other things, having predicted it would become a popular favourite, and I ſincerely believe his words would have been verified had it been performed every night afterwards in the ſame ſtate as on the *firſt*. On the fourth, however, I ſaw it myſelf, and I declare moſt ſolemnly—though, as MAJOR STURGEON ſays, "I have ſeen ſome deſperate duty"—I never witneſſed ſo wanto a mutilation. I ſcarcely knew it—and my friend, who was with me, and who gave me the above account, aſſured me that all the alterations had been made ſince the firſt night. I bore my diſgrace like a philoſopher—and was not at all ſurpriſed when, inſtead of getting a remittance for the profit of my benefit, I received a letter, informing me, that there was a balance againſt me of *nine pounds!* But to pleaſe managers, who are not attached to you, is a more ridiculous attempt than the man with his ſon and his jack-aſs. Thank Heaven I have now only the public to pleaſe—of which, as a valuable individual, I beg you will take your ſhare, and believe me

Your obliged friend,

C. DIBDIN.

Newark, Nov. 14, 1787.

LETTER XVIII.

VARIOUS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, OPINIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

"*There lies honour.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I will not leave OXFORD, without noticing the civility which, in addition to that of Dr. HAYES and the VICE CHANCELLOR, I received from that fine, hearty, friendly character, Mr. JACKSON, the bookſeller; nor muſt the great attention ſhewn me by that able artiſt, Mr. ROBERTS, paſs unſung—whoſe paintings, and in particular his ſmall whole lengths are remarkable for ſpirit, expreſſion, good drawing, and exact ſimilitude. No ſtronger inſtances of the latter quality in them can be given than the following circumſtance. When I was at WOLVERHAMPTON, a gentleman came into the room, and being muſical, chatted with me ſome minutes before the performance. I thought I had met with him before—but it turned out that I had ſeen only his portrait at Mr. ROBERTS's—that diſtance of time was at leaſt three months; and as I never ſaw either original or portrait more than once, and that for a very ſhort ſpace of time, the reſemblance muſt have been not only correct, but very ſtriking indeed. This gentleman's name is SPENCE, and he is a ſtudent at the Univerſity. Mr. ROBERTS does not want my recommendation—if he did, I ſhould ſtrongly adviſe thoſe who wiſh to preſerve their likeneſſes, and poſſeſs at the ſame time good paintings, to apply to him.

Before I ſet out for London, I ſent a letter of thanks to the VICE CHANCEL-

LOR

LOR, which I ſincerely wiſh I could remember, as it would ſerve admirably well, by way of contraſt, to one that will appear in the next letter, which I kept a copy of—the tranſaction that occaſioned it having fixed in me a firm determination to publiſh this work.

OXFORD is ſo well known that it will be neceſſary for me to ſay but little about it. Every child knows that it has thirteen pariſh churches, twenty colleges and five halls, which being intermixed with the houſes, give it an air of ſuperb magnificence not perhaps to be equalled in the world. As to its *muſical taſte*, I need not ſay more in its praiſe than that Dr. HAYES is their profeſſor of muſic. The inns are, in term time, filled conſtantly with riots—which render them very uncomfortable to ſtrangers. Nor can this be reſtrained. The authority of the moſt powerful, or the examples of the beſt man upon earth—and it will be difficult to find out a better than Dr. CHAPMAN—can avail but little, while fathers, inſtead of a modeſt ſtipend ſufficient to anſwer the purpoſes of a ſtudent, ſend their ſons to the Univerſity, one would think, to plunge them into extravagance, and diſqualify them for every ſtudy—but *profligacy* and *brutality*. And now, in my uſual way, muſt I break off to throw together ſome of thoſe thoughts which have often ſtruck me on this important ſubject. The young gentlemen of the Univerſity have generally ſeparate tutors. I do not ſay the following remarks apply to every tutor; but do they, generally underſtood, conſider any thing but the pleaſures of the pupil? Nay, are they not often commanded to do ſo? Is not his vanity gratified? Are not his wiſhes anticipated? Is there an incentive to idleneſs, a ſtimulative to diſſipation, but it is their ſtudy to procure? Are miſdemeanors to be inveſtigated?—they wrack invention to find an excuſe. Is pleaſure the word?—the tutor is the jollieſt fellow in the throng. In ſhort, would you teach your ſon to trample upon reaſon, violate decorum, deſtroy every ſocial trace of virtue, and to finiſh—in his own language—knock down order, give him a tutor that will paſs muſter among the reſt; if he be of any other deſcription, he will be hunted down with undeſerved calumny till he ſhall be obliged either to take refuge in a ſchool, or behind the reading-

deſk

deſk of a country curate. And the miſchief is—it is ſo difficult to make a choice. Sanctity is no more to be truſted than the grief of an actor, which continues only till the curtain drops, to make room for the farce that is to follow it. Thus fools come in as large ſhoals from the Univerſity, as knaves from church. Your right collegian can give you vices of an hundred years ſtanding a new-cut to bring them into faſhion—but, as to books, they are the ſame to him as drugs to an apothecary—both are preſcribed and both taken; but neither the *phyſic* by the DOCTOR, nor *letters* by the SCHOLAR. A ſet of unintelligent terms ſerve the purpoſe of both, and one adminiſters to the body and the other to the mind, while they truſt to chance for the ſucceſs of the operation.

Of natural curioſities—I believe there are none at OXFORD. Artificial ones manufactured there may be ſeen in many of the pulpits throughout the kingdom.

Perhaps you will ſay I am ſomewhat too hard—for this ſhould ſeem to imply that our univerſities produce nothing but dunces. I allow, which is a great deal, that, once in ten times, they may turn out a man of tolerable abilities—two thirds of the remainder are but at beſt *Pedants*—fellows who go over a whole library—book by book—as faithfully as a MOTH; but who—after they have both *read* and *retained* every thing—have not ſufficient taſte to diſtinguiſh a ſingle literary beauty. The reſt—as I have deſcribed above—are either pretty fellows, or jolly dogs—a ſet of beings comparatively leſs obnoxious in proportion as they approach to inſignificance.

I returned to LONDON on Monday the twenty-firſt of May, exactly in time—as I mentioned in my laſt letter—to ſee *Harveſt Home* on the *fourth night*; from which circumſtance, I as poſitively predicted its downfall, as Mr. WOODFALL had done its popularity. That very evening I formed—what I thought amounted to a reſolution of drawing my pen no more for the ſtage; but ſo much was I miſtaken, that three days afterwards I caught myſelf finiſhing a ſcene in

I think

I think the beſt piece I have ever written. But any one would have done the ſame. The encouragement I had received from Mr. HARRIS no man would have ſuſpected to be trifling; and two or three pieces purchaſed at a good price would not have been an uncomfortable circumſtance upon a long voyage. How fallacious however this dependance was, will be ſhewn in its proper place.

Little happened during my ſtay in town worthy notice—except many inſtances of friendſhip I received from Mr. PRESTON, in the Strand, and that Dr. HAYES, who came up to the feſtival, did me the kindneſs to dine with me on the king's birth-day, and caught me hard at work at my exerciſe—for my intention was pretty ſtrong then to go for the degree; for I was pleaſed with my work, and thought it a pity to take ſo much pains for nothing. Other purſuits, however, have ſince diverted me from it—ſo there lies honour—it will not ſtop the tide, nor reſtrain the winds—therefore I'll have none on't.—You will as readily believe it as that I am,

With the moſt perfect truth,

C. DIBDIN.

Newark, Nov. 18, 1787.

R LETTER

LETTER XIX.

AN AGREEABLE COMPANION IN A STAGE COACH.

"*Thou haſt ſeen a dog bark at a beggar.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

ON the ſeventh of June I quitted LONDON for CAMBRIDGE. In the coach happened to be a gentleman of ſome medical conſequence in the city, who not only turned out a very agreeable companion, but made ſome of the beſt general remarks I ever liſtened to. Theſe, though I may avail myſelf of ſome of them in the courſe of my work, I ſhall ſay nothing of here. I cannot refrain, however, from giving his opinion—which I earneſtly requeſted, as that ſubject came up among a number of others—concerning the execution of DONNELLAN. I could not withhold myſelf from reprobating, in pretty ſtrong terms, the pre-judgment in that buſineſs—the rigour ſhewn from the bench—where the priſoner ſhould never want an advocate; and, in particular, the remarkable circumſtance—that the charge to the GRAND JURY, *previous to the trial*—contained the *very* words of the ſentence of CONDEMNATION; all of which, I believe the public have but one opinion of.—This gentleman's ſentiments of the matter, as a phyſician—ſetting aſide all the nonſenſical controverſies that have happened concerning the quality of *laurel water*—he very ſenſibly confined to this: That poiſon of any kind could not effect death ſo inſtantaneouſly—the ſhorteſt period between the ſwallowing of poiſon and the conſequent death, that he had ever heard of in all his practice,

was

was nearly *four hours*, and SIR THEODORE BOUGHTON is ſaid to have died in leſs time than *one minute*. In ſhort, ſaid he, if that phial contained any thing of DONNELLAN's invention which actually cauſed that ſudden death ſworn to by the mother, he diſcovered what no other ever did. Unleſs it was one of thoſe ſecrets which Dr. MEAD is ſaid to have kept from the world, leſt, knowing human depravity, he might be the inſtrument of providing them with a novel opportunity of perpetrating the dictates of a cowardly and diabolical revenge. As to Dr. RETRAY's killing rats and dogs to prove he had been miſtaken when he ſwore SIR THEODORE BOUGHTON was poiſoned with arſenic, we laughed at it as it deſerved; but when we came to conſider that Dr. HUNTER was pinned to a ſingle queſtion, namely, whether the deceaſed died of poiſon or not—which no man could have poſitively anſwered—we agreed in a ſincere wiſh that the learned interpreter of the law—who acted the part of judge and jury upon this occaſion—was in his own mind clearly and fully convinced of the priſoner's guilt; and ſo with that laudable and upright deteſtation—with which his lordſhip is well known to accelerate the extermination of murderers—he reſolved that the victim then in his power ſhould not eſcape.

I was unfortunate enough to loſe this gentleman's company after we had travelled together about ſix and thirty miles. On my arrival in CAMBRIDGE, where I cannot refrain from noticing, that though the coach from *Gray's Inn Lane* is bound to the *White Hart*—yet the paſſengers will far every diſagreeably, if they are obliged, as I was, to ſtay all night. As ſoon as I could, the following morning, I got into a lodging, and began to make my preparations in form. I delivered a letter to Dr. RANDALL, who begged to be excuſed from taking an active part in the buſineſs, on account of his age, and the reſolution he had made not to concern himſelf but as little as poſſible with public matters. I afterwards called on a gentleman of Trinity College, to whom I had a very friendly and preſſing letter from a man of fortune in town—but unluckily the gentleman was not then at CAMBRIDGE. My next application was of courſe

to

to the VICE CHANCELLOR; and as every other channel was—as the reader has ſeen—dammed up, my only reliance was on the permiſſion I had received from Dr. CHAPMAN, and ſome other documents which I put in my pocket for his inſpection. But as this interview, and the reſult of it, make too marking a part of my TOUR not to have every poſſible advantage—I ſhall give ſo ſingular a tranſaction a letter by itſelf. I have ſhewn, in this letter, a judicial cur in office—in my next I ſhall give you the portrait of a clerical one:—but all theſe are the foils that ſet off the brilliancy of true friendſhip, and the value of ſterling worth—for the knowledge of theſe kind and eſtimable qualities in you, give me leave to aſſure you that I am,

Thankfully,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Newark, Nov. 20, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

SCRUPLES OF CONSCIENCE.

"*Let the galled jade wince.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I have often wondered that in the common tranſactions of life men meet with ſuch continual rudeneſs, when civility is ſo cheap, and ſo becoming. If hackney coachmen and waiters made a point of uſing a little of this good quality, they would find themſelves richer, and lead more comfortable lives. But if rudeneſs be unpardonable in thoſe we rule, for heaven's ſake what is it in thoſe who rule us! A man in a high and reſpectable ſituation can add nothing to his dignity ſo truly great as complacency and gentleneſs of manners. Thus, the VICE CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD, who is an abſolute monarch for the time being—like a little Emperor of GERMANY,—diſpenſes his decrees with ſuch impartial even-handed juſtice, and tender regard to his own honour and the ſuſceptibility of individuals, that a man muſt be ſelf-condemned before he puniſhes him; and, I will venture to ſay, that if any conſideration could induce a diſtinction in his conduct or carriage to any different deſcriptions of men who, on various accounts, have occaſion to apply to him, the benevolent affability which ſo eminently characteriſes him, would be conſpicuouſly extended to the moſt unfortunate

among them*. What then can be ſaid of a VICE CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE, who has equal power, and whoſe haughty and imperious deportment, ſullen aſpect, and premature determination, ſeem—contrary to all acknowledged juſtice—to ſuppoſe every man guilty till he is proved innocent? Such a VICE CHANCELLOR muſt ſurely be unfit for his ſituation. He muſt be uncandid, ungenerous, and unjuſt; and—what are terrible qualities in that high character—ignorant and incapable of diſcrimination. Leſt it ſhould be thought I had Dr. ELLISON in view when I drew the above portrait, I will entreat the reader to attend minutely to what paſſed during my interview with that gentleman—and afterwards, in conſequence of it—and it will be plainly ſeen whether he meant any thing more than a faithful diſcharge of the duties of that office committed to his care.

I had waited on Dr. ELLISON, who was not to be ſpoken with—I therefore, by way of breaking the ice, entreated Mr. WYNN, who keeps a muſic ſhop, to call and leave ſome of my bills. That done—after four viſits to no purpoſe—I was at length admitted; and my memory—which is pretty faithful—aſſures me what follows was the converſation that paſſed between us.

'Sir, I have the honour to introduce myſelf to you—my name is 'DIBDIN—I come to CAMBRIDGE with a view of offering the univerſity a 'little

* I ſaw once a noble inſtance of this triumphant philanthropy in the conduct of the late Sir JOHN FIELDING. A man was examined before him upon a charge of a high-way robbery, inſtituted by a gentleman of diſtinction, who ſwore poſitively to every circumſtance of the robbery, yet could not identify the perſon. In the courſe of the buſineſs, the right honourable witneſs ſeemed extremely offended that Sir JOHN FIELDING ſhould pay the priſoner ſo much reſpect, and him, as he thought, ſo very little—for which diſcontent he received the following rebuke. 'I am heartily ſorry that you 'are offended at my ſoftening the rigour of juſtice with a little humanity. The priſoner is entitled 'more to my attention than you are—becauſe he is unfortunate. If he ſhould be guilty, the law is 'ſevere enough without any exaggeration on my part; but if innocent, how could I excuſe myſelf—'by adding inſult to misfortune?'

'little musical entertainment, which has given very great satisfaction at seve-
'ral places—and in particular at OXFORD—where, with the VICE CHAN-
'CELLOR's permission, I had the honour of performing with much reputa-
'tion.' "Ha—you had the VICE CHANCELLOR's permission there had you?
"how do I know that?" 'I assure you Sir, upon my honour I had; how-
'ever, as I am a perfect stranger, you are certainly not to oblige me upon
'my bare assertion—therefore, please to look at those letters.' I then produced the letter from Dr. HAYES, written to me at WORCESTER, and that from Dr. CHAPMAN to him, which accompanied it. "Ah—well—this letter
"gives you leave, to be sure—but it does not say that your entertainment
"is such a one as ought to be delivered at a university." 'It is true, Sir,
'Dr. CHAPMAN never saw the entertainment in question, not even to this
'moment, but he was kind enough to suppose I would not commit such an
'outrage on propriety, or so far offend against the etiquette of that university,
'of which he is such an ornament, as to offer them any thing unworthy
'the patronage under which I had the honour to appear before them; and,
'to convince me he was of this opinion, Mrs. CHAPMAN, and several ladies
'with her, attended the performance; nay, Sir, to shew you beyond con-
'tradiction that the amusement had the good opinion of the university in ge-
'neral, here is a paragraph in the OXFORD paper, announcing, that at the
'particular request of many respectable members of the different colleges,
'the VICE CHANCELLOR extended his permission, in consequence of the
'satisfaction I had given.' "Oh, the paragraph in the paper is nothing at
"all:—a man put a paragraph in the CAMBRIDGE paper, the other day,
"against me—and it was all a lie." 'Sir, Mr. JACKSON, who prints the
'OXFORD paper, is a man of *probity* and *fortune*—he idolizes the VICE CHAN-
'CELLOR—and could not be induced, for any consideration, to use his name
'to grace a falsity.' "Upon my word, you speak very well—one may
"easily see, by your conversation, you have merit." 'I am obliged to you
'for your good opinion, Sir.' "But, you see, the morals of the young

"men

" men are all in my care, and as Dr. CHAPMAN never ſaw the entertainment,
" he may yet be impoſed upon. I have ſeen your bill, and I own it ſeems
" to hold out ſomething immoral. Beſides, if you are a man of this reputa-
" tion, what can induce you to come ſtrolling about the country?" ' Sir,
' I am going to INDIA—and, as I wiſh, before my departure, to ſay good
' bye to a generous public, who have afforded me a long and liberal patro-
' nage—' " Why do you know any body at CAMBRIDGE?" ' No Sir.'—
" Then it is plain the people here do not make up any part of that public to
" whom you are ſo much obliged; conſequently, they have no right to be
" thanked. Thus, you ſee, as you are rich enough to come with no other
" motive than mere gratitude—why pay it where it is not due?" ' Good
' God, Sir! am I obliged to be perſonally acquainted with all thoſe who wiſh
' me well as a public man?' " Well Sir, I don't know what to ſay to it.
" It has always been my rule to give no perſon permiſſion who is not recom-
" mended by ſomebody belonging to the univerſity. You ſay you know
" nobody." ' I brought with me a letter for Dr. RANDALL, Sir.' " Oh,
" Dr. RANDALL won't do." ' What kind of perſon muſt it be, Sir?'—
" Why, for inſtance, a fellow commoner of one of the colleges." ' I have
' a letter to a gentleman ſo deſcribed in my pocket—it is unſealed—pleaſe to
' read it Sir—he is unfortunately not at CAMBRIDGE—but you will readily
' believe that, upon the ſtrength of his friends recommendation, he would
' otherwiſe have waited on you with pleaſure.' " It does not ſignify, Sir—
" the gentleman is not here to ſpeak for himſelf, and I cannot credit mere
" appearances." ' Sir, had I known there would have been ſo many diffi-
' culties thrown in the way of a requeſt which it would have done you no
' diſhonour or diſcredit to grant, I would not have given myſelf a moment's
' trouble about it.' " Oh Sir, if you begin to talk of difficulties, I have
" done." ' So would I Sir, did I not feel myſelf a little hurt at being de-
' prived, by your ſuſpicions, of an opportunity of giving CAMBRIDGE an
' amuſement that has been ſo followed at OXFORD.' " My ſuſpicions Sir!"
' Yes Sir—for you muſt ſuppoſe me a moſt impudent impoſtor, after every

thing

'thing that has happened.' "Well, but ſurely—why you are not the Mr. "DIBDIN who compoſed the *Padlock* and ſuch a number of *muſical works?*" 'I am Sir—and I am ſorry you could not prevail on yourſelf to believe it 'ſooner.' "Why—really—this to be ſure alters the caſe." 'In ſhort, Sir, 'as this converſation has imperceptible ſtolen on thus far, I am determined 'you SHALL be convinced. The DUKE OF GRAFTON, as I take it, is CHAN-'CELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE, and you are only VICE CHANCELLOR, and I am 'ſure I know a channel through which I can get you his GRACE's recom-'mendation of me.' "Why, now, upon my word, this is a ſtrange miſtake— "pray ſit down." 'I beg to be excuſed Sir.' "I am ſorry a conſtant rule "which I preſcribe myſelf in theſe caſes, ſhould occaſion ſuch a miſunder-"ſtanding. You may perform Sir, on Monday." This being the very point I wanted to bring him to, I abruptly wiſhed him a good morning, and he followed me to the door, with many apologies, of which I took no manner of notice. As ſoon as I got home I ſent him the following letter,

To the Rev. Dr. ELLISTON.

SIR,

WHEN I did myſelf the honour, in a letter to the VICE CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD, to thank him for a ſimilar favour to that for which I this day applied to you, I could not help noticing, that the *manner* of conferring a favour conſtituted—incomparably before all other conſiderations—its VALUE. You, Sir—with a vigilant zeal, no doubt, for the cauſe of morality, have thought proper to diſbelieve what that gentleman ſaw no rational cauſe to diſcredit; yet let me aſſure you, that the letters from Dr. HAYES and Dr. CHAPMAN were not forgeries—the paragraph in the OXFORD paper was no fabrication to deceive you—the letter to Mr. THOMPSON of Trinity College, really was written by a man of fortune—and I declare, that I did not in a ſingle inſtance miſrepreſent or exaggerate any one circumſtance. Leſt, how-

ever you ſhould think this letter, as well as the reſt, an impoſition, I haſten to the purpoſe for which it is written, and inform you that I take the liberty to decline that permiſſion you have thought proper ſo *very liberally* to grant.

I am,

Sir, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

June 10, 1787.

I muſt not quit this ſubject without obſerving, that it is more than poſſible I went the wrong way to work. This I know to be fact. A certain mimic who had once ſome ſort of lectures at CAMBRIDGE, in which his great merit was an imitation of ME—procured a permiſſion for his performance, by giving the VICE CHANCELLOR's butler—I will not ſay what VICE CHANCELLOR—*a guinea.* Thus, as it frequently happens in life, was the *ſubſtance* neglected for the *ſhadow.* If this *ſtings*, "let the galled jade wince:" In which caſe, you and I have free ſouls. Adieu. Believe me

Yours very truly.

C. DIBDIN.

Doncaſter, Nov. 20, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

A RACE AND A BADGERING.

"*Young birds alone are caught with chaff.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

CAMBRIDGE having detained me a week to no purpoſe, I was perſuaded to try HUNTINGDON, which place was ſaid to have a very ſpirited neighbourhood. LORD SANDWICH not being then at HINCHINBROOK, none of the muſical tribe would ſtir a peg without their firſt fiddle—and having performed *one night* to an audience of about twenty-five, who were not in the habit of following a leader, I flattered myſelf by the ſatisfaction thoſe few received, a *ſecond* would be worth trial. But I had not conſidered, that on that very evening MADAME MARA performed at CAMBRIDGE, or I ſhould not have been ſo abſurd as to expect that any lover of *muſic*, within twenty miles, would loſe the opportunity of hearing her. I was ſo thinly attended that I would not perform—and the next day ſet off, with a view of going to NORWICH. I cannot refrain from mentioning a ſenſible remark of the MAYOR, to whom, as commanding officer, I as uſual applied. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'it is not in my power to give you permiſſion: on the contrary, I am expreſſly ordered by the late proclamation, as MAYOR of this 'town, to prevent every exhibition not authorized by a regular licence.—'Now, as according to the preſent laws there cannot be a licence to tolerate 'any ſort of amuſement at HUNTINGDON, nor indeed at any other place more

'than

'than twenty-one miles out of LONDON; and, as it is certainly unfair that 'we ſhould be denied rational amuſements, I ſhall, as long as my office con- 'tinues, take the liberty to make this diſtinction. Whenever an entertain- 'ment preſents itſelf that, like yours, promiſes to give pleaſure without being 'immoral, although I give no leave as a magiſtrate—I will certainly, as a man, 'recommend it to the attention of my friends. If, therefore, you ſhould think 'proper to perform, I dare ſay nobody will inform againſt you; and if you 'wiſh for the Town-hall, the man who takes care of it will, no doubt, let 'you have it for a mere trifle."

I am ſure you will pardon me for noticing this gentlemanlike conduct. I ſhall, in the courſe of this work, go into a full deſcription of the laws relative to public amuſements—to which I am very competent, having had as much public and private legal advice as any man.

HUNTINGDON—which gave birth to OLIVER CROMWELL—is a pretty town. It lies, however, on a flat, and the proſpect near it is remarkable for nothing but a number of handſome ſpires. The road to CAMBRIDGE is very fine. The hair-dreſſer gave me a long account of the number of pariſhes it formerly had—'but alas Sir,' ſaid he, 'they are now dwindled—and we 'have only four *church yards*, three *ſpires*, two *churches*, and one PARSON.'

When I came to NEWMARKET, in my way to NORWICH, upon hearing the races were to be the following week at IPSWICH, I changed my deſign, and went to that place. I found it in glorious confuſion, and trying to get a lodging, I diſcovered a *manœuvre*, the mention of which may ſerve as a caution to thoſe who mean to viſit any place in the *race-week*. The landlord of one of the principal inns had advertiſed his beds at a guinea a-piece; and fearing, on account of the exorbitant demand, that viſitors ſhould be induced to take lodgings, he procured, with great cunning and induſtry, a promiſe from the other inhabitants that they would aſk the ſame price. What was the conſequence?

ſequence? IPSWICH is very large, and the ſtrangers naturally ſaid, If we can get lodgings no cheaper at private houſes than at inns, we had better be where our horſes can be taken care of. Thus, few private lodgings were let —the inns were full—and the landlords laughed at the credulity of their neighbours.

At IPSWICH I gave my entertainment twice before I went to COLCHESTER, and once at my return. The two firſt times I was as well attended as, conſidering the number of amuſements that poured in from all quarters, I had a right to expect. The fourth night, however, was to make me large amends; but, like my dependances in general, turned out a rotten one.—An unfortunate and truly ridiculous circumſtance happened to give a ſort of tacit umbrage to many of the company there. It was this. I was invited to ſup with about eight of the leading gentlemen; and as they had a ball that evening, and it was very unlikely that theſe eight ſhould ſup away from the general meeting, where as ſort of ſtewards their preſence ſeemed to be abſolutely neceſſary, I ſuſpected ſome artifice in the buſineſs. Now it is a rule with me—as I was once under the unpleaſant neceſſity of hinting to one of my auditors—that when I am ſtuck up in my temporary orcheſtra and playing my tricks, I am unconditionally at the devotion of the audience, but before or after my performance—as there was never any thing either imperious or preſuming in my deportment, of which I am ſure I ſhould have witneſſes enow were I to aſk it—I cannot conſent to conſider myſelf in an ineligible light.—Whether this rule ſtruck theſe gentlemen and ladies as falſe conſequence, improper pride, or what, I will not determine, but certainly the invitation to ſupper, meant nothing more than that I ſhould relieve the *pipe* and *tabor*, by doing my utmoſt—to *entertain the company*. And here I cannot, for the life of me, avoid pauſing to tell two ſtories of poor SHUTER.

This child of humour was at a dinner one day, in a promiſcuous company—and, as ſoon as the cloth was taken away, one of them got up and

entreated, as a particular favour, he would begin to be comical. "God," ſaid SHUTER, "I forgot my fool's dreſs—but, however, I'll go and fetch it, "if you'll be my ſubſtitute till I return." The man thought this very comical, and declared he would. SHUTER then took his hat and cane—went away—and did not return at all.

Another time—a ſet of warm citizens, who had been uſed to the company of BENNET—an actor of very mediocre abilities, at *Covent Garden Theatre*—got SHUTER to a tavern in the city.—No man's intellects were ever ſtronger, nor did any utter brighter ſallies of wit and pleaſantry. At every good thing the gaping citizens were in raptures. SHUTER could not conceive the reaſon of ſuch *very* laviſh praiſes—till, at length, hearing one of them exclaim, 'Oh that's great!—that's charming!—that's ſo like BENNET!' He was immediately let into the ſecret. BENNET was, with them, all that wit and humour could comprize; and they had not the ſmalleſt idea of paying him an ill compliment by comparing him to their favourite. But to return.

Having given a pretty ſhrewd gueſs at what was going forward, I went to the Coffee-houſe—in BOOTS. The gentleman who invited me was evidently diſappointed at my appearance—and this confirmed my ſuſpicions.—I told him—as the party was private, and conſiſted only of gentlemen—I had taken the liberty to come with no ceremony; eſpecially as I ſhould be under the neceſſity of going to COLCHESTER early in the morning. He heſitated—and we were joined in the Coffee-room by other gentlemen, through whoſe enquiries, after ſupper, the murder came out. I immediately wiſhed this gentleman a good night—ſaying—it was utterly impoſſible to mix with the company in that trim—and gave a ſtrong hint that I could not conſent to be a performer any where but in my own entertainment. The juſtice of my remark was admitted—and I retired. At my return from COLCHESTER, this gentleman told me it was impoſſible to blame what I had done, but that it

threw

threw an univerſal gloom over the company—every expectation was balked, and they never paſſed ſo unpleaſant an evening.* Thus was I expected, like SHUTER, to be comical, or jump over a ſtick at the word of command; but I was determined to convince them I had not ſo much docility. Beſides—after all—there might be ſome BENNET or other whoſe comic abilities I might not have been able to equal.

How far the gentleman I here allude to had a ſhare in the buſineſs, I will not pretend to ſay. I have given a faithful relation of it—and as, upon ſeveral occaſions, he was very attentive to me—though there certainly was a blunder ſomewhere—it would be ungenerous in me to ſuppoſe he meant any thing more than my intereſt. I ought not, *ab origine*, to have been deceived—and a worthy baronet, with whom I converſed on the ſubject, at BURY—and who was to have been of the party—agreed I had been diſingenuouſly dealt with. However, "as old birds are not caught with chaff," I took care—though it affected my intereſt a little—it ſhould not make me ridiculous. I own I was hurt at it—and in particular becauſe it induced me to leave my kind friends near COLCHESTER ſo ſoon.

Yours, truly,

C. DIBDIN.

Wakefield, Nov. 28, 1787.

* This was not the only time. The ſame trick was attempted to be played me at WORCESTER. At ten o'clock at night, a gentleman—in white gloves, and without a hat—catched me buſily writing—with a long beard—and would fain have me—becauſe a lady, whom he afterwards married, took ſuch a whim in her head—go with him to the aſſembly-room, to eat ſupper, and ſing catches and glees.—I was obliged to tell him, in a few ſhort words, that I could not think of any ſuch thing; and if I had not been convinced—as it afterwards turned out—that every body diſapproved of his conduct—but what will not a hot purſuit after a large fortune make a man do?—I would have left WORCESTER the next morning—but I had the pleaſure to find what I had done extremely approved of; and though I had no more of that gentleman's company, my numbers were not leſſened by my refuſal to comply with his caprice.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

GREAT PAINS FOR LITTLE PROFIT.

"*More cry than wool.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——,

DEAR SIR,

TO COLCHESTER I poſted--and being recommended by the ingenious Mr. MOORE—whoſe *clock* and other curioſities all the world has ſeen, and wondered at—to the *White Hart*. I there received a hearty welcome to—as he ſaid—the land of Oyſters, Baize, and Eringo, from Mr. REYNOLDS, who is known among his *ſuperiors* by the title of *honeſt George*—by his *equals* as a kind friend and AGREEABLE COMPANION—and among his *inferiors* as a *generous* and *liberal beneſactor*. Indeed, both he and his ſon, in underſtanding and demeanour, give you an impreſſion of ſomething conſiderably above inn-keepers. He ſhook his head at the idea of a muſical entertainment at COLCHESTER—but, as the aſſembly-room was in his houſe, I reſolved to try it. My ſucceſs turned out neither good nor bad, and he and I ſettled the matter as men ſhould do who mean fairly by each other. One circumſtance, however, rendered my jaunt to COLCHESTER very pleaſurable. A gentleman, who has every thing within himſelf that can conſtitute the enjoyments of a country-life in the trueſt and moſt delectable ſtile, laid himſelf out, with the unaffected and hearty kindneſs of old Engliſh hoſpitality, to charm away every moment of my time. Were I to mention every particular of his flattering partiality in terms it deſerves, I muſt invent

new

new ones—as no idea but the kind attention of this gentleman, and the benevolence of his family of love engroſſed me—I ſhall only ſay of COLCHESTER—that the applauſe was exceſſive—the profit ſcarcely any thing.

On my return to IPSWICH, my night was ſpoiled by the intervention of that little pique which I have ſo fully mentioned in my laſt letter. I therefore got away to BURY ST. EDMUNDS, at which place, as I paſſed through in my way to IPSWICH—as the players call it—I *took the town*; that is to ſay, made my enquiries, and ſaw how the land lay. Before I ſit myſelf down at BURY, I ſhall ſpeak of ſome characters at IPSWICH. Among the foremoſt, I anxiouſly ſeize the firſt opportunity in my life of noticing two members of the law of liberal and gentlemanlike manners—and, that ſo extraordinary an event may be fully proclaimed, whether theſe gentlemen will or not—their names are Mr. KILDERBEE and Mr. SQUIRES*.

The faſhionable and friendly Mr. TROTMAN certainly ſtrove to ſerve me as induſtriouſly as ever the BUSY BODY did to ſerve Sir GEORGE AIRY; and, notwithſtanding, it has been ſaid the laſt ſtorm was of his *brewing*, yet, I really would try my hand at his panegyrick, if my pen was not reſtrained every time the idea comes acroſs me, by a recollection of the following lines in PRIOR,

"To John I owe great obligation—
"But John unhappily thought fit
"To publiſh it to all the nation:—
"Sure John and I are more than quit!"

* I aſſure the reader I ſhall have, in the courſe of the work, more characters of this deſcription; and they ſhall be placed among my catalogue of WONDERS.

Nor muſt I forget that ſon of LINNEAS, Dr. COYTE, who had—when he did me the honour to conduct me to his botanic plantation—arrived to ſuch a pitch of perfection in improving upon nature, as to deprive the ſun of the power of maturing a *Magnolia* for a whole fortnight, that it might bloom for the gratification of his friends in the race week. The father of this gentleman is ſaid to have been one of the firſt botaniſts in Europe.

I ſhall alſo ſpeak of another gentleman, who repeatedly expreſſed a very ſtrong deſire to be preſent at my entertainment, but a foreigner—which too often happens—attracted him with ſuch magnetic force, that in ſpight of his own wiſhes, he had not the power to turn from the charm that faſcinated him.

But laſt—" though not leaſt"—I ſhall ſpeak of PUNCHARD and JERMYN, whoſe kindneſs was fraught with ſuch unaffected attention, that it will not eaſily be eraſed from my remembrance. One thing, in particular, marked a ſtrong deſire to pleaſe, which is one of the beſt recommendations of a tradeſman; though heaven knows the trifle I paid them was ſcarcely worth an acknowledgment. The receipt was thus worded. " Received the contents " of this bill—with thanks."

I have before expreſſed my ſurpriſe that civility, being ſo cheap an accommodation, ſhould be ſo little attended to. It is, indeed, ſo winning, that it inſures attention to the meaneſt trifles. A good introduction does wonders; and though an inſinuating prologue cannot ſave a bad play, it may ſoften conſiderably the rigour of its fate. Is not a fine lady cheated by a ſhopkeeper with all the willingneſs in the world, if he compliments her perſon while he palms on her his damaged goods? Appearance—like the firſt blow in boxing—is half the battle. What a figure would a judge look if he were to try a cauſe in a black bob wig and a pair of jack boots. I was once witneſs to a farmer's abuſing a pair of young, ſpruce, unwigged counſellors

for

for ſpoiling his ground, in the afternoon, in whoſe preſence he had—on a trial in the morning—trembled from head to foot. But to ſettle my account with COLCHESTER and IPSWICH.

Both of theſe places ſeem to have been formerly of conſequence, but are now greatly declined. The manufactory of baize, as well as moſt of our ſtaple commerce is getting north. A ſtronger proof of which cannot be given than that LIVERPOOL is inſenſibly drawing away the trade of BRISTOL, and HULL all the coaſting buſineſs, except YARMOUTH, from IPSWICH to SALTFLEET :—and thus it will be found inland. Manufactories that begin about the center of the kingdom, puſh on to the north; till—having taken up their reſidence in Yorkſhire—they expand to the eaſt and weſt; but particularly the eaſt, in a moſt aſtoniſhing way. Thus, from LEEDS to LIVERPOOL—through BRADFORD, HALIFAX, ROCHDALE, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, and PRESTON—the population is wonderful. The workmen are like ſo many ants employed about their heaps; but they are ſo different from thoſe in London, that while the ants of the north labour for the *general benefit*, the other piſmires work hard for the GENERAL CONFUSION.

As for the inns—the *White Hart* at COLCHESTER is one of the beſt in England. It is large, handſome, and convenient, and has admirable accommodations. I was witneſs to Mr. REYNOLD's ſending out—with ſome company who had been to pay a viſit to Mr. RIGBY—two and twenty pair of horſes in one morning. I cannot ſo correctly ſpeak as to the inns of IPSWICH, for when I was there they were all in confuſion, and it was firſt come firſt ſerved. Proviſion ſeemed to be very good, and the ſoles they get from ALDBOROUGH are incomparable.

I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and thank you for your remarks. It is true I have yet ſaid nothing of the country as to cultivation. It muſt have been owing to a want of diverſity in the ſubject. The face of

nature

nature, at the time I am recording, appeared to me like a ſerene day, fair and full of ſmiles. The only change was from arable to meadow land, and from meadow to arable; and this you may diſtinguiſh with your eyes ſhut—for "the ripe harveſt of the new-mown hay gave it a ſweet and pleaſing odour."

Pray do not fail to give me your ſentiments fully, as I aſſure you nothing can give me more pleaſure than the attention you are pleaſed to pay.

Your very thankful friend,

C. DIBDIN.

Wakefield, Nov. 30, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

ADVENTURE UPON ADVENTURE.

" I ne'er ſuſtain'd the like diſgrace before,
" By this good light."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING ſat myſelf down in a lodging at BURY, I paid my reſpects as uſual to the *commandant*—who is there called THE ALDERMAN—the reſt of the magiſtracy being twelve feoffees. This gentleman made not the ſmalleſt objection, except to the uſe of the Guildhall, which was a part of my requeſt, and this he could not, according to conſtant uſage, grant without the conſent obtained in writing of the feoffees. I aſked him which among them was the moſt muſical, and he anſwered Dr. NORFORD; which intelligence was ſo true, that having waited on that gentleman I found him ſurrounded with friends who were liſtening to a morning concert. He came to me into the hall—and, upon hearing my name, inſiſted on my entering the room, where the IPSWICH gentleman and the foreigner mentioned in my laſt letter made a part of the company. Some inſtrumental things were performed, and I was at length requeſted to play a leſſon on the *piano forte*. I felt all the diſadvantage of having no *foreign attraction*, and therefore knew that I ſtood but little chance of being ranked with my preſent competitors, unleſs I could in ſome arch way turn the tables. I therefore ſaid I thought a ſong would be a kind of relief to what had gone before, and played *Pompoſo*, which

hit exactly as I wiſhed it ſhould. This circumſtance—for you know I love illuſtrations—brings another to my mind which alſo told very ſtrongly in this way.

I was aſked to dine at one of Mr. Fox's annual meetings, were there were about two hundred Weſtminſter electors. Before I gave my conſent, I ſtipulated with my friend that I ſhould not be aſked to ſing. This indulgence he ſaid he could inſure me; but, upon reflection, I placed very little reliance on the promiſe. I therefore was prepared with my famous *Jew's ſong*, which will be found in *The Readings*; and it is not in the power of language to deſcribe how wonderfully well it hit. That fine veteran, MACKLIN, was in raptures, and I ſincerely believe it was the ſole cauſe of his burning his wig, which made ſuch a noiſe the next day in the newſpapers. But to return to BURY.

The conſent I wanted was eaſily obtained—and in my life I never experienced handſomer or politer treatment. One reverend gentleman however was ſcrupulous—but it is a becoming thing for the clergy to be conſciencious—and though the Rev. Dr. WOOLASTON's readineſs to forward a rational amuſement, which he did me the honour to attend and highly approve, had certainly nothing reprehenſible in it, the other reverend doctor was ſurely under no obligation to do the ſame. 'Tis true, if others had imitated this wonderfully ſagacious, prudent, and wary forecaſt, BURY would have been deprived of what they were ſo kind as to think a pleaſure. What then! Prevention is a wiſe thing; and upon the ſame principle—a little more rigidly exacted to be ſure—that it is better to let *twenty* guilty perſons eſcape, than that *one* ſuffer innocently—ſo the ſuppreſſion of fifty harmleſs amuſements is meritorious, rather than run the ſmalleſt riſk of giving encouragement to vice and immorality.

After the performance was over—which I had advertiſed but for one night—I was obliged to promiſe a repetition of it; and as I wiſhed very much to go

to

to NORWICH before the players could get there, I appointed a late day in the following week, and packed off. I have really had the luck of meeting with friendly printers. Mr. STEVENSON, the valuable and worthy partner of Mr. CROUSE, ſhewed me a thouſand civilities. Among the reſt, his friendly recommendation to YARMOUTH, rubbed off all difficulties in the way of my performing there—yet would it be injuſtice to Meſſrs. DOWNES and MARCH, not to ſay that their attention for the ſhort time I remained at YARMOUTH, was very gentlemanlike and perfectly liberal. But let me firſt ſpeak of NORWICH. On the firſt night—though I addreſſed upwards of an hundred letters to the principal people—I had only five perſons. I did not perform, in courſe; and indeed I was doubtful whether I ſhould give them the trouble, or myſelf the expence of another night. Having however underſtood that I was there alſo conſidered as an impoſtor, I inſerted a paragraph in the bill which I expected would have its effect; and indeed I was ſtimulated to this by the very handſome conduct of a gentleman preſent on the firſt night, who ſaid every thing he could think of to palliate the matter. I drove him however into a corner, by ſaying that I was very willing to ſtand or fall by the merit of the entertainment, and it would give me particular pleaſure if they would pitch upon twelve critics, who ſhould be men of real underſtanding, to report the matter, and let it be decided upon according to their judgment. He anſwered that it was a fair offer, but that it never could be ſettled, for there was not any ſuch number as twelve critics in NORWICH. At the ſame time he ſuggeſted that the ſucceſs might be better—that the number of nights I had advertiſed, I ought to conſider as a compact with the public. This laſt argument rouſed me. I determined to perform every night I had engaged for, at all adventures. I did ſo; and though no opportunity was neglected, and thoſe who attended were greatly pleaſed—according to the Iriſhman—*I gained a loſs*. Enough therefore of NORWICH; at which place however—as at almoſt every other—I found ſomething to counterbalance my diſappointments. The attention and civility of my friend STEVENSON, made me large amends for the vapid, unmeaning languor that pervaded the place itſelf; not but I have many acknowledgments

ledgments to pay thoſe who attended the performance—for they one and all agreed that I could not, in painting my TOUR, throw NORWICH too much into the back ground.

At YARMOUTH I had two nights, which—though not *numerous*—were *brilliant*. There is a gentleman at YARMOUTH, to whom the faſhionable people look up—and well they may—as the arbiter of their amuſements. His attention to me—could I conceive I really merited it—might make me vain of myſelf indeed. To ſhew however that nothing can win me on a pecuniary ſcore, be it known, I rather loſt than gained at YARMOUTH. But Dr. COOPER's anxiety on that account—his ſolicitude for my accommodation—his handſome, well-bred conduct, gave me ſo exalted an opinion of him, that I was not at all ſurpriſed when Mr. ROUPE (to whom he is a ſort of patron without his own knowledge—for he confers to oblige himſelf) aſſured me that there is not a human mind fraught with more worth or diſintereſted benevolence. And here Mr. ROUPE muſt forgive me, if in order to illuſtrate his and my poſition, I ſpeak a little of his own comfortable ſituation.

This gentleman poſſeſſed a competent fortune, ſubject to alienation at the death of a relation—which relation being dead, he is deprived of it till the deceaſe of another. Upon his loſs, by the advice of his friends—and Dr. COOPER at the head of them, he made what had been his amuſement his profeſſion, and having an admirable muſical turn, he is now organiſt, and has all the principal teaching of YARMOUTH. I never had the pleaſure of hearing him play, but have heard a great account of his performance. I however chatted with him ſome hours on muſic, and he ſeems to be of my own ſentiments. He has a ſtrong fancy, and deſpiſes every *rule* that is not reconcileable to REASON.—May he long be happy! which there is little fear of; for through the benignant influence of Dr. COOPER, and his own mild and amiable manners, he feels himſelf as independent, and is as much reſpected, as when he baſked in the ſunſhine of fortune, and had no right to conſider himſelf as a profeſſional man.

You

You muſt underſtand that I performed at NORWICH and YARMOUTH alternately—which circumſtance occaſioned the appearance of a paragraph in the BURY paper, ſaying, that it was a wonderful thing—ſetting aſide all conſiderations of the merit of the performance—that Mr. DIBDIN ſhould be able *at all* to perform an amuſement in which he ſung twenty four ſongs, and delivered an adequate quantity of ſpeaking, on *Monday* at NORWICH—*Tueſday* at YARMOUTH—*Wedneſday* at NORWICH—*Thurſday* at YARMOUTH—*Friday* at NORWICH—and *Saturday* at BURY. This circumſtance however would have been attended with more pleaſurable conſequences to me, if every one of theſe nights had been equal to the laſt, which I ſeriouſly declare was more than the other five put together.

NORWICH is a large city—but the ſtreets are ſo narrow and ſo alike, that a man would ſooner learn to be his own pilot in LONDON than in that place. There are ſo few *ſpires* in NORWICH, that the view of the town and cathedral from the YARMOUTH road acroſs the river, has a moſt beautiful and picturesque effect. Not ſo very ſtriking as that bird's-eye-view of BRISTOL, from *Cliffden Hill*, but neat and well grouped. The ſtreets of YARMOUTH are yet narrower than thoſe of NORWICH, but the ſpaciouſneſs of the *Quay* makes handſome amends. The firſt has all the heavy ſtupidity of a city where the manufactory is on the decline, and the other the ſprightlineſs of increaſing trade, varied by an influx of commodities from every part of the world. I never beheld ſuch a wonderful ſcene as the prodigious fine, large, rich fields of corn exhibited for a ſtretch of eight miles together, between NORWICH and YARMOUTH—and yet go where you would the farmers grumbled; but it has been well obſerved, that Engliſhmen are never rolling in wealth ſo much as when they complain of the weight of taxes, and the impending ruin of the nation.

Yours,

Moſt cordially,

C. DIBDIN.

Halifax, Dec. 13, 1788.

LETTER XXIV.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"But 'tis a plain proof the world is all alike."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

AT my return from NORWICH to BURY, which was on the laſt day of the aſſize week,* I found every thing prepared for my performance, at which a very ſplendid audience attended, and among them one of the learned judges. The applauſe was prodigious, and never did better humour prevail in an aſſembly. I felt myſelf however rather awkward at having announced the "wolf who had been a lawyer." I intimated this ridiculous diſtreſs to a gentleman who ſat near me, and the ſubject ſo got about that no member of the law went unconſulted, and it was reſolved *nem. con.* that I ſhould cut at the lawyers. You will find the paſſage in *The Readings*. My feelings however were too prophetic; for though many of the gentlemen —particularly him I conſulted, and the judge—enjoyed the ſatire, yet were there many chop-fallen on the occaſion. I mention this circumſtance to ſupport that conſtant opinion I have ever broached, that in the practice of the law there are ſo many temptations to knavery, that every lawyer who does not feel a ſeverity of this kind as a poſitive reproach to himſelf, muſt be hurt at having been bred up to a profeſſion that ſtigmatizes nine-tenths of his brethren.

On

* Saturday, July 28.

On Sunday I ſet out for WORCESTER, and on the following Tueſday arrived there. I have mentioned that before I left this place, I made a promiſe to return to it, and I now put myſelf to the expence of travelling poſt one hundred and forty-nine miles to keep my word. Having at BURY purchaſed Mr. PATERSON's Travelling Dictionary, I ſhall now begin to point out a few of its errors. He ſays from BURY to WORCESTER is 138 miles; and his miſtake originates from calling it 15 miles from AULCESTER to WORCESTER, whereas it is 23. From AULCESTER to DROITWICH is 14, and from thence to WORCESTER 9. He is wrong a ſingle mile in three other places, which makes the diſtance in all 149 miles from BURY to WORCESTER.

My going this long journey was the more inconvenient, having received a letter at BURY, telling me that a gentleman at HULL and BEVERLY could accommodate me with a room, and had no doubt of my doing extremely well at thoſe towns—but of theſe places in their turn. I was ſurpriſed to find a much colder reception at WORCESTER than formerly. Except from one or two friends, I never experienced more *milk and water* treatment in my life. I adverti ſed my entertainment however and was tolerably attended. "*Very* "*tolerably*," as Teſter ſays, and I ſincerely believe, had it not been for the interference of a friend, I muſt have uſed the word INTOLERABLY. To this gentleman, who is no other than T. S. Eſq. I ſhall beg leave to ſay, that if he meant his friendſhip and attention to my intereſt ſhould finiſh where it apparently has—God forbid I ſhould load him with more trouble than he is willing to ſuffer! So far from it—I here, in the face of the world, acquit him of any intentions in relation to me, but thoſe of ſerving, obliging, and pleaſing me; and ſhould it ſo happen that neither upon paper, nor any other way, we again exchange a ſingle word, my wiſhes towards him are, may he enjoy a long life of health, happineſs, and proſperity! And I hope he retains ſo much of his former good wiſhes for me, as to return an equal portion of eſteem, with equal ſincerity.

My

My ſucceſs at WORCESTER was little worth the pains I took to get at it. Dr. EVANS, the *archdeacon*, who was very partial to the entertainment, ſaid my reception was a reproach to the place; and really as they diverted my courſe in a moſt expenſive and inconvenient way, it would have been but handſome to have let me known in time that they had changed their mind, or have paid me ſome attention when I did come. I will not quit this ſubject without ſpeaking of that friendly and goodnatured creature Mr. SMART, who I ſincerely believe was as anxious for my ſucceſs as myſelf. Nor muſt I leave DIGLEY unſung—the heartineſs of Mr. PEACH its owner—nor the beauties of that charming place, watered by the Severn, and bounded with a view of *Malvern-hills*. Mr. SHENSTONE would preſently have knocked you off half a dozen ſtanzas on this ſubject; wherein he would have told you in verſe that goes "trippingly o'er the tongue," that the hills are blue at a diſtance, more diſtinct when near—that the river has the property of reflection, and that you may ſee in it imperfect trees ſtanding on their heads—with many more poetically ſelf-evident images. I once parodied "My banks are all furniſh'd with bees." The firſt verſe ran thus:

My banks are all furniſh'd with bees,
Quickſet Hedges my *fences* adorn,
My *woods* are all crowded with *trees*,
And my *fields* yellow over with *corn*.

I ſeldom have found any *tares*,
Of ſuch uſe are my *harrow* and *plough*—
In my *orchards* grow *apples* and *pears*,
In my *dairy* there's *milk from the cow*.

In this manner one might, I ſhould ſuppoſe, run on, without any great ſtretch of difficulty, till all the wonderful variety in the whole round of rural objects were enumerated.* Yet—let me not be profane—SHENSTONE's eclogues

* I recollect ſomething like the following, in a French author, though I cannot at this moment tell who. An old fellow is buying an eſtate, and the ſeller puffs it off in all the flowery, deſcriptive extravagance

eclogues and many other of his things have great poetic ſweetneſs—but, having an inveterate averſion to inſipidity, I never could feel any other ſenſation than drowſineſs at that famous ballad which is ſaid to contain all the beauties of paſtoral poetry. But this will always be the way—the generality of mankind give an author credit for what, in all probability, he conſidered in the light of an inſignificant trifle—ſuch as the ballad above-mentioned—while his higher-finiſhed and more beautiful works—ſuch as the ſchool miſtreſs—is little known, and leſs taſted. But there is always this comfort:—men of real taſte will ſeparate the gold from the alloy, the applauſe of one of whom will outweigh a whole crowd of inferior critics.

I muſt not quit WORCESTER without mentioning a moſt ſingular and extraordinary inſtance of the falſity of that vulgar poſition—that fortune is inattentive to virtue. There is a gentleman I would name if I did not fear to wound his well known modeſty, who made his fortune by the exerciſe of that one ſingle virtue—*forbearance.* I do not mean that he has not all the reſt in as great perfection—but this happened to be put moſt to the trial. And, to ſhew that I am determined, whenever I have an opportunity, to celebrate the virtues of profeſſional men with the ſame willingneſs as any other deſcription, this gentleman was originally nothing elſe than a muſician—a mere thrummer of wire, and a ſcraper of catgut. He taught a young lady who fell in love with him, and even went ſo far as to propoſe an elopement. Did he, think you, give way to the tender impulſe, and, while his heart beat high, ſnatch ſweet occaſion, and become happy! No ſuch thing. "Oh fie "miſs"

extravagance of an auctioneer's advertiſement. To which this is the anſwer. 'Tis in verſe, and I have imitated it.

"If for ſeven years you were to chatter,
"'Tis hills and dales and woods and water;
"All have their whims, and to tell mine t'ye,
"*One* country ſeen—one has ſeen *ninety*.

"miſs," was all he was heard to utter! Having finiſhed this laconic reproach, he left the diſappointed, loveſick fair one, and ſought her father—when—firſt ſtipulating that the young lady ſhould not be ill treated—he minutely acquainted him. To do which, it ſeems, he was obliged to relate a tale that might be called the hiſtory of the Sabines inverted, with his daughter's ſhocking violation of her duty. What was the conſequence? This amiable young man's unheard-of prudence ſaved the family; the daughter became prudent, by deſpiſing the man ſhe had courted; was married ſoon after to one of equal birth, and I hope equal impetuoſity; the father prudently rewarded the author of his domeſtic happineſs; and that author prudently put the reward in his pocket. After this, our muſical Joſeph fell in love himſelf—but, with his uſual patience and forbearance, he determined that time alone ſhould prove whether the object of his affection was worthy of it. The lady, however, being a little in the ſtile of the other—not quite of that paſſive temper which contents itſelf with *imaginary* bliſs—was firſt uneaſy—afterwards *unhappy*—then ILL—and at length DIED.—Our mirror of prudence, having loſt a fortune by her, had nothing for it but to conſole the mamma. He conſidered himſelf as her ſon—ſhe conſidered herſelf as his mother—and, that nothing might be left undone to confirm this ideal conſanguinity, ſhe died, and left him all ſhe was worth—which turned out to be no trifle.

Is there a fortune-hunter, who reads this, but will, in future, change his battery—and ceaſe to tear forward children from the arms of indulgent parents; ſince—by imitating the excellent example before them—the fortune—which is always the object—may be gained without the loſs of honour, or—which is a more material conſideration—the poſſeſſion of a wife?

So much for WORCESTER—where you ſee, after all, I was ſhabbily treated. "But 'tis a plain proof the world is all alike"—and, indeed, I know not which was moſt to blame—they for promiſing, or I for believing.

If

If I had properly reflected, I might have known it was the whim of the moment, and would naturally ſubſide. I ſhould be ſorry if there was not more ſtability in my aſſuring you that I am,

With great truth,

Moſt heartily,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Wakefield, Dec. 16, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

A CONSOLATION.

"*In one great bleſſing all her bounty ſend,*
"*That I may never loſe ſo dear a friend.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

FROM WORCESTER—having been joined by an intimate and valuable friend—I ſteered my courſe, on the eleventh of Auguſt, for GLOUCESTER, BRISTOL, and MONMOUTH; my plan—while he ſhould remain with me—being, to make the matter a mutual intercourſe of buſineſs, and call at thoſe places that might be moſt convenient to both. Nothing in *my* way was to be done at GLOUCESTER—for though the gloom of the bankruptcies before mentioned was worn off, yet the place looked as melancholy as ever; we therefore proceeded to BRISTOL, ſpent three or four happy days with my friend BOYTON, and paſſed on from thence to MONMOUTH, being the firſt place where I intended to diſplay my ſtandard.

The current account of places remains unſettled ever ſince NORWICH. BURY, which is the picture of cheerfulneſs, conſiſts—together with its vicinity—of people who ſeem determined to be happy. The ſeats of Mr. SYMONDS, Sir CHARLES BUNBURY, Sir CHARLES DAVERS, and many others, moſt charmingly enliven every morning ride; and its proximity to NEW-

MARKET

MARKET occaſions frequent viſits from many people of the firſt diſtinction. The corn-market alone gives you a very reſpectable idea of the place. Of the inns, the *Bell* is a remarkable good one—if civility, good cheer, and a reaſonable charge are the right diſtinctions. If you would meet with the reverſe in every reſpect go to the *Angel*.

My journey from BURY to WORCESTER, was performed in ſo ſhort a time, that it would be a farce to talk of making any material obſervations. The roads are charming from CAMBRIDGE to WILLINGBOROUGH, and then very indifferent till you get four miles beyond WARWICK, in the way to STRATFORD-UPON-AVON; afterwards they are good all the way to WORCESTER. I promiſed to ſpeak of the *White Lion* at STRATFORD, and common juſtice obliges me to ſay, that the inſolence of the people who keep it exceeds all example. I ſhould paſs by the contempt with which they treat travellers in a ſtage coach—which is hard, by the way, for they muſt go there or nowhere—and alſo their wanting to put me into a return chaiſe, and make me pay full price for it. All this is in the way of buſineſs. But when you are in a hurry to have the very worſt horſes picked out, and be told "that the others are for your betters, and you may have them or none"—though they do not know you—and, if they did, your betters do not pay a farthing more—is a ſpecies of contemptuous impudence that I hope will, by ſomebody more competent than myſelf, be taken down. I have a great deal more of this ſort of conduct to complain of, and I ſhall ſeriouſly adviſe the reſpectable inhabitants of capital towns—for at STRATFORD I know not if it would be worth while—for their own private benefit, for the benefit of thoſe who in viſits of buſineſs to them, pamper the pride and fatten theſe inſufferable inn-keepers, and for the benefit of the public in general, to imitate the ſpirit of the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and as completely curb the haughty impertinence of theſe ſervants out of livery—which in general they are—as he has—as far as its influence extends—by building the *Tontine*, at SHEFFIELD, and placing in it a man whoſe ſolicitude for the convenience of his gueſts

ſhould be quoted as a precedent for every one in his ſituation. The ground from WORCESTER to BRISTOL I have gone over already. I promiſed, on my return, to give an account of the muſical taſte of BRISTOL—but, upon the moſt diligent enquiry, I do not find they have any at all. The road is all the way delightful, and from TEWKSBURY to GLOUCESTER remarkably ſo. It wanted nothing but a few ſcattered Romiſh chapels to have finiſhed ſubjects for the pencil of CLAUDE. From BRISTOL we croſſed the SEVERN, in a dung barge, and proceeded to CHEPSTOW—where we were offered our choice either to ſtay, or have four horſes to take us on; and all this becauſe the landlord of the other inn was juſt become a bankrupt. Let me caution all travellers to make any ſhift rather than ſubmit to be drawn by four horſes. They make no more expedition than two—and, excluſive of the expence in themſelves, poſtillions, oſtlers, and turnpikes, you have a great deal of difficulty to ſhake them off again, and your bill is in proportion to your *œtelage*. Theſe four horſes brought us very ſlowly—for which I was obliged to them—over one of the moſt uncommonly beautiful hills that can be imagined—the whole country every where abundantly rich with corn—to MONMOUTH; where, for the preſent, I ſhall bid you adieu—aſſuring you that I am ever,

And very truly,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, Dec. 30, 1787.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

A DISSERTATION ON CITIES.

"All is not gold that glitters."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

MONMOUTH was not worth a printer. To make my intentions known, therefore, was a matter of no ſmall difficulty. A few reſpectful letters, however, to the principal inhabitants of the town and its vicinity, did the buſineſs pretty well, and I was tolerably attended a firſt night (Auguſt 17) and much better a ſecond; and, as a general good humour and inclination to receive pleaſure was the predominant ſenſation, I felt almoſt as happy as if the advantage had been equal to the applauſe.

I muſt not paſs by ſome particular civilities that I received at MONMOUTH. The Rev. Dr. DAVIS, who was then the *Mayor*, paid me very great attention; and—what made it more welcome to me—it was very much in the ſtile of Dr. COOPER, of YARMOUTH. For this kindneſs I then requeſted him privately—and do now publicly—to receive my thanks. Nor will I have the ingratitude to forget the anxious heartineſs of my good friend OWEN TUDOR, the bookſeller, who, though not a *printer*, was ſo good a *publiſher* upon this occaſion, that much more intelligence was received thro' his kind aſſiduity, than I am ſure would have been conveyed by means of hand bills. I left him—and may he long continue ſo—comfortable in himſelf, beloved

beloved by his neighbours, and ſurrounded by that beſt of happineſs—domeſtic felicity. In fine, I gave and received great ſatisfaction at MONMOUTH; but, as it is the lot of human beings to do nothing perfect, I underſtand there is one gentleman for whoſe caſtigation I was ſuppoſed to have written the buſineſs of inventing quotations. Nay, ſome went ſo far as to ſay, he will never be able to *invent* another *undoubted* fact as long as he lives. If this be the caſe, how unfortunate am I in having deprived a good ſtory-teller of the greateſt embelliſhment his talents can derive advantage from. Should it be ſo, I can only ſay—which I entreat the gentleman, if he read this, to believe—that it was written many months before I had the pleaſure of his company at my readings, and always highly approved as a *deviliſh good thing*.

From MONMOUTH—which, though an *ancient* town, is a very *ſprightly* one—juſt as a reaſonable old man (MACKLIN for inſtance) in ſpight of his years, reſolves to be merry—we jogged on to *ſtupid* HEREFORD. I have made this remark in my TOUR, that the cities in general—as I ſay of the Dominos—are "grave, elegant, genteel, and—*ſtupid*;" to which if I was to add poor and proud, the phraſe I think would apply pretty well. For if we except BRISTOL, which, being a ſea-port, is naturally a buſy and induſtrious place—WORCESTER, which has a manufactory for gloves and porcelain—tho' both are on the decline—it is impoſſible to conceive any thing ſo phlegmatic and inſenſible as are the reſt of the cities I have ſeen. Thus ſhall I always ſay *ſtupid* HEREFORD, *melancholy* LICHFIELD, *pitiful* LINCOLN, and *frothy* YORK. This laſt place, however, being the LONDON of the *North*, has exactly as much of it as a *ſhadow* has ~~of a *ſubſtance*~~; and, upon the ſtrength of this, it preſumes to be courtly, and make promiſes, which—like the nonſenſe of a Frenchman—are PLEASING, and *mean nothing*. They buoy you up like an air jacket, but the ſmalleſt inlet—even a ſingle pin hole—can evaporate the air, and down you go. They will take care to promiſe nothing but

but trifles, and even thoſe they take as good care not to keep.* I am, however, not yet at YORK, therefore I may as well keep what I have to ſay of that place till I get there. I ſhall nevertheleſs ſo far digreſs as to finiſh my remarks on cities.

Some have averred that this vapidneſs is owing to the Cathedral, which nurtures ſo many *drones* as to make all the reſt of the hive lazy. I hope this aſſertion is more invidious than true. I have, literally ſpeaking, had no opportunity, at the four places above mentioned, of taking perſonal cognizance of this fact. At HEREFORD I did not perform; or if I had, their cathedral had juſt tumbled down, and of courſe—like rats, which never fail to leave a ſinking ſhip—the black gentlemen were ſheltered in ſome ſafer aſylum. I could not refrain from remarking, that though the *church* lay in ruins, the *chapter-houſe* ſtood ſmiling at the danger—all the rent-rolls, tythes and commutations were ſafe:—as ſafe as the iron cheſt of a miſer who has inſured his houſe—which defies the ſpreading flames, and keeps its ſterling value in ſecurity, though buried under a load of rubbiſh.

At LICHFIELD they were providentially repairing their cathedral, leſt, unable to bear the ravages of time, it ſhould alſo tumble down—the clergy therefore were again abſent upon furlough.

At LINCOLN indeed, where the cathedral ſeems to have the ſtability of a rock, and yet the lightneſs of a temple built with cards, the clerical gentlemen ſeemed to be on full duty. And here, though nothing but my compact to

* This brings to my mind an anecdote of a POOR PLAYER, who had run up an ale-houſe ſcore to the enormous extent of *two ſhillings*, for which he had been ſo often dunned that he kept away from the houſe. One day meeting the LANDLORD, and being cloſely importuned to ſatisfy him, this ſtrolling ROSCIUS aſſured him that he might depend, in the courſe of the week, on being paid in ſome ſhape or another—Shape!—ſaid the LANDLORD—well, I think I'll take your word this time, but—harkee!—pray let it be as much in the ſhape of—*two ſhillings as you can*.

ſpeak the truth ſhould force it from me, I cannot help ſaying that the above remark obtained a little—but this I ſhall ſpeak to particularly when I arrive at LINCOLN.

At YORK, whoſe ſtately and majeſtic minſter looks magnificently ſtupendous at a diſtance, and when you are near it as petite as the Lord's prayer, the creed, and ten commandments ſtuffed into a walnut ſhell. I know nothing more of the clergy, than that their ſituations are generally ſinecures, and that whether their cathedral ſtand or fall—which latter there is no great probability of—they may be abſent when they pleaſe. I know however a prebend of YORK whom my heart warms to think of. But of this hereafter.

As to NORWICH, diſguſt was my predominant paſſion, and therefore, like the father who would not diſinherit his ſon becauſe he was angry with him, I will paſs by that ſubject. I ſhall alſo for the preſent have done with all other conjectures concerning the clergy; and content myſelf with offering my own obſervations relative to cities, which are, that having in general no manufactory or other public object to engroſs their attention, they are divided into people of tolerable fortunes, ſmall fortunes, a few adventurers—by way of *Cicesbeos* to the wives and gallants to the daughters—and the remainder are ſuch tradeſmen as furniſh the neceſſaries of life, and pick up a livelihood by the expenditure of the money circulated by thoſe before deſcribed. The attornies and medical gentlemen are in number according to the ſize of the place. A tolerable large city will maintain you—about thirty of the firſt, and fifteen of the latter: ſo much dearer in this country is property than health.*

Over all theſe, of courſe, are placed the clergy, who can certainly give

a

* Dearer paid for.—In every trifling village there are three or four decent houſes, which you may be aſſured belong to the parſon, the apothecary, and the lawyer.—It has been a remark that when one LAWYER cannot live in a place—*two* CAN; for in that caſe, if the people are peaceably diſpoſed, one can *provoke*, and the other *palliate*.

a ſort of *Ton* to the place; and if they ever happen—which all the world knows is very rare—either to be ignorant, overbearing, or void of taſte, theſe peculiar qualities will be as ſurely predominant in their influence on the reſt—*and indeed ought*, even as the whiſtle of the ſhepherd brings the ſheep into the fold.

Thus you ſee how I throw my ideas about at random, which indeed is all that can be expected of me; for manners and men can no more be developed by a curſory view, than can a ſingle glance determine the colour of a *cameleon*—which muſt have ſhade and ſunſhine, night and day, and every other adventitious opportunity, to diſplay its different hues; and after all, ſo blind is human judgment, that it will be impoſſible to fix on that particular ſhade that is proper to it. "All is not gold that glitters," ſays the proverb. Heaven knows! my profeſſions in no way can glitter; if they could, they would wear nothing but the ſober appearance of truth, when I aſſure you that I am,

Moſt ſincerely,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, Jan. 1, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

PLEASURE, THE RESULT OF REFLECTION.

"When I conſider the heavens, and the works of thy fingers!"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

YOU aſk me when I mean to ſpeak of muſic; and hint that my obſervations on poetry, painting, the theatre, and other matters, might be well intermingled with the narrative of my TOUR. I thank you for ſaying exactly what you feel, as you read my remarks. I have not been unmindful of any of theſe ſubjects; but I ſhall have ſo much looſe ground to run over for three or four letters to come, that I would willingly ſhake it off my heels, before I come into the company of men of ſcience and genius. In ſhort, I ſhall not begin my critical attack till I get farther on my journey; for, to give you a pun in the place of a better phraſe, one cannot be too far *north* for them.

From HEREFORD I went to LEOMINSTER, where I was told the inhabitants were very anxious to ſee me. Mr. PENE, the organiſt—to whoſe civility I am greatly indebted—took much pains for me, previous to my arrival, and I had one very decent night. The old ſtupid objection however took place. I was an impoſtor—and my performance was to be watched very narrowly:—my audience were ſo much entertained however that they encored nine ſongs.

Nevertheleſs

Nevertheleſs Mr. EVANS, a *clergyman*, propoſed to Mr. GEARY, a *ſurgeon*, a bet of ten guineas that I was an impoſtor. The wager was accepted, and Mr. KIRKMAN, a *country 'ſquire*, was to decide between them. This laſt mentioned gentleman very gravely determined, "that to be ſure of all the impoſtors "that ever lived, I was the cleverеſt—but that certainly I was not Mr. DIB-"DIN, whom he knew perfectly well—that not long before he had been *pub-*"*licly* in his company, and heard him ſing ſeveral jolly ſongs—and that he "was *a tall, thin man*, and *wore a wig*." Mr. GEARY having loſt his wager, query whether he ſhould not have appealed to me as a court of equity; or indeed when this TOUR ſhall come out, may it not be conſidered ſuch ſtrong, legal evidence as may entitle Mr. GEARY to the recovery of his money—nay more, to a remedy through the medium of that act which makes it felony to obtain money by falſe pretences; for it was certainly a falſe pretence in Mr. KIRKMAN to ſay he had been publicly in my company. Had it ſo happened, I muſt have known it—for his perſon could not have been miſtaken, being remarkably like a ninepin with the addition of fins. Theſe premiſes therefore duly weighed and conſidered, I would adviſe Mr. EVANS to refund the money, and Mr. KIRKMAN to give a handſome treat—which he ſeems very fond of—and pledge himſelf over the firſt pint bumper, never—in imitation of the long-eared gentlemen—to deſcribe the *roaring of a lion*, leſt, by exerting his own voice, he diſcover the *braying of an aſs*.

From LEOMINSTER we went to that pretty, clean-looking town, LUDLOW—whoſe appearance, from the diſtance of two miles—with the church in the center towering above the houſes—forms as pictureſque a *coup d'œul*, as imagination can conceive.

At LUDLOW I would not perform, becauſe the players were there. I ſhall not ſo far lift Mr. MILLAR, their manager, into conſequence, as to make him a party in this TOUR; nor ſhall I pay the reader ſo ill a compliment as to relate the particulars of a low, contemptible plot, which—as every thing founded

in falſity ought—recoiled, and ſeverely wounded the above pretty gentleman its contriver. "A lion preys not upon carcaſes"—out of pity—for I found by ſome converſation with one of the magiſtrates, that the ſtory had made him as contemptible at LUDLOW as at WORCESTER. We dined, and went on to BRIDGENORTH, which place, and COALBROOK DALE, we had a great deſire to ſee. As nothing but pleaſure engroſſed us for ſome time, I ſhall go on with my account of places, roads, &c.

From MONMOUTH—which commands a beautiful view of both the Wye and the Munow—we paſſed to HEREFORD; the whole time beguiled by extenſive, rich, and variegated proſpects. Brown CERES every where had ſpread her golden ſtore, and plump POMONA half ſunk under the weight of her abundant horn. My friend, who—till he took this journey with me—had never been forty miles out of LONDON, felt as if he had been tranſported to Elyſium; and as our journey from MONMOUTH was on a Sunday, we took occaſion to remark on the decent cleanlineſs of the villagers, and the ſober, thankful appearance which nature that morning wore. We did not go to church, but I think we had as much the glow of religion in our hearts as thoſe who did. You know, among my amuſements, I practiſe painting; and I declare moſt ſacredly, that in delineating the form of a tree—ſweeping with my pencil over hills and vallies—reflecting the various tints of fleecy clouds on the ſmooth boſom of an extenſive river;—but more than all this—rolling in the ætherial expanſe, and commanding the winds to ſhape a collected vapour into a graceful form—HERVEY never had more delicious contemplations in his flower-garden, than I in thoſe moments. An adoration of the author of nature thrills through my ſpontaneous fancy, and the expanſion of my mind lifts me above the dazzling ſplendour of emperors. All this I felt on our journey—and for four hours could talk of nothing elſe. I lamented the evils that perſecutions, dogmas, and ſchiſms have introduced into the world; and how often the mildeſt and moſt charitable name that ever dignified human nature has been wickedly uſed—by abominable prieſts—to enforce ſlaughter,

exaggerated

exaggerated by cruelty! How much more conſonant to the *eſſence*, would be the *worſhip* of a SUPREME BEING, if—without a ſingle reflection on what others do—it were comprized in an obedient thankfulneſs of heart, and a ſincere and grateful acknowledgment of the imminent favours and diſtinctions we ſo bountifully receive from his gracious hand!

HEREFORD ſeems to be as inſenſible of theſe bleſſings as a gorged alderman of true flavour. The views continued with very little variation, in point of beauty, through our whole route, till we got to WOLVERHAMPTON; when the country became *flat*, and the ſoil *ſandy*. About five miles before you reach LEOMINSTER—which circumſtance I mention as a remarkable inſtance of erudition in the commiſſioners of the highway in that part of the world, of which body I hope 'Squire KIRKMAN is not a member—there is a board placed up with the following words:—"Whoever drives of this road "ſhall be informed upon." For my part, I would not make any impertinent remarks on any thing I meet, but perhaps they hold ſome charter in this part of the world, by uſing this ſort of orthography. It is full as ſenſible—and much more innocent—than baiting the bull, at STAMFORD; as however—though it was incomprehenſible—it muſt imply ſome caution, my friend made a very admiſſible alteration, and it read thus: "Whoever drives *on* this road "ſhall be *impoſed* upon." Which, it muſt be confeſſed, after the four horſes from CHEPSTOW, and an extravagant bill at the *Beaufort Arms*, at MONMOUTH, we conſidered as no unwholeſome hint; and it was pretty well confirmed when we ſet out from LUDLOW: going from which place to BRIDGENORTH—if the traveller do not take great care—he will be ſent twenty-five miles, inſtead of eighteen. You are aſked if you chuſe to make it one ſtage or two, and told that the road is very hilly. It is more likely therefore you will prefer—as we did—the two ſtages, that the horſes may be freſh and draw you with more ſpirit, eighteen miles being really a long ſtage in that country. Thus, without ſaying a word more, they take you to CLEBURY—for in the direct road over THE MOOR, and through ASTON and DOWN, there is no

place

place to *change horſes*. CLEBURY is *twelve* miles from LUDLOW, and BRIDGENORTH *thirteen* more from CLEBURY. Thus, according to my friend, it is plain, thoſe who drive on that road—if they are not wary—will be *impoſed* upon.

Paſſing over the clay hills in Shropſhire, is perhaps one of the moſt ſtupendous and wonderful inſtances of extent and fertility that nature has in all her domain. The objects are ſo innumerable—their forms ſo varied—and their colours ſo beautiful, that the eye is—if I may be allowed the expreſſion—agonized with enjoyment. Every hundred yards preſents a new ſcene, and every ſcene more charming than that which went before it, till the rapt fancy riſes to ſublimity, and exquiſite pleaſure is loſt in mute wonder! Nor are theſe expreſſions too ſtrong for the ſubject. The hills were "cloud capt," and no air balloon could be better ſituated for a good proſpect than was our chaiſe.

In the whole of this journey, I was loſt in pleaſing aſtoniſhment; and could not help exclaiming in the text of this letter—which you may call a ſermon, if you pleaſe, for even in this age I am not aſhamed of moralizing—"When I conſider the heavens and the work of thy fingers!"

Adieu. Confeſs, with me, there is not an enjoyment equal to that which pleaſes on reflection. One of which is that I take when I tell you that

I am,

With truth,

Your obliged friend,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, Jan. 17, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

MORE WONDERS.

"*What a piece of work is man!*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING wound—like the worm of a cork-ſcrew—round that natural fortification that renders BRIDGENORTH a little GIBRALTER—we arrived there, and ſupped on the wonders we had ſeen—for as to the muſty chickens and high-flavoured ham, there was no eating them. The next morning we explored all the beauties of that uncommonly pictureſque country; and after dinner, while curioſity was on tiptoe, went on to COALBROOK DALE, where we intended to ſtay the night, and ſee every thing worthy of obſervation. This however was not in our power—for the ſtench of the ſulphur was ſo potent that we were taken ill; and I proteſt—though I have as few ſqueamiſh ſenſations as moſt people—I never felt myſelf ſo overcome in my life. Indeed, the day was inſufferably hot; which, added to the monſtrous piles of coal burning to coke—the furnaces—forges—and other tremendous objects of fire and ſmoke, which ſpread round us to an immenſe diſtance—might probably cauſe that ſuffocating ſenſation, of which I can give no adequate deſcription, but by ſaying that—as far as conception can picture—it muſt have a faint reſemblance of being placed in an air pump.—And yet, though we laboured under this difficulty of reſpiration, the inhabi-

tants—and the workmen eſpecially—feel no inconvenience; but, on the contrary, as we were told, are remarkably healthy, and live to a great age.

Some particulars relative to the place we were determined, however, to aſcertain. The tar-ſpring, for example, was too curious an object to be paſſed by unnoticed. We went into the mouth of a bricked arch-way, which reaches three hundred yards; and when we had got about thirty yards, we began to ſee the tar ooze from between the crannies in the rock. It muſt be underſtood, that from the top of the rock, a pit had been ſunk, which went to ſuch an immenſe depth, that it would have been very expenſive, and indeed almoſt impracticable, to work it. But, finding the coals of an admirable quality, it was thought worth while to form the arch-way, above deſcribed, at the foot of the mountain, and very near the Severn, that the coal might be drawn out in carriages; which mode of getting at them—inſtead of the uſual way—it was thought would be ſo much more expeditious and convenient, as to make a ſaving—in a ſhort time—equal to the expence of having formed the arch-way. In the proſecution of this ſcheme, the tar made its appearance—at firſt oozing as we had ſeen it, and afterwards pouring like an inundation, fairly flowing into the Severn. The diſcovery was made known, and the courſe of the tar diverted by means of iron pipes, which, I aſſure the reader, are nearly as large as thoſe which convey the water from the new river in LONDON. Large pits were immediately dug, and caldrons of a prodigious magnitude ſunk; and, by boiling in thoſe, it hardened into pitch. There are three ſprings; one of which emits an aſtoniſhing quantity. The firſt, when we were there, was nearly dried up; which induces the workmen to believe that, in time, the whole will ceaſe. But who can ſay in *what* time. The ſame rock may be traced ſeven miles—and every body knows at that diſtance they are now extracting tar from coal, which very probably is a droſſy part of the very tar, that—about half a mile from the iron bridge—runs thicker than treacle, but as pellucid as Burgundy.

I have ſince converſed with a chymical gentleman, who has bought a great deal of it, and he aſſures me it has the ſtrongeſt ſimilitude of any thing he ever ſaw or read of to the famous black pitch uſed by the Egyptians for embalming. This tar is remarkably free from impurity, is as bituminous as aſphaltum, and has an agreeable odour, not unlike benjamin.

I muſt not leave COALBROOK DALE without ſaying ſomething of the famous iron bridge. That ſtupendous *pattern card*—for it may well be called ſo—is in every reſpect one of the moſt *artful* and ingenious contrivances that ever was conceived or executed by man*—for at the ſame time that it proves the duſky inhabitants of that gloomy region are equal to any thing in the way of iron work—though ever ſo ponderous and immenſe—it is a ſource of continual profit—a conſtant toll being kept up; which cannot be for the repair of the bridge:—for, though it looks like net-work wrought in wire, it will apparently laſt uninjured for ages.†

This place wants nothing but CERBERUS to give you an idea of the heathen HELL. The Severn may paſs for the Styx—with this difference—that old CHARON, become a turnpike-man, uſhers you over the iron bridge inſtead of rowing you in his crazy bark. The men and women might eaſily be miſtaken for devils and furies—and the entrance of any one of thoſe blazing caverns for the approach of TARTARUS. Jeſting apart. If an atheiſt, who never

* It conſiſts of one arch—and the river is, in that place, an hundred yards over.

† I offered Mr. HARRIS—as will hereafter be ſeen—a number of ideas, wrought into complete ſcenes, which might in future, ſupply matter for different Pantomimes. This would have been one of them. He rejected the offer, however, as uſeleſs.—I am, nevertheleſs, well aſſured that I could have furniſhed him with admirable matter in that way:—to accompliſh which I had nothing to do but look around and expreſs thoſe feelings, muſically and poetically, with which the object, at that moment impreſſed me.—If in future any of the ſcenes I deſcribe in this work ſhould be introduced into a pantomime, I hope the credit of the *original idea* will be given to me—not for the *value* of the thing—only that the ſaddle may be placed upon the *right horſe*.

never heard of COALBROOK DALE, could be tranſported there in a dream, and left to wake at the mouth of one of thoſe furnaces, ſurrounded on all ſides with ſuch numbers of infernal objects—though he had been all his life the moſt profligate unbeliever that ever added blaſphemy to incredulity—he would infallibly tremble at the juſt puniſhment he was, in imagination, going to receive.

My friend's firſt remark when he ſaw theſe dingy gentlemen was—that he ſhould be ſorry to meet any of them in a bye lane. Having made the very ſame obſervation to my friend BOYTON upon the colliers at KINGSWOOD—and being by him ſatisfied as to the fallacy of it—I was able to refute his apprehenſions, by ſaying that I made no doubt but ſome reformer had done the ſtate ſo much ſervice as to have reconciled theſe people to their ſituation—by an aſſurance that, if they would be honeſt, they ſhould only have a hell in *this world.* This turned out to be the caſe. One half of them are quakers, and the other methodiſts. Thus, was gloom familiar to them.—Nor do I mean to be ſarcaſtic—for I declare I think that the civilizing the *colliers* of KINGSWOOD, does more honour to Mr. WESLEY, is a better fight, and crowns him with more laurels, than ever were reaped by all the heroes of the *holy war*—the upright perpetrators of the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew—or the pious tortures of all the unfortunate victims that ever were brought to an inquiſitorial ſtake. "What a piece of work is man!"—and yet, while there are ſuch characters as the above "man delights not me:" except, indeed, a few ſelect friends, to whom I devote myſelf, and among whom no one more than yourſelf has the good wiſhes of—

I hope I may ſay—

The ample hearted

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, Jan. 17, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

RESUSCITATION—WITHOUT THE HELP OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

"I wonder men are not afraid to look into a newſpaper, leſt they ſhould meet with ſomething to make them unhappy for the reſt of their lives."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING waſhed the ſulphur out of out throats by a diſh of tea, we ſet out for SHEFFNAL, and afterwards for WOLVERHAMPTON, where it was ſaid we ſhould find the beſt inn in the kingdom—namely, the *George*. Arriving there, however, at eleven o'clock, and finding every body in bed, did not give us an idea of the moſt watchful inn in the kingdom—and getting no ſupper till one o'clock, and then a very bad one, did not prove it was the beſt provided larder in the kingdom.

The next day we moved to the *Red Lion*, where we were really well treated—and, the aſſembly room being in the houſe, I advertiſed my entertainment for one night, which was a very indifferent one indeed; as however it was an unfavourable time, and the notice was ſhort, I ſincerely believe I ſhould have mended my ſucceſs if I had ſtayed longer. I have in the little time which I was there, to thank Mr. LANE, a merchant, and Mr. SMART, the bookſeller, for ſeveral civilities—and I believe this is all I have to ſay of WOLVERHAMPTON, except that we ſaw the proceſs of working up that very iron, which at COALBROOK DALE was in ſo crude a ſtate, into every poſſible kind of form—with the addition of all that belongs to the art of japanning.

I muſt not forget to remark, that the wonderful diſcovery of the tar-ſpring was at WOLVERHAMPTON—though at ſo ſmall a diſtance—conſidered as a mere fable.

Leaving WOLVERHAMPTON we went to BIRMINGHAM, and from thence to LICHFIELD. Here I reſolved to give my entertainment, and procured for that purpoſe the vicar's hall, which requiring the conſent of a certain number of gentlemen, it came out, among my enquiries, that Mr. PETER GARRICK was living, and in good health. As the newſpapers long ago—indeed juſt after the death of his two brothers—had been inhuman enough to kill him, I never was more ſurprized at any thing in my life; for, never having ſeen the account of his death contradicted, I own I firmly believed him at reſt with his anceſtors.

The moment I found where Mr. GARRICK lived, I haſtened to pay him my reſpects. He was very glad to ſee me, and we chatted together I believe an hour. The old times of the *Jubilee* and the levees of HAMPTON made great part of our converſation, and we felt mutual pleaſure and pain at the recollection. There were ſo many points of ſuperior abilities about GARRICK, that though hiſtorical juſtice, obliging one to be *faithful*, impels a retroſpect of *little** as well as *great* actions, yet in recollecting the pleaſureable moments paſſed in his company, one naturally rejoices that, in the duty of

* One of the moſt ſtriking of theſe is, I believe, the following. GARRICK, one day—juſt before the *Chriſtmas Tale* made its appearance—went into the painting room, and ſeeing, as he imagined, a prodigious quantity of gold ſtrewed about the floor, began to abuſe firſt the man who was grinding the colours, and afterwards to bawl out luſtily for FRENCH, the painter. FRENCH made his appearance, and was thus accoſted. 'Wha—why—hey—damme—why you Mr. FRENCH—is not it—ey—the 'curſedeſt thing—that you will in this harum ſkarum manner—he—a—damme—ruin me!' "God "bleſs my ſoul," cried FRENCH, "what is the matter Sir." 'The matter Sir—why where are you—'with your damned lack-luſtre eyes—don't you ſee the ground is all ſtrewed with gold. I believe you 'think I roll in money.' "Gold, Sir!—oh what the Dutch metal that we have rubbed off in gilding "the new ſcene?—it is not worth two-pence." 'Well—two-pence—and pray why the devil ſhould I 'loſe

of a *recorder*; we can mingle a little the taſk of a *panegyriſt*. I certainly had many differences with GARRICK, and they aroſe from nothing but this—I would never flatter him. Indeed, had I been capable of that creeping adulation, without which no man can arrive to a reſponſible ſituation in the theatrical cabinet, or at leaſt keep it—unleſs perhaps he be independant—I might certainly now have been in poſſeſſion of a decent appointment—roundly aſſeſſed by the bye—together with the ſuperlative happineſs of being puffed in all the newſpapers.

GARRICK, notwithſtanding, I ſincerely believe had as good an opinion of me as of any man he ever was connected with; and, on my part, I declare that nothing ever gave me more pleaſure than my reconciliation with him before he died; which happened—and it is a remarkable circumſtance—at the laſt rehearſal of my pantomime of *The Touchſtone*, on the night before he went to LORD SPENCER's, from whence all the world knows he returned to the ALDELPHI to breathe his laſt.

Mr. PETER GARRICK attended my performance—and, for one, teſtified much ſatisfaction. The company however, in general, were extremely grave, which I could not poſſibly account for, eſpecially as Mr. SAVILLE—who made me many profeſſions of kindneſs and ſervice—took minutes of the moſt ſtriking ſerious ſongs, with a view of ſinging them himſelf. The truth, however, at laſt came out. It ſeems Miſs SEWARD was there—without whoſe permiſſion nobody at LICHFIELD dares to judge of any thing literary. My entertainment, therefore, coming in ſome degree under this deſcription, and that lady—angry I ſuppoſe that I ſhould burleſque the *Siege of Troy*, or conjure up the ſpirit of an *old maid*, or for ſome other notable reaſon no doubt—did not chuſe to wear a ſmile the whole evening. What was the iſſue? The

'loſe two-pence?—do you conſider what two-pence a day comes to in a year!' "Well, Sir, it is nothing "out of your pocket." 'Yes, Sir, but—a—yaw—you—are a damned curious ſort of a—hey—how 'is it, nothing out of my pocket?' "Why you know Sir I have a ſalary for finding all theſe things." 'Oh—a—hey—a ſalary!—why then damme if I care two-pence about it.'

The DEAN looked grave—Mr. SAVILLE looked grave—every body but Mr. PETER GARRICK looked grave. I announced the ſecond evening—every body looked grave. I attended the ſecond evening—NOBODY CAME.

It has been confidently ſaid to me, that a muſical man at LICHFIELD was very induſtrious firſt to prevent, and afterwards—finding that impoſſible—to decry my entertainment. If this be not a fact, the man I allude to—unconſcious of ill—will ſuffer nothing. If it be, let him reflect—for I will not give myſelf the pain of ſaying more—that illiberality was never yet the companion of real genius.

Before I quit LICHFIELD I muſt not forget to mention Mr. GREEN's muſeum—which certainly, for its ſize, is one of the completeſt in the kingdom. The ores, of various ſorts, are remarkably curious. The coins, medals, and impreſſions, large—in point of number—and valuable—in point of neatneſs, correctneſs, and preſervation. The diſplay of the force of magnetiſm is ſingularly worth attention; but, indeed, to enumerate every particular of this cabinet of curioſities—which is wonderfully well filled—would go far beyond my limits, and yet fall infinitely ſhort of what the ſubject deſerves.

Adieu LICHFIELD—and adieu Mr. GARRICK—may he long enjoy that ſolicitous attention he ſo amply receives from his friends; nor may the dart of death or any other human ill, for years, have more power to hurt him than the ineffectual calumny of a *newſpaper*.

Yours,

Moſt ſincerely,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, Jan. 28, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

A NASTY SUBJECT—TREATED AS DELICATELY AS POSSIBLE.

"*What's bred in the bone—*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

WE came to DERBY a day after the races, which might be ſaid to be—for me—a day after the fair:—for though during two nights that I performed there I was not ſo thinly attended as at WOLVERHAMPTON, yet it turned out nothing of conſequence. Here we ſaw that wonderful effect of human ingenuity, the *ſilk mill*. We purchaſed ſome of the productions of the *Peak*, and we were witneſs to the whole proceſs of forming, drying, painting, and burning porcelain.

It has happened, among the uncommon circumſtances which have attended this TOUR, that—like Sir ROGER DE COVERLY with his watermen and hackney-coach men—I have employed, by way of bill-carriers, ſcarcely one who has not had ſome natural infirmity. At OXFORD, I had two men who had not an arm and a half between them; at another place, I had a ſailor with a wooden leg. I have had men with one eye out of number; but here, at DERBY, my *factotum* had been twice ſcrewed up in his coffin. He gave the account of it himſelf—and deſcribed, that having lain ſo long in the cold, had given him ever ſince ſuch a pain in his bones, that—as HAMLET ſays—"mine ached to think on't." He had had from his cradle a lethargic

habit, and the firſt time he was ſuppoſed to be dead, he laid in a profound ſleep for ſeveral days; the ſecond time longer; but—being aware of the probable conſequence of nailing him up too ſoon—they kept him till they were convinced he was actually dead, and having ſcrewed him up—being nearly ſuffocated—he knocked as before, and was let out. His ſenſes were conſiderably impaired after this—yet, as far as they went, they were ſo acute and collected that he never made a ſingle blunder in all the meſſages I gave him.*

Having been on a flat ſandy ſoil ever ſince we left Shropſhire, we began to look about us in our way to NOTTINGHAM—where there are certainly many pictureſque views—and, for people not juſt come—as we were—from the borders of WALES—for I affronted a Welch waiter in Monmouthſhire, by aſking him if we might not call ourſelves in WALES—to which he anſwered

* Though human calamities are the laſt ſubject on which I ſhould chuſe to be facetious, yet I cannot here refrain from recording an anecdote—but little known—of THE. CIBBER. This ſtrange, eccentric wag, in company with three other *Bon Vivants*, made an excurſion to FRANCE. THE. had a falſe ſet of teeth—a ſecond a *glaſs eye*—a third a *cork leg*—but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of ſhaking his head. They travelled in a poſt coach—and while they were going the firſt ſtage—after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity—they agreed that at every baiting place they would all affect the ſame ſingularity. When they came to breakfaſt they were all to ſquint—and, as the countrymen ſtood gaping round, when they firſt alighted, 'od rot it' cried one, 'how that man ſquints!' 'Why dom thee,' ſays a ſecond, 'here be another ſquinting fellow!' The third was thought to be a better ſquinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the reſt. In ſhort, language cannot expreſs how admirably they ſquinted—for they went one degree beyond the ſuperlative. At dinner, they all appeared to have cork-legs, and their ſtumping about made more diverſion than they had done at breakfaſt. At tea, they were all deaf; but at ſupper—which was at the Ship at DOVER—each man reaſſumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, CIBBER called out to the waiter—'Here you fellow!—take out my teeth.' "Teeth Sir!" ſaid the man. 'Ay, teeth Sir. Unſcrew 'that wire, and you will find they'll all come out together,' After ſome heſitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no ſooner performed, than a ſecond called out 'here you—take out my 'eye.' "Lord Sir," ſaid the waiter, "your eye!" 'Yes, my eye. Come here you ſtupid dog—'pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as eaſy as poſſible.' This done, a third cried out 'here 'you raſcal—take off my leg.' This he did with leſs reluctance, being before apprized that it was cork

anſwered—'Cot pleſs hur and luff hur, to be ſure it is *Waales*, but it is not '*Welch Waales* look you.' NOTTINGHAM caſtle is a very handſome object, and the uniformity of the piazza in the market-place, gave me an idea of its being a very likely town for my purpoſe—but I was born to bear and laugh at diſappointments—as you ſhall hear.

We are told that NOTTINGHAM was, by the *Saxons*, called SNOTTINGHAM; upon which word one might ſo pun as to make it truly deſcribe the inhabitants; for they are a kind of *mucus*, which, though uſeful in the general work of commercial circulation, cannot avoid being in itſelf *naſty*.

After having conſulted with Maſter BURBAGE, the printer, I thought it neceſſary to ſee Mr. MAYOR, who paſſed by the ſhop door as we were talking, and, at BURBAGE's deſire, walked in. I do not recollect the gentleman's name—but, having told him my buſineſs, he exclaimed "niow, you "actor man, what would you *hay?* I hope you don't coom with ony "*droomes*

cork, and alſo conceived that it would be his laſt job. He was however miſtaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was ſurveying, with a rueful countenance, the *eye*, *teeth*, and *leg*, laying upon the table—cryed out, in a frightful hollow voice, 'come 'here Sir—take off my head.' Turning round, and ſeeing the man's head ſhaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room—and, after tumbling headlong down ſtairs, he ran about the houſe, ſwearing that the *gentlemen* up ſtairs were certainly all *devils*.

This is a proper place to notice that at WORCESTER a *madman* took a great liking to me. He is perfectly harmleſs, and ſuffered to go to all their public entertainments. He promiſed to ſubſcribe five thouſand pounds towards building me a room, and ſaid Mr. PITT would repay him out of the overplus after ſaving the million a year. I ſhould not have mentioned this man but for one circumſtance. He calls himſelf Sir EDWARD MASON, Knight of the poker—carrying a large one conſtantly in his button hole—and has badges of diſtinction ſewed all over his clothes. Aſking him how he came by a fine ſtar upon his ſleeve—'Sir,' ſaid he, the KING OF PRUSSIA—the KING OF PRUSSIA—laſt battle—mark of 'honour—he and I—fought the whole army—killed, conquered, and plundered—tied the commander 'to a tree—robbed him of *forty thouſand pounds*—and his WATCH.' Thus, how naturally he conſolidated the characters of *warrior* and *thief*.

" *drooms* and *troompets* ?" ' What Sir !' ſaid little BURBAGE, ' drums and ' trumpets ! Mr. DIBDIN with drums and trumpets ! Good God, Mr. MAYOR ! ' Sir !—why Sir !—drums and trumpets !—do you know the price is half-a- ' crown ?—you don't know Mr. DIBDIN—how could you—Lord have mercy ! ' Mr. MAYOR—drums and trumpets !' " Well, well, well, well"—cried the MAYOR' " I do not know about theſe things, but I don't want a hooboob " in the tiown. Will you onſwer that it wawnt corrupt the morals of the " prentices and the work folk ?" BURBAGE undertook for me—but not till he had completely gone over the buſineſs of the drums and trumpets once more.

After Mr. MAYOR had retired—quite ſatisfied no doubt with having ſhewn his conſequence, and great regard to the morals of the SNOTTINGHAMITES—I enquired of my friend, little BURBAGE, how the taſte of the town ſtood in relation to entertainments, and he very honeſtly told me that if I would advertiſe to ſwallow pins or eat burning tow, I ſhould ſtand a better chance than by furniſhing any thing that appealed to the underſtandings and liberal feelings of mankind. ' Or ſuppoſe'—ſaid he—' you was to let ' them come in gratis at a ſhilling a-piece.' I could not poſſibly conceive what he would be at. Upon aſking him to explain—' Oh,' ſaid he, ' the ' CHEVALIER TAYLOR practiſed ſuch a *manœuvre* with wonderful ſucceſs.— ' He wrote a letter indiſcriminately to every inhabitant of NOTTINGHAM— ' ſaying—that he would give a lecture on the eye *gratis*. His room was not ' only thronged, but every lady made a point of dreſſing herſelf in her beſt, in ' return to the CHEVALIER's politeneſs. They were firſt admitted into an ' outer room, and attended by a kind of maſter of ceremonies, who in- ' formed them, with great good breeding and deference, that as the lecture ' the CHEVALIER meant to give was very abſtruſe, and could not poſſibly ' be rendered familiar to the comprehenſion of ſuch as did not anatomically ' underſtand optics—his employer, the CHEVALIER, had with great conde- ' ſcenſion and good nature cauſed a book to be printed which would clearly

' explain

'explain the moſt difficult paſſages of the lecture, even to the meaneſt under-
'ſtanding; that, indeed, this book was worth *half a crown*—but the CHEVA-
'LIER, determined in all things to ſhew his candour and diſintereſtedneſs—
'would have the very great kindneſs to ſell it at no more than *one ſhilling*.
'Some few murmured, but the major part bought the book; and thus the
'crafty CHEVALIER put in his pocket about five hundred ſhillings, through an
'impudent ſtratagem, when, by the common mode of advertiſing two ſhillings
'admittance, he would have been a fortnight receiving five pounds. God,'
ſaid little BURBAGE—for he is a talkative, goodnatured fellow—'I'll tell you
'another ſtory of the CHEVALIER. He beſpoke a wig, Sir—a tie wig—of a
'poor, harmleſs fellow—a barber here in our good town of NOTTINGHAM—
'and went away to LOUGHBOROUGH without it. It happened to be market-
'day—I had ſome buſineſs at LOUGHBOROUGH, and I *ſees* a fellow ſtalking
'along, with a deviliſh great bandbox under his arm. I thought I knew him
'—and who ſhould it be but our barber—ſhaves me—makes my wigs. All
'he is angry at is—that I wear my red cap ſo long in a morning, that I make
'*one* wig ſerve the time of THREE. Well, Sir. Who the devil are you
'looking for? ſays I. Why, ſays he, the CHEVALIER TAYLOR—the poor,
'dear gentleman forgot his wig. Good lack! And you have been ſo civil
'to tramp with it ſixteen miles after him. Very kind indeed. Well, but
'Maſter BURBAGE, 'twas worth while—a deal of money. To make ſhort of
'the ſtory to you, Sir. The *barber* carries the wig to the *Chevalier*. What
'do you call this? ſays the *occuliſt*. A wig, Sir, ſays the barber. A wig!
'Why 'tis no more like a wig than a cabbage. The hair is frizzled and
'crampt, and hedge-hogg'd, and porcupin'd—Oh take it away! In ſhort,
'after having ſo abuſed it that he almoſt perſuaded the barber to be out of con-
'ceit with it himſelf—he offered about a fourth for it of what they originally
'agreed for; and at length the poor ſhaver—rather than carry back a wig that
'would ſuit nobody elſe—received the money, and they parted.' Thus was
the CHEVALIER collectively and individually too cunning for the fraternity of
ſtocking weavers. I could not, however, buckle to any thing that carried

with it the face of an impoſition, and therefore thought but little of my chance. As, however, I had incurred ſome expence, I reſolved to perform—but ſo determined were they—this time—not to be tricked, that if I had not actually held out a *manœuvre*—though a very honeſt one—I ſhould have made nothing of NOTTINGHAM. So much had they the old proverb with them.

Adieu.

Yours, very faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

Leeds, February 11, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

ON INCREDULITY.

"I pray you, think you reaſon with a Jew?"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

THE old contemptible buſineſs of ſuppoſing me an impoſtor was brought up at NOTTINGHAM. The report had gone out, and one WISE gentleman aſſured me that he had ſeen Mr. DIBDIN, in *a black wig*, three years before, at the *Circus*. Finding matters were taking an unpleaſant turn, I adverti ſed that—as I underſtood ſuch a rumour had prevailed, and as it was a very ſerious thing for me that it ſhould be cleared up—if any at the end of the entertainment ſhould feel the ſmalleſt difficulty to believe that I was in no reſpect an impoſtor, their money ſhould be returned. This brought me a good room, and ten minutes had not paſſed before I plainly ſaw all their doubts were vaniſhed. At the place I generally pauſe, many apologies were made me; to which ſome ſpirited officers preſent anſwered, that 'the beſt thing they could poſſibly do was to be totally ſilent, for the 'utmoſt in their power to ſay would rather aggravate than leſſen the abſur-'dity of their conduct.*

I

* I introduced, upon this occaſion, in the *Readings*, what follows. The poet related a whimſical diſtreſs he had once laboured under, Said he 'I once took it in my head to deliver a little entertain-'ment, at different places, which I called *Readings*—and, being poſſeſſed of good profeſſional reputa-'tion,

I thought my buſineſs was now to make an honourable retreat; which I did, having previouſly agreed—with the only gentleman who paid me any thing like attention—to return in the month of November, when it was imagined they would think I did them a favour, and conſequently make up for their former neglect. Whether this was a reaſonable conjecture or not will appear in due time.

On the following Thurſday we arrived at that pretty, clean town NEWARK. I made ſome enquiries concerning the place, and found little proſpect of performing to advantage, therefore, after dining at the *Kingſton's Arms*—the hiſtory of which houſe I ſhall give in its place—on the beſt cutlets that ever were eaten, we extended our journey to LINCOLN, where we put up at the *Rein Deer*.

I

'tion, it was ſometimes ſuſpected that a man of my ſtanding would not think ſuch an experiment worth 'his while—and, in conſequence, I was now and then treated as an impoſtor, for—as one may ſay—'perſonating myſelf. This induced me to relate, to my next audience, the following poetic tale.'

IN ROME, where arts ſpring up, 'tis ſaid,
As ſpawn ſhoots in a muſhroom bed—
Two theatres of ſome renown
Aſpir'd alike to pleaſe the town,
Both—on the plan of ours in LONDON—
Were ſometimes rich, and ſometimes undone;
Were ſometimes empty—ſometimes cramm'd—
And prais'd and cenſur'd—puff'd and damn'd.

Alike their fortune and their fame
Till, as we hear, one ROSCIUS came,
At a high ſalary engag'd,
The wond'ring town to ſee him rag'd;
Actor did ne'er ſuch numbers draw—
For, was his part to kick a ſtraw,
Or frown his fearful monarchs dead,
Or dance—or ſtand upon his head—
Fame ſpoke him the theatric king,
And all the world came in a ſtring.

'What

I could make nothing at all of this place. Every thing ſeemed ſo grave and inanimate that I conceived it would be a great folly to ſtay. This reſolution was accelerated by finding that the corporation was in a ſort of demur about the propriety of my performance. I might however have been aſſured that every thing was perfectly ſafe when they ſent a meſſage by the waiter to invite me to ſupper. I nevertheleſs excuſed myſelf, and though the MAYOR told me I might *act* whenever I pleaſed, we left LINCOLN, paſſed through SPITAL, BRIGG, and BARTON, and arrived in the afternoon—after a very good paſſage acroſs the HUMBER—at HULL.

Here

'What can be done'—ſaid th' other houſe,
'We play—but don't receive a ſouſe;
'Our laſt new thing no ſoul would ſit it!'
Cry'd a performer—"Zounds I've hit it!
"The rage is now to hear this prig
"Take off *the ſqueaking of a pig:*
"Let us ſtick up in large black letter,
"That we can *do the pig*—MUCH BETTER.

So ſaid, ſo done—the bills are ſtuck,
The town with conſternation ſtruck,
Better than ROSCIUS! Inſolent!
But 'tis a ſtep they may repent!

The night arriv'd—and in a ſwarm,
The audience throng'd—a boding ſtorm
Hung hov'ring on each ſullen brow—
The houſe is ſtill as death—and now,
While fearful preparation's making,
The humble actor comes on quaking—
Thrice low he bows—then ſilence breaking,
Inſtant the audience hear a ſqueaking.
But what's heard next!—groan, hiſs, and ſcoff,
The ſtunning catcal—off—off—off.
Noiſe follows noiſe—ſhout echos ſhout,
And all the ladies are turn'd out.

Here I was to be introduced to a gentleman who could give me every poſſible accommodation for my entertainment, and, on my friend's account, was to do this gratis. According to cuſtom however I was to be diſappointed. This gentleman was then in LONDON, nor did he arrive in time to do me any material ſervice, ſo that this part of the world—which I expected would do ſuch great things—failed; nor could I, in four nights at HULL, and three at BEVERLY, muſter more than my expences.

In

At length, by dint of right ability,
Patience—mild geſture—and humility,
After an hour's ſtout perſevering,
Th' intrepid actor gain'd a hearing.

His words were: "Gentlemen, don't grudge,
"In this caſe, for yourſelves to judge.
"If he in whom you ſo delight
"Outſqueaks the ſqueaking of to night,
"I can but ſay, that aping elf
"Squeaks better than the pig himſelf."
This ſaid—he takes, to crown the joke,
A pig from underneath his cloak.

But he had better ſav'd the trouble,
The clamour inſtantly was double;
Sconces were broke—benches pull'd down,
And planet-ſtruck, throughout the town,
Wailing, ran routed kings and queens,
While in a bonfire blaz'd the ſcenes.

To men, who will perſiſt in error,
Say, who ſhall dare to hold a mirror.
From honeſt common ſenſe and reaſon,
All arguments were out of ſeaſon;
And while the frenzy rages high,
Fair truth itſelf ſhall ſeem a lie.

From ſelf-conviction, then, be wiſe—
The taſk's not hard—believe your eyes.

In my next letter, I ſhall carry you a longer circuit to as little purpoſe; all which looſe matter I ſhall bring to an end as ſoon as poſſible, that I may not tire either you, or my readers in general, with repeated ill ſucceſs—upon which indeed I ſhould be ſilent, if I did not conceive it my duty to ſet down every thing. As to the men of NOTTINGHAM, I made up my mind to their incredulity, as firmly as *Antonio* did to the arguments of *Shylock*; which had not more of cruelty, than the declaration I now make you—has of kindneſs—that I am

Moſt heartily,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Newcaſtle, Feb. 17, 1788.

LETTER XXXII.

A LONG DANCE WITHOUT A FIDDLE.

"For this, among the reſt, I was ordain'd."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

AT HULL, my friend left me, with a view—as his affairs in town preſſed his return—to proſecute the remainder of his journey with more expedition than my ſcheme would permit. From HULL I went to YORK, where I performed, by way of eſſay, without mentioning any ſpecific time. I was tolerably attended, and a gentleman—in the name of the reſt—adviſed me, as the oratorios at DONCASTER were to be in the following week, not to do any thing more at YORK till they ſhould be over. I took his advice, and went to MALTON and SCARBOROUGH. At the firſt place, I received many promiſes, which, as they were made by the parſon and the attorney, it is not wonderful that they came to nothing. At SCARBOROUGH nobody would ſtir without the DUCHESS OF RUTLAND; and as I had neither time nor intereſt to conciliate her patronage, I returned with my jaunt for my pains. At my next eſſay at YORK, the company were to be ſure returned from DONCASTER—but they were not recovered from their fatigue. I therefore—to give them a little more breathing time—was coaxed into another excurſion, and promiſed great things on my return.

My

My intention was to have a few nights alternately at LEEDS and WAKEFIELD. Having however a very thin audience indeed at the firſt place, and being out of temper with YORK, I went, by the advice of a clergyman at WAKEFIELD—in whoſe company I had the pleaſure of paſſing ſome happy hours—to SHEFFIELD. Having however very little time to ſpare—this being the fifteenth of October, and my advertiſements ſtanding for the eighteenth at YORK, I performed two nights—one of which was a very decent one—and received ſo much private and public civility, that I promiſed, when the players ſhould be gone—which was not expected to be till after Chriſtmas—to return. Coming back to WAKEFIELD, I had a third night, which was a very good one. At SHEFFIELD I met with Dr. MILLER of DONCASTER, and Mr. F. SHARP of GRANTHAM, both of whom gave me warm invitations to their reſpective towns, which you will find, in the ſequel, I accepted.

I ſhall not ſay a word at preſent of theſe different places—having to touch at them again—not even of YORK, to which I returned to worſe purpoſe than ever, and left it in diſguſt. From thence I went to BEVERLY, to call a council of war with my friend SOUTHERN, to whom I ſhall introduce the reader. This gentleman has the whole buſineſs of HULL and BEVERLY as a dancing maſter—a character not always worthy a conſpicuous ſituation—but here, and in the inſtance of Mr. SOUTHERN's ſon, at WAKEFIELD—who I could not place before his father—remarkably ſo.

Mr. SOUTHERN is no foreign impoſtor, of which deſcription—to the diſgrace of our ſchools, the injury of the ſcholars' morals, and too often the deſtruction of family peace—this kingdom ſwarms.* He is an honeſt, plain, unaffected,

* I muſt confeſs I never feel any thing like ſatisfaction at the diſtreſs of others, except when theſe frontleſs gentlemen meet with men as crafty as themſelves. There are inſtances, however, when foreigners are as much impoſed on in ENGLAND, as ENGLISHMEN are in FRANCE—and the following is one of them. FIERVILLE, who, wallowing in Engliſh riches, did not—like his countrymen in ge-

unaffected, well-meaning man—is a father himſelf—has brought up a large family creditably and induſtriouſly, and therefore proper to have the care of youth entruſted to him. He is univerſally beloved, and his company—for he is remarkably cheerful and hearty—every where courted. His advice and his influence has been of great uſe to me, for there is ſcarcely a place in Yorkſhire, ſince I firſt left BEVERLY, where his name has not done me ſervice.

My

neral—retire and laugh at his patrons; but gave into every extravagant folly he could deviſe; had, among the reſt, a MENAGERIE, and would give any ſum for extraordinary objects to fill it. This a certain dealer in wild beaſts and foreign birds—not far from the top of the *Haymarket*—hearing, he demined to make ſomething out of FIERVILLE. For this purpoſe, he called one day at his country houſe —accompanied by a man with a large baſket—and deſired to ſpeak with him. Being ſhewn in, he accoſted FIERVILLE—'Servant Sir, hearing as how you was a gemmen werry fond of curioſities, I have 'brought you two of the moſt beautifuleſt birds in the whole world.' "I am very glad to ſee you "Sare," ſaid FIERVILLE, "Vill you pleaſe to tell me vat it is." 'Why you muſt know Sir I have 'had a lord or two after them, and ſeveral fine ladies, and I believe one ducheſs—but I loves the 'foreign gentlemen d'ye ſee, by reaſon all my goods come from abroad—and ſo Sir I had rather you 'ſhould have theſe PINK GEESE of mine than another.' "PIG GEESE! God bleaſh me, I was "never hear of Pig Geeſe." 'Why no, pleaſe your honour, Sir—they be'nt a common thing. No, 'no, 'tis well known I deals in nothing but kurus affairs; ſo you ſee if you likes it they be yours for 'twenty guineas.' "Vell dat is not great deal of monies indeet. When will you pleaſe Sare to let "me ſee dem?" 'Why lord love you they be without here. BOB bring in the baſket. There Sir—'you never ſawed a ſtatelier finer bird in the whole courſe of your life.' "Pon my vord hiſs very "hanſey indeet. Cot bleaſh my ſoul it is all over fine ret! How much you ſay *twenty guineas?* Vat I "ſhall do? I muſt have the geeſe—but I got no monies." O Lord never mind that! I don't want 'money. There is two fine cows and a calf under the window, I'll take they for the *geeſe*.' FIERVILLE, who was in deep contemplation on the beauties of his new acquiſition, exclaimed "pleſs my "ſoul well tought—you ſhall have dem. Here Chon! Go kif that gentleman dat koes and de kofe." In ſhort, the man drove away the cows and the calf, and left the *pink geeſe* behind, which were depoſited in an outhouſe till a proper place could be prepared for them. The next morning a friend of FIERVILLE—a blunt honeſt fellow—came to viſit him, on whom he opened immediately—"Ah my "teer friend, I haf de moſt crate curioſity ever was ſee. Do you know I have cot two very fine *pig* "*geeſe*." '*Big geeſe!*' cried the other, 'ſo have I twenty; what the devil curioſity is there in that?' "No, no, you don't underſtand—fine colour, ret, peautiful. Come along vid me." He then took his friend to the outhouſe, which having careleſſly been left open, the geeſe had made their eſcape. After a cloſe ſearch for ſome time, they found them feeding in an adjoining paddock, but it having rained in the night, the *pink geeſe* were become as *grey as a badger*—and nothing could have diſcovered they were the ſame but now and then a little red ſpot under the wings. 'Why damme' cried the friend,

My journey to BEVERLY—as I before remarked—was more for a conſultation than from any proſpect of ſucceſs. Mr. SOUTHERN, however, had—previous to my arrival—conſulted with all the principal people, and I was to be invited, as ſoon as I came, to a ſupper, in order to form the beſt poſſible plan for making me two good nights. Out of *nineteen*, however, who attended the *ſupper*, but *four* came to the *performance*. I muſt not neglect to ſay that Mr. ACKLUM, Mr. HARDEN, then the *Mayor*, and ſome few others, merit my acknowledgments for their attention; but as to the reſt, they had ſkimmed the cream of the entertainment for nothing, and how could I be ſuch an ideot as to ſuppoſe they would afterwards be contented to pay for the ſkimmilk. But—" for this among the reſt I was ordained"—and ſo I was to tell you very frequently, but always truly, that I am,

Yours, moſt fervently,

C. DIBDIN.

Newcaſtle, February 16, 1788.

friend, 'you have been impoſed upon—theſe are nothing but a couple of common grey Lincolnſhire 'fen geeſe.' "By cot," ſaid FIERVILLE, "he vas ferry fine ret indeet laſt night. Hole your "tongue, perhaps by um by he come ret again." 'Red again!' ſaid the friend, 'why you are a 'damned fool—the fellow has impoſed upon you, I tell you. What did you give pray for this pretty 'bargain?' "Two koes and a kofe." After reprobating FIERVILLE's credulity in pretty ſtrong terms, his anger all turned on the bird merchant, who he ſwore ſhould ſmart for this impudent fraud. To put his deſign in execution, he went immediately to him, and having threatened to take him before Sir SAMPSON WRIGHT, procured a reſtitution of fourteen pounds—the ſum for which it was pretended the cows and calf were ſold.

There is another anecdote of this ſame monſter-monger.—He ſold to a lady of diſtinction a number of what he called JAVA SPARROWS, which were of courſe no more than common ENGLISH SPARROWS ſtained a fine blue. At the time of their moulting they became exactly like other SPARROWS, when, being ſent for and taxed with the impoſition, he had the addreſs to make it believed that it was the climate and the common food of birds in this country that made them degenerate; and, that if they were carried back to JAVA, they would infallibly recover their former beauty.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

THE SOLICITUDE OF A FRIEND.

"I ſhould not call you ſcoundrel, if I did not love you."

To Mr. DIBDIN.

DEAR SIR,

GO to INDIA—dig in mines—tempt any danger—do any thing to better your fortune—to place yourſelf beyond the power of ſuch humiliation! I declare to heaven I could not *ſuſtain* the mortifications that you have *ſmiled* at, let what might be the conſideration. The naſty *Snottinghamites* alone would have ſickened me to ſuch a degree, that when I appeared before them, it would have given me all the qualmiſhneſs and have produced all the effect of an emetic. And yet you promiſed to return. It will diſappoint me, and—though I warmly wiſh you well—diſpleaſe me, if it produce any advantage to you.

What ſhall I call you? That you are ſuſceptible—quickly, vividly ſo—I am convinced; and yet, where ſenſibility might laudably, honeſtly take fire, you exhibit a ſtoiciſm beyond all example. I cannot comprehend you. I have traced you now, ſince you firſt correſponded with me, nearly fourteen hundred miles. What to do? It is impoſſible it can have been worth your while. Can the converſation and attention of a few individuals of taſte and diſcernment, approach any thing near to an amends for all the contumely heaped on you by the ſuſpicions of a ſet of people who have placed you in

every

every unpleaſant point of view, and who believe nothing but that you levy contributions among them. Have I not myſelf ſeen doubts and difficulties ſtarted in every corner of the room; nods, winks, and ſhrugs have gone round, and when at laſt in ſpite of their teeth they have been obliged to confeſs their ſuſpicions were invidious and unhandſome, their ſelf-conviction has put them ſo out of humour with themſelves, and the tardy lagging juſtice came out in ſo reluctant a conceſſion, that they ſeemed to wiſh you had been proved an impoſtor rather than that their own ignorant and illiberal ſuſpicions ſhould be falſified?

If you reſtrain your real feelings to teach you patience, give you fortitude, and brace your mind to an endurance, and make it up to all the conſequences, of your intended voyage, you muſt have a philoſophic heroiſm but little known, and leſs practiſed. In which caſe—and indeed in any caſe—I now give you leave to go to INDIA; where a ſmall part of this perſeverance—I ſhould think—muſt enable you to return in comfort, and enjoy years of *happineſs*, ſweetened with INDEPENDENCE: which deſirable ſituation no man more truly wiſhes to ſee you in than,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful and obliged friend,

*****

Feb. 12, 1788.

LETTER XXXIV.

THE DUTY OF A PUBLIC MAN.

"*Fame's an echo.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR laſt letter is ſo pointed that I ſhall ſtop ſhort my narrative to anſwer it, and that the world may be in better poſſeſſion of the ſubject, I have a printed proof of it before me.

You have taken more pains to abuſe me than I have to deſerve it, and I could ſilence all that warmth and vivacity in which you calumniate me under the title of a ſuſceptible ſtoic, by ſingly aſſerting that I am a PUBLIC CHARACTER. 'Good God!' ſay you, '*ſo am I.*' Have patience. *You* can dictate to your audience; you can win them, by honeſt and fair perſuaſion, to a diſcharge of that duty without the exerciſe of which they can neither be good men nor valuable citizens. But—admirable as your doctrines are—do you think no pulpit oration of yours has been criticiſed? Did you never ſee a guttling alderman aſleep—while ſome fortune hunter was making love to his daughter—in one of your very beſt ſermons? When you have ſtrove with benevolent mildneſs to inculcate the principles of reaſonable religion, and blend public worſhip with private morality, were you, upon your honour, never blamed for tameneſs and inſipidity, and cenſured for not frightening your hearers into a ſenſe of their miſerable ſinful condition, by lowering out damnation with upliſted hands?

A field preacher is not fairly inducted into his calling till he has been forty times ſtunned with brick bats and blind puppies. But this is nothing to what is every day ſuſtained by men in much more conſpicuous ſituations than you or I. Is Mr. Fox's poiſoned bag forgot? the difficulty with which Mr. PITT made his eſcape from the grocers' company? or the dingy appearance of Lord JOHN CAVENDISH after he had been rolled in the kennel at YORK. Beſide, theſe matters fluctuate. What is a mark of diſgrace at one time, ſhall, at another, be a badge of honour; and it has been often ſeen that a man who has been pelted with dead cats to-day—by the hands of the MOB—has, to-morrow, received a ribbon at the hands of his SOVEREIGN.*

Shew me the moſt fulſome puff you ever ſaw to prop a ſinking play, or recommend a faded actreſs, and I will ſhew you an advertiſement from a parliamentary candidate to match it. How completely has CHURCHILL written a lampoon on himſelf in the *Conference*. I think it is the paragraph which begins with that nonſenſical diſtich

"May I—can greater ill mankind befal—
"Be born a WHITEHEAD and baptiz'd a PAUL."

He goes on enumerating what, in his idea, contains the ſum total of *opprobrium* and *obloquy*, and finiſhes with ſaying—that the friendſhip of one WILKES will make—amends for all. In another place—and I believe another poem—he pants for fame, and fondly fancies that ſome one ſtraying in the

* A French author—by way of commenting on general manners—carries ſeveral different characters to a variety of parts; and, among the reſt, places them among a horde of ſavages. Doubtful what may be their reception, they conſult together what to do—leſt, by ſome miſtake in their mode of addreſſing the natives, they may get murdered. At lungth a CARTHUSIAN MONK—who has obſerved that in their ceremonies they uſe among one another are mixed many extravagant actions and geſticulations—goes up to their chief, and having ſworn at him in a good round hand, brandiſhed a cudgel over his head, kicked him in the guts, and ſpit in his face, the whole troop pay homage to the ſtrangers, and they are treated with every poſſible civility while they remain among them.

the church-yard where he lies buried, ſhall read his works over his grave, by way of *epitaph.* No bad ſtroke of vanity by the bye for the *manly* CHURCHILL. But how would his duſt feel if the gentleman by accident ſhould hit upon—*the above quotation!*

Every man has his motives for his public conduct; mine are—notwithſtanding the conjectures of a few unbelieving individuals—neither more nor leſs than thoſe I announce. I will be free to acknowledge that, in the proſecution of my ſcheme, I have met with ſore diſappointments: but theſe are the very ſpurs, the very incentives to a further purſuit. If I had retired upon meeting a rebuff or two what would have been the concluſion of my enemies? 'This man fondly fancied himſelf a favourite of the public, but they have 'convinced him they do not care three-pence about him.' Having perſiſted, they will ſee that it has procured me ſuch friends as will ſilence the tongue of envy, and blunt the poiſoned arrows of malignity. If CHURCHILL gloried in his WILKES, what muſt I do when I can name more than twenty who *really poſſeſs* thoſe valuable mental requiſites which in his favourite he *doatingly fancied.* The firm attachment and perſevering kindneſs of that gentleman alone who made with me a circuit of more than ſeven hundred miles—firſt left me at HULL, and afterwards took his final leave at YORK—is more than enough to compenſate for all the arrogance, ignorance, and empty conſequence that have diſgraced thoſe who could not diſtinguiſh between a fair and liberal compact with the public, and the dirty impudence of a depredating itinerant. It is true I did not acquire this gentleman's friendſhip in conſequence of my tour; I have poſſeſſed that pleaſure for ſome years; but it confirmed and ſtrengthened it. So many mortifications has he been witneſs to and ſo much has he pitied and commended me for a temporary perſeverance—as the foundation of ultimate independence—that I am ſure I have ſecured his valuable eſteem upon ſo firm and permanent a baſis, that nothing can ſhake it. Let me here aſſure him that the many and handſome inſtances of broad and generous liberality that I have repeatedly received, both at the hands of his

his father and himſelf, neither time nor diſtance ſhall eraſe from my memory, and that I never employed any moment to more grateful or pleaſurable advantage than that when I have endeavoured to promote their intereſt; which, after all, is but a mutual obligation between them and the public. Many other very marking traits of friendſhip and attention you have already ſeen, and many more are to come; among which I cannot help noticing the kindneſs of a ſmall number in LONDON, where I proteſt I began to fear I had ſcarcely a friend. The many ſtruggles I have there made to enfranchiſe myſelf from the ſhackles of dependence—the general, hurtful, falacious opinion, that I have often had fortune in my power, but have wantonly and prodigally ſpurned the courteous benefit,* laid ſo firm a foundation for the dexterous exertions of ſlander, that, like the mutilated picture of PRAXITILES, I conceived myſelf, in LONDON—where any man's fame can be murdered with impunity—to have been all *one blot*. Happily however, through the filth and dirtineſs of all the malice ſputtered out by irritated dulneſs and burſting envy, a choſen few have been able to diſcern the neglected condition of an inoffenſive traveller, and—like the good Samaritan, opened their hearts to a ſenſe of his ill treatment. Not that I mean to paint my caſe as a deplorable one. No, pride and my good ſpirits forbid it; but there is—as I have remarked before—ſomething for me ſo winning, ſo warm, ſo exhilirating, in ſpontaneous good-nature, that I receive from it the ſame cheering and invigorating ray of genial comfort that a plant imbibes from the cheriſhing influence of the ſun. I ſhall hereafter particularize ſome of the inſtances to which I here only allude; and will conclude this letter, while my heart is full of the kindneſs of my *friend* and *fellow-traveller* above, with ſaying, that though I conſider "fame as an "echo," and—as much as SHAKESPEARE—hold it ridiculous to "ſeek the "bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth;" yet I hope demeaning myſelf with proper humility, as a public character, will not render me unfit for the

* The truth of this will be ſeen by an eſtimate of my pieces, which having explained to a friend, he aſſured me he thought it an information of a moſt *important* nature to the PUBLIC.

duties of private friendſhip, or induce me to make an ill uſe of fortune, ſhould it ever be in my power. Thoſe will beſt command who know how to obey, is an eſtabliſhed maxim; and I believe the beſt command and obedience within the exerciſe of the human mind, is a peremptory ſubduction of all feelings but thoſe which tend to the expanſion of the heart, and promote the wide and benevolent circulation of univerſal liberality, and an implicit ſubmiſſion to all thoſe moral duties which ſoften the manners, humanize the ſoul, and impel us to beneficent acts of general fraternal kindneſs that can alone *dignify reaſon*, and lift us into MANLY PREEMINENCE.

Adieu.

Yours, ever and truly

(Though indeed one implies the other)

C. DIBDIN.

Newcaſtle, February 19, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

A STORM IN A DUCK-POND.

"*Blow winds and burſt your cheeks.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING pretty well—I hope—quieted your ſcruples in my laſt letter, I ſhall now proceed in my narrative, which—like the man with a black and white coat in the maſquerade—ſometimes preſents you with one colour and ſometimes another. You have ſeen the black ſide too much, I confeſs, but in future the white will be predominant. I have men to introduce you to, who will convince you that honeſt-hearted liberality is not extinct;—but they are ſtars that can ſhine without any borrowed luſtre, and therefore let them come in their place.

At BEVERLY I firſt iſſued my propoſals for printing this work; after which—taking one night at HULL—I paſſed on to LINCOLN, where my friend SOUTHERN was told—on his return from LONDON—they would be glad to ſee me. On the fourth of November—falling on a Sunday, and being exactly ninety-nine years ſince the memorable revolution—the wind being almoſt due ſouth, very ſtrong and ſqually, accompanied with a ſevere and inceſſant rain. I ſet ſail from HULL to BARTON. Nor is all this preparation unworthy the occaſion. I am ſure I ſhall endure nothing in my voyage to INDIA that will exceed what I then experienced; for if it did, we ſhould be all paſt endurance. ANSON, it is ſaid, was in the ſame ſituation, and was

heard

heard to exclaim, that " he feared, after having been ſafely round the world, " it was his fate to be drowned in a fiſh-pond." But he eſcaped, and ſo did I, which I believe is all we can either of us ſay. But to proceed.

As we were getting out of the harbour, a man fell overboard from a brig which lay very near us, and diſagreeable as the weather was, three or four boats haſtened immediately to his aſſiſtance; but will it be believed that when they found he was an exciſeman, it was with the utmoſt difficulty they could be prevailed upon to afford him relief. I declare to God I never felt ſo wretchedly in my life. That private piques between admirals and generals ſhould reſtrain their public exertions, and ſo tarniſh the glory of nations one does not wonder at: that a judge ſhould recommend a jury to find a man guilty, rather than break through an eſtabliſhed *etiquette*, or loſe his dinner: that the *ax* ſhould now and then be poiſed, and the *halter* frequently ſtretched, and the executioner glory in his dexterity: that a mercileſs attorney, for the ſake of thirteen and four-pence, ſhould coolly adviſe his client to ruin a whole family: none of theſe ſurpiſe one. But that a ſet of wretches ſhould mock the agony of an expiring fellow-creature—merely becauſe he was diſcharging a diſagreeable office by the king's authority—is a wanton cruelty ſo unneceſſary and ſo diſgraceful, that I ſincerely hope it never was practiſed before, nor will ever again. The poor exciſeman, through much earneſt perſuaſion, was lodged ſafely in one of the boats; and I had the pleaſure, before we got out of the harbour, to ſee him ſtanding upright. At firſt, however, he ſeemed quite gone. 'Damme, the exciſeman's dead'—cried one—'So much the 'better'—cried another—'he is gone to his father the devil then.' 'No, 'no'—ſaid another—'he ſtirs, he is only drunk.' 'Ay, ay'—ſaid a *genteel man* on board our *ſloop*—'he could not help *taſting*; he has been gauging you 'ſee the good liquor below. Ha, ha, ha—the dogs always drink more than 'they meaſure.' Many more things were ſaid, equally ſmart and equally humane. For my part I thought I ſhould ſtand but little chance by mixing in the converſation—not having wit enough to make calamity a ſubject

ject of merriment, or ſtupidity to curb what would have been as impracticable a taſk as commanding the wind to be ſtill which was then whiſtling in my ear.* I therefore contented myſelf with ſeeing the gaſping object of their pleaſantry return to life, and when that event was eſtabliſhed, ſneaked into a corner of the cabbin to ruminate.

The firſt thing that ſtruck my attention was a diſpute between the ſailors, whether they ſhould take in two or three reefs in the mainſail and foreſail, the majority however—being two to one, for our ſhip's company conſiſted of no more than three—was in favour of the two reefs, and preſently we were a mile from land. It now blew and rained very hard, and three ſailors, who happened to be paſſengers, came down into the cabin. They were aſked by the reſt many queſtions—for an univerſal terror had began to prevail—and they all agreed that we carried too much ſail, but refuſed to interfere—for they were "not afraid of weather—beſide, it was no concern of theirs." The diſſentient voice upon deck was continually heard to exclaim, "don't you ſee what ſhort "ſeas ſhe ſhips. Damme, my lads, but you'll repent not taking in another "reef." The other two ſwore ſhe could carry every thing that was ſet, and declared there was not a cap full of wind, while the firſt as confidently affirmed 'it blew like the devil.' For my part, I always think that if thoſe who

* This nation pretty well knows that there are no people under the ſun poſſeſs ſuch conſummate ſubtlety as the ITALIANS.—A man whoſe name is GRIMANI, after he had been in ENGLAND about a month, happened—as he was ſtrolling about—to find himſelf near BILLINGSGATE—Seeing him a foreigner, he was preſently huſtled about; and in ſhort, the fiſh-women and water-men determined to give him what they called a complete *blackguarding*.—GRIMANI—who ſcarcely underſtood a word of Engliſh—hearing the word *damn* frequently uſed—was ſtruck as quick as lightening with an idea that he ſhould conquer them with their own weapons.—He thought he had nothing to do but think of a number of names unknown to the mob—and therefore began—damn CICERO—damn PLUTARCH—damn ARISTOTLE—damn DEMOSTHENES—damn PLATO—damn ANAXAGERAS—damn SCIPIO—damn HANNIBAL—damn, damn AGAMEMNON—damn, damn ACHILLES—and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muſcles—which was a pretty eaſy thing to do—into the moſt frightful contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out 'damme, come along Jack, we ſtand no chance with this 'fellow, he blackguards ten times better than any one of us.'

manage the ſhip do not feel themſelves in danger, I have no right to fancy I am; but here being evidently a difference of opinion, and the ſqualls ſo frequent, ſtrong, and ſudden, I own I began to think, with the ſailors below, that there was certainly a chance of "our being capſized"—and this I had more opportunity to reflect upon than the reſt, being the only one, out of more than forty paſſengers—*two* of the ſailors excepted—not ſea-ſick; which I have in ſome moments ſince lamented—for it has loſt me a fine occaſion to deſcribe, in imitation of Mr. BARETTI, all the various effects of that important and very delicate embelliſhment to the obſervations of a traveller; though, upon ſecond thoughts, I have been conſoled with the reflection that it might have tainted my ſtile in all the reſt of my narrative, and made it—like his—as taſteleſs as warm water.

After our poor little ſloop had been buffetted three hours and forty minutes, during which ſhe, above a hundred times, as fairly dived as ever did a duck, our ſailors were ſo kind to run us aground at the mouth of BARTON harbour—the tide however ſtill continuing to flow, we were ſoon got off, and at length arrived. At which time, the ſailors who managed the veſſel were not one whit drier than the poor, half-drowned exciſeman.

Being ſafely moored a long ſide of a cold ham, I left care once more to the winds, congratulating myſelf that there were yet ſome deſirable conſiderations for which one would wiſh to live; one of which has ſince turned out to be the enjoyment of that kindneſs you are pleaſed to afford to

Your obliged,

And faithful, humble ſervant,

C. DIBDIN.

Newcaſtle, Feb. 20, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

A TOUCH OF THE FORECASTLE.

"That ſuch an oyſter-ſhell ſhould hold a pearl."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

IN the coach which carried me from BARTON to LINCOLN were two of thoſe ſailors who came paſſengers, and who had been ſent from LONDON to HULL, and now were returning back to LONDON, in ſearch of a little prize-money, which had been due to them ever ſince the laſt war. They ſaid they did not know how ſuch things came about, but it had always been the way to ſend poor fellows—who earned their little at the riſk of their lives—from agent to agent, till what they received was not worth having. To be ſure they might have ſaved their journey; but they thought it was better to ſee into it themſelves than truſt their affairs in the hands of thoſe land-ſharks, the *lawyers*.* That there was ſomething wrong, but they hoped, one day or other, every thing would be righted; for they were ſure when

* When Sir ELIJAH IMPEY was on his paſſage from INDIA, he continually kept in the cabin from indiſpoſition, while her ladyſhip was in very good health and conſtantly on deck. One fine day ſhe coaxed him out to enjoy a little air, and as he was walking the deck—it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day—a *ſhark* was playing by the ſide of the ſhip. Having never ſeen ſuch an object before, he called to one of the ſailors to tell him what it was. Being aſked the queſtion—"why don't you know, "an pleaſe your honour?" ſaid honeſt JACK. 'No'—ſaid Sir ELIJAH—'what is the name of it?' "Why"—replied the Tar—"I don't know what name they hail 'em by aſhore, but here we call 'em "*ſea lawyers*."

when his majeſty—God bleſs him—came to know how the poor, honeſt fellows were ſerved who manned his wooden-walls, ſome of the underſtrappers would get a *ſalt eel.*

This was one inſtance, out of a great many, in which I have had opportunity to notice the ſtrong intellectual feelings of ſailors. They are honeſt and liberal, to a proverb; and it has been remarked, that public depredators, who have gone to church to pick pockets, have been converted into good citizens on the forecaſtle of a man of war. A friend of mine ſays, "their honeſty and good ſenſe are fully accounted for, by conſidering that they have very little commerce with mankind; owing to this they deſpiſe money, and therefore have no inducement to become knaves; and as their wants are few, and thoſe ſoon ſupplied, they have no occaſion to rack imagination to keep up a conſtant deception in their words and actions. Thus, their ideas go immediately to the point they want to expreſs, and their tongues tranſmit thoſe ideas faithfully, and without embelliſhment."

I muſt do my friend the juſtice to confeſs, that he gives us here a very ingenious argument, and for ſo very extenſive a theme, as pithy a one as any of thoſe for which the ſailors receive from him ſuch warm encomiums. It is certain, honeſty and good ſenſe are very congenial, and I ſhould ſooner ſuſpect that an argument, which threw out a ſtrong and brilliant diſplay of logical and rhetorical figures, was calculated to *diſguiſe*, rather than *ornament* THE TRUTH. I have certainly, in the courſe of an hour, heard a *ſailor* utter as many good things—and I am ſure with as little affectation—as Dr. JOHNSON. Nor do their technical alluſions rob what they ſay of its beauty.* A ſhip is a glorious epitome of the world; and its management is the ſtrongeſt inſtance of ingenuity that human invention has furniſhed us.

With

* The character of *Kit Keel*, in the *Touchſtone*, came with me—on my return to ENGLAND—in the coach from DOVER to ROCHESTER. His real name is SPRAT, and he is a *pilot* at HARWICH.—

The

With theſe ſailors in the coach I held ſome converſation concerning our narrow eſcape—for they aſſured me it might be ſo called—and they ſaid it aroſe from this: the men who in conduct thoſe paſſage boats are, in general, tolerable pilots, but bad ſailors; they ſaid this I might have noticed, not only by their neglecting to take in more than two reefs, but keeping the ſails continually ſhivering in the wind—by which means we lay at the mercy of every ſquall, and the veſſel had ſo many different motions that ſhe ſhipped twice the ſea ſhe would have done had they laid her fairly cloſe to the water. I mention this the more particularly becauſe I think it will operate as a good caution to all thoſe who draw the concluſion—which I did—that if the people themſelves will venture, the paſſengers are in no danger; when, at the ſame time, we have every day ſo many inſtances of peoples loſing their lives through foolhardineſs.*

The journey to LINCOLN having been in proportion as diſagreeable as the paſſage to BARTON, I was glad after a ſlight ſupper to get to bed—where, the

The words I there ſet down, he uttered. And can there be any thing more ſtriking than—"Money "was made for our friends and the landlords along aſhore." Or again, "My money's my friend's, my "heart my wife's, and my life my country's—my name is SPRAT (which he really ſaid) and that's "my way of thinking." I declare I never witneſſed a greater fund of wit than that he poſſeſſed in my life. Speaking of faſhions—ſaid he—"I'll tell you what. Before I went my laſt voyage, my POL, "d'ye ſee, ſtowed every thing ſnug, the hatches were properly battened down, ſail ſet modeſty, uſed "ſparingly, decently reefed, nothing ſhook in the wind, and there was enough ſpare canvaſs in the old "cheſt in caſe of weather. When I came home—only an eighteen months voyage—Damme if I did'nt "think I had got among the WANGHEES, or ſome lubberly, outlandiſh place, where they dreſs them-"ſelves up in feathers.——There they were—ſprit ſails and ſtudding ſails—every thing ſet they could "carry and more to.—I ſay.—I expected to ſee th^em every minute bottom upwards. Well, thinks I "to myſelf, this won't be the caſe with my POL.—Would you believe it?—Shiver my jib, if POL was "not as bad as the beſt of 'em. You ſee, before I ſailed, I could take her little tight head, tuck it un-"der my arm, and give her a hearty ſmack.—Now! Damme, every time I went to ſalute her, I ſtuck "my eyes full of black pins."

* Not a fortnight after I came from HULL, there was an account in one of the papers of *thirteen people* that were loſt in croſſing the SEVERN

whole night, I was toſſing about in the HUMBER, nor could I believe I was really in an inn when I awakened (for never were thoſe lines in *Hudibras* more applicable).

——————"On a ſudden,
"By a huge clamour and a loud one,
"As if all ſorts of noiſe had been
"Collected into one loud din;
"Or that a member to be choſen,
"Had got the odds above a thouſand;
"And, by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
"Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice."

This noiſe having awakened me—and I your curioſity—I ſhall poſtpone an explanation of it to my next letter, being in the interim

Yours, very faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

Newcaſtle, February 21, 1788.

LETTER XXXVII.

ENGLISH AMUSEMENT.

"Can there be any cauſe in nature,"
"For theſe hard hearts?"

To the Rev. Mr.——

DEAR SIR,

I lay I am ſure half an hour before I could form the moſt diſtant conjecture of what this noiſe could proceed from. Bells, kettles, horns, hallowing, hooping, huzzaing, by men women and children, conveyed to my drowſy fancy a noiſe more horrible than did the angry billows which laſhed the yawning cavern of the ſix mouthed SCYLLA to the affrighted mariners of ULLUSSES, for I will not ſuppoſe but that HE *delighted in the danger.*

At length, by a few oblique words which catched my ear, I was let into the ſecret. It was the *fifth of November*, and the mob were carrying about a figure of GUY FAUX, which they informed me, when I came down to breakfaſt, was a ceremony performed on this day at LINCOLN with great *regularity* and *ſolemnity*; and that there was alſo to be a bull-baiting at twelve o'clock, and another at four. I enquired particularly *where*, and was told if I wanted places to ſee it I muſt be very expeditious, for they were not only dear, but perhaps all beſpoke. My anſwer was, that I only aſked that I might avoid ſo diſagreeable a ſight. I received nothing but a contemptuous look

look for my declaration, and was extremely mortified to find that I unfortunately run into the very predicament I was ſo ſtudious to avoid; for though I did not ſee the bull *baited*, I was by accident ſo hemmed in that I could not avoid witneſſing the miſerable lacerated condition of the poor creature afterwards—and they were then leading him to where he was to be again baited in the afternoon. Heavenly God! I have heard of ſavages who have tortured their priſoners and afterwards eat them—but I could find ſomething like a motive for this. A bull is baited we are told to make him eat tender—let him be hunted then!—let him become the fair victim of the chace!—let us feel nobly like our anceſtors, nor degenerate from the brave EARL OF WARWICK by *cruelly*, *cowardly* tying a noble animal to the ſtake, and ſtimulating a number of peaceful domeſtic creatures to worry him, that human brutes may reliſh their dinner! I am told at STAMFORD they let the bull looſe after baiting it—if ſo, I moſt ſincerely hope the next time that event takes place he may toſs the firſt man who ſets a dog at him. Lions *tear* their prey, Hyenas *betray* it—but theſe are provoked only by the calls of hunger. But a wanton unneceſſary cruelty—to which there cannot be a poſſible incentive, but ſavage hardneſs of heart—is a *refinement* on brutality reſerved alone for the ANIMAL OF REASON; and, to make the caſe more lamentable, this moſt contemptible of all unmanly paſtimes is the peculiar diſgrace of the braveſt nation upon earth.*

I performed at LINCOLN three nights—the ſecond of which was tolerably well, but the firſt and laſt miſerably bad. Dr. KAYE was unfortunately, while

* TOM CLOUGH—an under ſtrapper for many years at Drury-lane theatre—was the man of all others who had the trueſt genuine taſte for the Engliſh amuſements. A cock-fight was his delight—a bull-baiting was to him as delicious a repaſt as a turtle feaſt to an alderman—but a hanging match!—— He called one morning on a friend to accompany him to Tyburn—which place he as punctually attended as a hypocritical bigot would a place of devotion.—His friend, however, neither chuſing to be waked ſo early in the morning, nor reliſhing this diverſion, gave him a good round volly of abuſe, and ſent him away. The other giving him a contemptuous look ſwore he would never ſpeak to him again—

'for

while I ſtayed, but a few hours in town. He attended me, however, and had the goodneſs to ſend me afterwards a polite invitation, which I am ſorry I could not accept. Mr. MONEY, to whom I am almoſt wholly indebted for the little company I had, gave me proof of as liberal attention as I have any where met with. In ſhort, I believe through that gentleman's means every body was aſked, though ſo very few choſe to come. In the round of invitations, however, it would be an unpardonable omiſſion if I neglected to mention the excuſe of one gentleman, with whom I *think* I had the honour of riding in the ſtage coach to NEWARK. This gentleman was preſſed very hard to go to my entertainment, and would have been there, he ſaid, with great pleaſure if there had been *no muſic*. I hope this gentleman is a *bull baiter*. At length, being very cloſely preſſed, he ſaid "you know my *deteſtation* of "*muſic*, and if you will only prevail on Mr. DIBDIN to introduce ſomething "*to abuſe it*, in order to give colour to my appearing there, I will go with "all my heart." I hope it will be allowed that this is one of the moſt curious anecdotes I have yet recorded.

'for damme,' ſaid he, 'my maxim is never to have any thing to do but with *people of* TASTE.

Mr. CLOUGH's accounts of the conduct of the different COCKS, as he called them—that he had ſeen *die*—would fill a pretty large duodecimo, which might not be unaptly called *The Newgate Jeſt Book*.—When I firſt came to *Drury-lane Theatre*, I uſed to liſten to ſome of his remarks in the *matted room*.—His doctrine fairly was, that thieves in this country are ſo little checked in their approach to the gallows, that they go on methodically, profeſſionally, ſtep by ſtep, till they are what the *informers* call worth *forty pounds*; and, as theſe principles are inculcated from their infancy, they talk as naturally, and with as much unconcern, of their death-bed at *Tyburn*, as a ſailor leaps into that hammock in which he may be ſewed up, or a ſenſualiſt enters between ſarſinet ſheets, to preſs that mountain of down, where he is born to become a prey to the gout or ſtone.—I ſhall, upon a future occaſion, endeavour to recollect ſome of his anecdotes—which I truly believe are not exaggerations.—The only execution I ever ſaw in ENGLAND was at WINCHESTER, when I was about fourteen years old. I declare to heaven I heard one of the poor hardened wretches—not ten minutes before they were turned off,—aſk a ſheepſtealer—his companion—if he ſhould like a bit of mutton. BANNISTER repeats—or has invented—a very witty thing ſaid by Jack Ketch as he was tying the halter. A culprit aſked him 'if he had any commands to the other world!'—"Why" ſaid Jack, "not much—I'll —only"—added he, as he adjuſted the knot under his left ear—"*Juſt—trouble you*—WITH A LINE."

I here pay my acknowledgements to Mr. VANEIL, to whom my friend SOUTHERN introduced me by letter, for his very kind attention to me both at LINCOLN and at NEWARK, in which he did honour to his friends recommendation, and to me particular ſervice.

I muſt endeavour before I leave LINCOLN to account a little for the capriciouſneſs I experienced. There is a *high town* and a *low town*, and they are as much at variance as the MONTAGUES and the CAPULETS. Thus, the place having ſeparate intereſts, and, taken aggregately, ſtanding upon a very limited circumference, and containing but a ſcanty number of inhabitants, it is madneſs to think of an entertainment there. A playhouſe at LINCOLN I ſhould ſuppoſe muſt be in this predicament: if it was ſituate on the hill, it muſt be all *boxes*—if under the hill, all *gallery*—and if in the mid-way, all *pit*—and as a playhouſe cannot live but by *box*, *pit*, and *gallery* COLLECTIVELY, I ſhould conceive the laſt place for the drama in this kingdom is LINCOLN.

From LINCOLN I went to NEWARK, where I performed one night, to a very thin audience, who promiſed great things if I would return in the courſe of another week. This being in my power, I did ſo, and met with no better ſucceſs. Upon ſoliciting LADY LINCOLN, however, I received a moſt generous and elegant anſwer, appointing a night, and giving me the liberty to make uſe of her name and LORD LINCOLN's. This produced me as good a night as I believe the place can afford, and manifeſted one inſtance—among many I have experienced—that *real* diſtinction dignifies itſelf by eaſy and amiable affability, while all the pride and oſtentation of affected conſequence—like a deformed figure conſpicuouſly ſituated—ſolicits contempt; when, by a decent conſcious humiliation, it might command reſpect. But, it is the nature of folly to expoſe itſelf.

I have ever remarked that the crooked women are always the firſt to go without cloaks, the uglieſt to expoſe their faces, and thoſe with thick legs

are

are ſure to wear ſhort petticoats. I am returning to NEWARK, when I ſhall illuſtrate this and ſome other poſitions; in the mean time, beg your company to NOTTINGHAM, where your warm wiſhes for my ill ſucceſs will be fully gratified; where little BURBAGE—after receiving a *good price* for the bills—could not help remarking that it was a damned ſhabby buſineſs. But I believe there is no more cauſe in nature for *thick heads* than *hard hearts*—therefore, let us blame not thoſe who do not enjoy the pleaſures of good-fellowſhip and ſociality equal to ourſelves, but rather thank providence for giving us the charming enjoyment of that ſort of ſenſation I feel when I tell you I am,

Yours, very truly

C. DIBDIN.

Durham, February 21, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

A JAUNT FROM POST TO PILLAR.

"Promiſe crammed—you can't feed Capons ſo."

To the Rev. Mr.——.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your impromptu—I deſerve it and a great deal more*—but one cannot be always infallible. Who, for inſtance, would have believed that *genteel* DERBY ſhould, on my return, have ſerved me as ſcurvy a trick as *ſhabby* NOTTINGHAM. I had the folly to linger on three nights, each of which was to be great things, and turned out nothing at all.

Let me, however, before I mention the particulars of theſe matters, bring you up—as the ſailors ſay—as to the time and place. My firſt night at NEWARK was on the tenth of November. I then went to NOTTINGHAM, had one night, proceeded to DERBY, and returned to NEWARK to perform on the *ſeventeenth*—then, to give opportunity for the night beſpoke by LADY LINCOLN, I went to GRANTHAM, and returned to NEWARK for the performance on the *twenty-fourth*.

* *On hearing of Mr.* DIBDIN'S *ill ſucceſs at* NOTTINGHAM.

Were you mad! or bewitch'd!—thus 'mongſt nature's worſt dregs
The effuſions of genius to ſhed—
Aſpiring no higher than fitting of LEGS,
How ſhould they know what's *fit* for the HEAD?

I found DERBY ſplit into factions in conſequence of the eſtabliſhment of a new aſſembly, the etiquette of which could not be ſettled to the general ſatisfaction. One lady was deſirous of being queen or conductreſs, and this gave offence to the reſt. Thus, the partizans of Mrs. A. turned up their noſes at the friends of Mrs. B. while Mrs. C—whoſe adherents were alſo numerous—retorted the contempt upon them both, and in her turn was ſaluted with a whole volly of gibes and ſarcaſms by the ſtaunch abettors of Mrs. D. A decent poet might have picked up ſomething tolerable among them for ſatires and lampoons. How it operated with me is very apparent. Water and oil—fire and ice—modern muſic and genius—could not be more inimical than were theſe parties to each other. If I would have performed four times in the day, I might have had them all ſeparately; but together! no conſideration upon earth could have induced them to mix. One lady certainly did trifle with me in a ſtrange kind of way—but as no longer ago than yeſterday I received intelligence that ſhe ſubſcribes for four copies, I ſhould hope matters were miſrepreſented to me; for as to her uneaſineſs leſt I ſhould introduce her into my TOUR—which has alſo been hinted—I cannot ſuppoſe ſhe has any apprehenſions on that account. To be ſure her conduct was a good deal like the ladies at BATH; ſhe did appoint a time for me when nobody could be there, and afterwards made me keep a company waiting more than an hour, under an idea that ſhe was coming at the head of a large party—and, at length, ſent word that neither they nor her could attend me—though ſhe knew the performance of that night was an additional one in compliment to her.

The moſt curious treatment I met with at DERBY was from old ſurly DREWRY, the printer. This groſſly ignorant *man of letters* took it into his head—becauſe I thought proper to pay ſome attention to Mr. PRITCHARD, who was once under him, and to whom he cannot have the ſmalleſt objection, except that he begins very faſt to take away his cuſtom—to be offended; and the method he took of ſhewing his reſentment was to charge half-a-crown a hundred for the ſame ſort of bills which he had printed the firſt time I was

there for eighteen-pence. I really thought an *advance* of forty per cent, even in ſo trifling a buſineſs, was worth a remonſtrance. This was what he wanted. He boiled with rage, and the truth came out. I aſked him how he would like to be put in the TOUR. "Damme," ſaid he, "clap me up in your *Tower* "at your peril." I told him I always did what I was dared to; and here he may perceive I am as good as my word. My diſcovery, however, has nothing new in it—his overbearing, purſe-proud ignorant conſequence, are as much known in DERBY, as the accommodating, modeſt, and obliging behaviour of Mr. PRITCHARD—the object of his envy—and it will have this operation: in proportion as one grows malicious, the other will be proſperous. I mention this circumſtance with ſome regret, as it is the only inſtance of incivility I have, to this day, met with from printers. To *all* I am indebted for ſome kindneſs; to MANY for much civility and kind attention; and to SOME FEW for a liberality and friendly ſolicitude which will ever make the warmeſt impreſſion on me; even little BURBAGE—as far as it conſiſts with a *money getting man*—I ſincerely believe would do any thing to ſerve me.

I returned to NEWARK on Friday the twenty-ſixth, and took up my abode with honeſt, worthy JEMMY WALLIS, who keeps the *Wing Tavern* and makes *monuments*—being at once employed on *feaſting the living*, and *commemorating the dead*. Nor is he more inadequate to one than the other: his *cellar* is as full of *good wine* as his *head* of *taſty* and *neat ornaments*. But as no man is better beloved, or ſtudied to do me more friendly offices, ſo my panegyric, even were it twenty times as ſtrong, will anſwer no other purpoſe than that of doing common juſtice to a valuable character. Some indeed may blame me for telling the world of the merits of a man only particularly known at NEWARK—and cry out—'what is Mr. WALLIS's wine to me, who 'ſhall never drink any of it.' Sir RICHARD STEEL had his ESTCOURT, and why ſhould not I have my WALLIS? No ESTCOURT upon earth ever deſerved to be better ſpoken of. The only difference is, the two pens are not alike equal to the taſk, which certainly is not an unworthy one, for it has drawn

drawn from the editor of the *Spectator*—in that nervous touching eulogium which he concludes with ſaying the pen drops out of his hand—one of the brighteſt effuſions of his genius. It is true this beautiful glowing tribute of warm friendſhip to private worth deplores the *death* of ESTCOURT, while WALLIS—though every day recording the deceaſed virtues of others—keeps a ſtate of robuſt health that ſeems, like a towering elm, to defy the depredations of time.

The hiſtory of my jaunt to GRANTHAM—during the preparation for LADY LINCOLN's night—was this: I took a letter to a gentleman, who told me he could do me no manner of ſervice; and in particular, that he could not be preſent on the firſt night of my performance. Finding, however, that LORD and LADY BROWNLOW and ſome other people of diſtinction were there, he came alſo; but adviſed me not to have another night till the following week; to which I did *not* conſent. He, however, propagated that I *did*, and in conſequence nobody attended. This gentleman's kind conduct was owing to his being director of the GRANTHAM concert, and it is evident he feared that if I drew too much company, *his* appearance would be but thin. All this Mr. F. SHARP can teſtify for me, who was very ſolicitous to oblige and do me ſervice. This nonſenſe, and the arrival of the DUKE OF RUTLAND's corpſe, ſent me back to NEWARK, to prepare for the next Saturday, and ſet JEMMY WALLIS a curſing the GRANTHAMITES.

From the evening of my performance at the deſire of LORD and LADY LINCOLN, I date the commencement of my itinerant proſperity; which—differing from the matter in this letter as widely as *earth* and *air*—will be the ſubject of another, and I ſhall finiſh it, as I do this, with complete ſincerity, by aſſuring you that I am, moſt faithfully,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Durham, Feb. 26, 1788.

LETTER XXXIX.

LOCAL MATTER.

"To catch the living manners as they riſe,
"And boldly ſhoot at folly as it flies."

To the Rev. Mr.——.

DEAR SIR,

AT GRANTHAM, on the 22d of November, I received a letter from Mr. HARRIS, the contents of which I ſhall defer mentioning till I go over that matter regularly. Before I left NEWARK for GRANTHAM, in order to accommodate LORD and LADY LINCOLN, I made an application reſpectively to the corporation for uſe of the aſſembly room; and having obtained leave *individually*, I was aſtoniſhed to find, on my return, that *collectively* they objected to it. In conſequence of this, I found myſelf unpleaſantly ſituated. I was relieved, however, from my anxiety by Mr. MIDGELEY, who keeps the *Kingſton Arms*; the hiſtory of which houſe, in a former letter, I promiſed to give in its place. Mr. MIDGELEY offered to let me have his large room gratis, and I accepted the offer; in conſequence of which I fancy he expects to be ſpoken very well of in this publication, and handſomely recommended to the notice of *people of faſhion*, whoſe accommodation—to the great annoyance of *ſtage-coach travellers* and *bagmen*—he very anxiouſly ſtudies. I ſhall, however, go no ſtep further than the truth to oblige all the Mr. MIDGELEYS upon earth. And the truth is this: When I firſt paſſed through NEWARK—as I mention in its place—I ate a dinner remarkably

markably well dreſſed, and in conſequence returned to the ſame houſe. I then found that the landlord had been cook to the PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES, and that the houſe was famous for culinary excellence. I therefore indulged myſelf in two or three favourite diſhes, the merits of which I ſo loudly chaunted the praiſe of—having eaten them in perfection in FRANCE—that he, I ſuppoſe, fancied me UN MY LOR. Finding, however, I was—according to the mayor of NOTTINGHAM—only an *actor man*, I ſuppoſe, by what followed, he was determined to be revenged of me for being innocently the cauſe of his paying me a little reſpect. He therefore gave me a miſerable bad pair of horſes to NOTTINGHAM, one of which fell down, and detained me half an hour on the road; and though he promiſed that he would very faithfully take care of any letters that might be directed for me to his houſe, yet he refuſed ſome that were brought in my abſence, which, but for the kindneſs of JEMMY WALLIS, I ſhould not—without great difficulty—have received. When he found LORD and LADY LINCOLN had beſpoke a night, the tables were turned again, and it was impoſſible, with all his conſequence, to put on a more fulſome ſhew of adulation. If he thought this was the way to procure my praiſe, he will find, by reading the above, how far he ſucceeded.

NEWARK, like MALTON, in ſome degree failed, owing to my having imprudently placed my dependance on a *parſon* and a *lawyer*; but, in return, I became acquainted with another attorney, who paid me much attention, and without an intereſted motive; I therefore record the circumſtance according to my promiſe, as one of thoſe which in all my life—much leſs during my tour—I have ſeldom had the good fortune to meet with.

On Sunday the twenty-fifth I arrived at DONCASTER, and that evening paid my reſpects to Dr. MILLER. I own I had nohopes of this place, and if I had entertained any, they would have been baulked—for it was like DERBY,

divided into parties: each of which ſeemed determined to deprive itſelf of its own pleaſure rather than not diſturb the tranquillity of its neighbour.

This inſtance in country towns of deſtroying that ſociality which they ſeem ſo peculiarly ſituated for the enjoyment of, is aſtoniſhing. Some author mentions a circumſtance of four perſons who were going to the land's end in a ſtage coach. The firſt twenty miles they all ſpoke together; further on they were the beſt friends in the world, but were content with ſpeaking one at a time; preſently they all yawned; by and by fell aſleep; and, before they parted, cordially wiſhed one another at the devil. Now all this is natural enough. Theſe people were never to meet again. But the firſt idea of ſettling in the country is a ſociable neighbourhood; and, as thoſe who are ſo ſituated muſt neceſſarily be near each other during a number of dull months, common policy would induce them, one ſhould think, to give and receive as much rational pleaſure as poſſible. But pride attends every ſituation in life. Mrs. DOUBLE TRIPE, the cook, looks with contempt on the ſcullion. Mrs. HANDY, my lady's maid, addreſſes Mrs. DOUBLE TRIPE by the title of *good woman*. Mrs. CRINGE, the toad-eater, ſneers ſuperciliouſly at Mrs. HANDY; while ſhe, in her turn, is huffed and dinged about by MY LADY, and blamed for putting her out of humour, ſpoiling her complexion, and loſing her lovers. A *corporal* is as proud of relieving a *centinal* as a *general* of commanding an *army*, and a *ſtrolling actor* is as much a monarch for the time being as the EMPEROR OF GERMANY.*

At

* A fooliſh *ſtage-ſtruck* young man ran away from his friends, and got among a moſt low and miſerable ſet of ſtrollers. A relation, after a time, diſcovered him juſt as he was going on to the ſtage in KING RICHARD; and, on reading him a pretty ſevere lecture on his folly and diſobedience, received an anſwer ſuitable to all the ridiculous conſequence and aſſumed pomp of a mock monarch. To which he anſwered—'theſe are fine lofty words but 'tis a great pity, Mr. KING RICHARD, that you could 'not afford to buy a better pair of ſhoes.' The actor looking at his toes, which were ſtaring him in the face—without looſing his vivacity—cried out "ſhoes!—Oh damme, ſhoes are things we KINGS "don't STAND UPON."

At DONCASTER the ladies of independant fortune had eſtabliſhed an aſſembly, and finding on a former occaſion they were intruded on by others of inferior diſtinction, they came to a reſolution of admitting no tradeſman nor any of his family to the aſſembly. This of courſe gave umbrage to the major part of the place, who, in return, determined to have an aſſembly apart. Here for a little time the matter reſted, and it muſt have been no unpleaſant thing to ſee the lower houſe muſter numerouſly, when the upper houſe could get ſcarcely any members to attend it. At length this ſecond aſſembly began to divide. Miſs LATITAT, the attorney's daughter, made Mrs. FRIZ, the barber's wife, no *return* to her curtſey; while Mrs. PTISIC, the phyſician's lady, ſneered at the upſtart conſequence of Miſs BUMPER, the innkeeper's daughter, and wondered that ſhe ſhould have the impudence to *precribe* rules of good breeding to her. A ſecond diviſion was the conſequence, and a third meeting formed, which, for diſtinction, was called the *checked apron aſſembly*. This caprice deſtroyed every expectation of enjoyment among them; their meetings being ill attended—and of courſe unſociable—inſtead of anſwering the deſired purpoſe, produced nothing but envy, bickering, and diſcord; and, were a ſample of rational manners to be taken from them, would give an idea that human creatures were born to plague inſtead of accommodate each other. All this would have been the conſequence at NEWARK, which LADY LINCOLN very ſenſibly foreſeeing—with an amiable complacency truly noble—headed the aſſembly, and diſpenſed her favours with ſo equal a hand, that it cauſed every where an emulation—not to aſſume falſe conſequence, but imitate true greatneſs.*

Yours, very truly

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, March 1, 1788.

* DIOGENES being aſked how he could live in a *naſty tub*, when he might baſk in the favour of a *court*, replied—It is true I am deprived of the ſmiles of KINGS, but I don't find the *ſun* is more aſhamed of my *tub* than a *palace*.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

ANOTHER CLERICAL CHARACTER, AND A THOUSAND MUSICAL ONES.

"While in a heap the jarring atoms lay."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I ſhall trouble you with nothing concerning the entertainment at DONCASTER, which I did but twice—each time to a loſs. Not, however, to be inconſiſtent, I ſtick to my aſſertion, that my plan began to brighten up at DONCASTER. The buſineſs of the ſubſcription went on pretty faſt, and I received ſuch good intelligence from WAKEFIELD, LEEDS, and other places, that I could no longer doubt of good ſucceſs. Beſides, DONCASTER introduced me to the intimacy of Dr. MILLER and the countenance of Mr. DRUMMOND, who I ſincerely hope will not be offended if, according to my purſuit of common juſtice, I take the liberty to ſpeak of him. It is not, however, neceſſary to ſay much—for, when it is known that a clergyman is venerated by his neighbourhood—that the poor among his pariſhioners look up to him as a father—that he is the benefactor of merit—the comforter of the helpleſs—that born largely to enjoy the promiſcuous bleſſings of life, his ſole delight is the rational and enchanting pleaſures centered in the amiable duties of a huſband and a father—and then add that this example of human perfection is no more than *twenty-ſix*—I believe it will be pretty difficult to advance any thing ſtronger on the ſubject. I cannot, however, debar myſelf the pleaſure of relating one circumſtance—in corro-

boration

boration of the above—which happened while I was there. The ſmall pox—of a confluent and fatal kind—had raged very violently and was continually ſweeping off numbers of the inhabitants—Mr. DRUMMOND having attended ſeveral burials, determined to ſtop, as much as in his power, the progreſs of this alarming evil, preached a ſermon full of good ſenſe and ſtrong feeling, in favour of inoculation, and afterwards proclaimed that thoſe who choſe to have their children inoculated might do ſo at his expence. So blind, however, is human folly, that but nine applied while I ſtayed. One poor woman being aſked why ſhe did not avail herſelf of Mr. DRUMMOND's goodneſs, anſwered—'I thank God, my children are all bleſſed angels in heaven!'

I was in the whole a week at DONCASTER, which I paſſed very happily, in the company of Dr. MILLER. I know no man of more liberal ſentiments, nor whoſe ſtudies are applied to more worthy purpoſes. His public letter concerning the *muſical fund*, and advice towards the eſtabliſhment of ſuch an inſtitution in the country, is full of generous, ſpirited, and ſenſible remarks; and it will do him laſting honour that his plan has already been in ſome meaſure adopted. His inſtitutes are another proof of his wiſhes to make his abilities of public uſe. They are a work calculated to reduce the ſtudy of muſic to ſomething like rule, in the nature of a grammar; and for a firſt attempt in this way—for he was very conſcious that any thing of ſuch a kind would be conſidered as a dangerous innovation—has great perſpicuity, and may be made generally ſerviceable. But here I muſt tell Dr. MILLER and the public a ſecret. The maſters, as they are called, fearing their myſteries ſhould be revealed, which, like the glorious uncertainty of the law, is the ſource of emolument, decry this work of his whenever they can, and make their ſcholars believe it is only capable of teaching them a few ſuperficial rules; whereas their whole fear is, leſt it draw aſide the veil of impoſition, and diſcover that deception by which they contrive to lead on a ſcholar, in the courſe of two or three years, to the knowledge of what they might, upon a plain, eaſy, ſimple principle, accompliſh in a few weeks. His elements of thorough baſs is ano-

ther ingenious work. He ſeems to have kept RAMEAU ſtrongly in mind, and he could not—tempered with his own obſervations—have had a better model. I am only ſorry he did not keep to thoſe uſeful poſitions which ſo dumb-found theoriſts, as they are called—ſuch as maintaining that there is not in the ſyſtem of harmony any thing more than the common chord and the ſeventh—ſince by ſhewing how abſtruſe reſolutions may be made, every man will not take the matter upon the ground of its being a ſevere ſatire on *mere* profeſſors, but ſuppoſe he countenances the introduction of ſuch chords. It is certain his book would have tended more to ſimplify harmony without it. But then he would have had all the cavillers in full cry after him—and every man is not obliged to ſet himſelf the Herculean taſk of a reformer. He therefore gave them two roads, which—like thoſe of virtue and vice—one is flowery and the other rugged. Perhaps he did wiſely. Thoſe who would be pleaſed with little trouble will chuſe *ſimplicity* for their guide—thoſe who would ſearch and never come to the end of their journey will follow *difficulty*.

I cannot introduce *muſic* ſo well—for I confeſs to you I mean now to dwell ſome time on that ſubject—as by a deſcription of *muſicians*; nor *muſicians*, as by ſpeaking of the *muſical fund*. This inſtitution is too well known to need a ſtatement of its origin, riſe, and progreſs. The newſpapers give frequent accounts of the thouſands which are continually pouring into its coffers. But does any one know what becomes of them? Is ſuch an inſtitution worthy the benevolent contribution of hundreds, and the auguſt patronage of a great, powerful—and what is more, incomparably more—a good and beneficent monarch, which ſuffers the neglected duſt of the matchleſs ARNE to lie without a ſtone to tell where it periſhes? Who can ſuppreſs his indignation when he conſiders that the widow of this great man—old and friendleſs—applied to this ſociety—ſo ſupported, ſo patronized—and went away with the tear of diſtreſs on her cheek, ſtarted by the language of reproof? And what think ye was the excuſe for this unfeeling refuſal? 'Dr. ARNE had been, it 'was true, one of the moſt ancient members of the muſical fund; he had 'many

'many years given it countenance and ſupport; his oratorios had produced it 'good benefits, and'—which one would think was a ſtronger argument than all the reſt—'his catches and glees had cauſed half the drunkenneſs and diſor-'der that pervaded their convivial meetings, when the reckoning was paid out 'of the ſtock;—but, there was a law which ſubjected any member to a ſen-'tence of expulſion, if he or ſhe ſhould neglect to ſubſcribe his or her quota 'for four ſeveral times; and Dr. ARNE having been in IRELAND, and ſo 'guilty of this neglect, he and his were for ever cut off from any claim to be 'relieved by the fund!'

The widow of MICHAEL ARNE applied with as little ſucceſs. There was ſomething in this caſe whiſpered about difference of opinion in religion. If it be true, it can only be ſaid that the beſt names may be proſtituted to the vileſt purpoſes. It is curious, at any rate, to talk of the religious ſentiments of muſicians. Harmony, in its extenſive and univerſal acceptation, is certainly allied to a contemplation of that great and expanded ſymmetry and grace which ſo wonderfully qualify and knit together the various contrarieties on the face of nature, through the influence of contending elements, into one concordant whole—but for the members of the muſical fund to draw an inference from the ſimilitude of muſic to moral or revealed religion—liſten to the calls of humanity—or, indeed, make any uſe of their ſtock except to relieve their tools and gratify their own luxurious pleaſures—would be a ſpecies of harmony beyond their capacity; for it is founded in *nature*, it opens to *benevolence*, and *modulating* through all the fine and exquiſite feelings of nice honour and ſmiling philanthropy, it cloſes in that beſt of *keys*—the HEART.

A conſideration of Dr. MILLER's public letter, and a further inveſtigation of this *charitable inſtitution*, ſhall be the ſubject of my next; after which I ſhall open my cauſe in form of NATURE, *verſus* THEORY. The firſt I take to be the ſtate of muſic after the chaos, and the latter ſo ſweetly deſcribed by

by DRYDEN, "while in a heap of jarring atoms lay"—to which ſtate, in the minds of many of its profeſſors, have the want of fancy, the abſence of taſte, and the dearth of genius, again reduced it—far removed from the harmony of the ſoul; and, of courſe, from that pleaſure with which I repeat ſo often that I am,

Moſt ſincerely,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, March 2, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

"*The King ſhould know it.*"

To the Rev. Mr.——.

DEAR SIR,

DR. MILLER addreſſes himſelf, in his firſt letter, to the noblemen and gentlemen managers of the different feſtivals in commemoration of HANDEL, praying that the muſicians in the country, as well as thoſe reſident in LONDON, may be entitled to ſome relief from that fund which their labours help to accumulate. He truly ſays, that charity ought not to be confined to any particular place; and urges a variety of ſtrong arguments to ſupport his laudable purpoſe. His ſecond letter is to the directors of *the fund* itſelf—whom he adviſes to admit regular country muſicians as members. He ſtrenuouſly appeals to their feelings as men and profeſſors of the ſame art—inſtances the numerous charities for whoſe emolument muſicians perform gratis. He exclaims, "unfortunate profeſſors of a noble ſcience! "Unhappy ſons of an unnatural parent! who, while ſhe procures wealth "and comfort to others, ſuffers her own children to pine in miſery and "want!"

This effort to procure relief for country muſicians is however as extravagantly abſurd, as it is nobly liberal. What have the noblemen and gentlemen to do with diſpenſing the profit of the Abbey feſtivals? It is ſifted as often

as flour, and—according to honeſt JOE—it would be wonderful if ſome of it did not ſtick by the way. I have had very particular opportunity to notice, that if nothing elſe diſgraces the king's patronage in the buſineſs of the feſtivals, the paltry haggling bargains that are made with the country muſicians—and all in the names of theſe noblemen and gentlemen who know nothing about it—are a ſcandal to any ſet of men who boaſt the ſmalleſt pretenſions to exerciſe a liberal profeſſion. In ſhort, it is—like every thing of that kind—a job. And how ſhould it be otherwiſe? Inſtead of placing at the head of it ſuch men as Dr. HAYES and Dr. BURNEY, the power is veſted in ſubordinate muſicians; who, like COLONEL COCKBURN, never get rid of the *black hole*, the *gin*, and the *cat-o'nine-tails*.* And theſe, by this appointment, are to dictate to men under whoſe command common policy ſays they ought to march. Can any thing therefore be ſo futile and ineffectual as an attempt to turn ſuch a tide as this—over which theſe men are the moon, and contrive to influence it into that channel where it can ebb and flow at their pleaſure.

As to the letter to the directors of the fund itſelf, how could a man of Dr MILLER's good ſenſe expect to have it noticed? Will a miſer ſpare a ſingle guinea out of his iron cheſt to ſave a life, or a drunkard a ſingle drop out of his pint bumper? Poor men! their fund amounts at preſent but to thirty-three thouſand pounds, and I declare—though I have had pretty nearly as much to do with the muſical tribe as any man—I do not know at this moment any one object who derives a benefit from this charity.

Theſe

* This *noble commander*, becauſe he could not conceal it, was continually boaſting of his riſe from a private man. His conſtant expreſſion was, "did you ever ſee me do ſo and ſo when I was a private "ſoldier." One day, in the iſland of St. EUSTATIUS, as he was reviewing the troops, he took notice of a man in the ranks who was very dirty. Going up to him—ſaid he, "How dare you appear in "that naſty condition—your ſhirt's as black as ink! Did you ever ſee me with ſuch a dirty ſhirt?" 'No, your honour' anſwered the man, 'to be ſure, your honour, I never did—but then, your ho-'nour will pleaſe to recollect, that your honour's mother—*was a waſher woman!*'

Theſe letters, however, though they could make no impreſſion on that marble to which they were addreſſed, nevertheleſs rouſed the reſolutions of a few hopeleſs men, who—among a number of others—had been the ſport of that ignorant arrogance that diſtinguiſhes the *horn* and *kettle-drum*, which make up the factotum of this wiſely and honeſtly conducted inſtitution.*

Mr. SMART—who keeps a muſic ſhop in OXFORD-STREET, and is alſo a performer—applied to become a member of the muſical fund. Mr. SMART happens to be one of thoſe very few who are bleſt with good intellects; and it is not wonderful that he ſhould, in his life, have differed in opinion from theſe conſequential muſical COCKBURNS, at the head of the harmonic army. There could not be any poſſibly legitimate reaſon for getting rid of his application; yet diſmiſſed it muſt be—"becauſe why?" ſaid one, "if we lets "that there feller come among us, damme, but he'll be up to the rig "preſently."† At length an idea was ſuggeſted—for which the perſon who ſtarted it received the thanks of the meeting—that it being a rule for every propoſed member to give in an account of his ſituation and the ſtate of his family, Mr. SMART had certainly produced a paper ſaying he had a wife and four children, but in ſo doing his intention muſt have been to impoſe on

* There is a young man whom, from the following circumſtance alone, I hope to take by the hand in INDIA. He was bred to muſic—but ſeventeen—and fearing the ill conſequences of keeping company with muſicians in LONDON, he reſolved to go abroad—firſt ſending a letter to his father, in which were theſe words: "The men I am obliged to mix with are ſo *ignorant*, ſo *envious*, and ſo *pro-* "*fligate*, that I dread, ſhould I ſtay among them, what might happen to inexperience like mine."

† As my book is to be read at many places in the country, and ſhould not of courſe be merely calculated for the meridian of LONDON, I may as well write to be generally underſtood. I have always thought that there is nothing like making a man tell his own ſtory. It is the moment of all others when his heart is moſt to be ſeen. His habits, manners, affections, and foibles, are then ſo expoſed that a tolerably ſagacious obſerver may very eaſily diſcover the ſpot where he is moſt vulnerable; beſides, it is unfair to rob a man's expreſſions of any of their brilliancy. For theſe and other reaſons equally cogent, I ſhall always endeavour, as ſtrongly as poſſible, to place my actors within the mental perception of my readers—in the ſtile however of the ancient drama, acting myſelf the part of a chorus,

on the charity; for at the very time he delivered in that paper, ſo worded, he well knew Mrs. SMART was pregnant of her *fifth* child. It was moved and carried that Mr. SMART had endeavoured to get admiſſion as a member of the *muſical fund* by ſurreptitious means, and, therefore ſhould never be entitled to any benefit from it.

It was after this tranſaction that Dr. MILLER's letter got into Mr. SMART's hands; he conſulted a few others, and, by dint of a laudable perſeverance, a NEW FUND is actually eſtabliſhed, which already conſiſts of a decent ſum, and has the ſanction of many gentlemen of both worldly—as well as profeſſional—rank and conſequence.

This letter will rouſe the charitable muſicians more than all the rods with which I mean to tingle them hereafter: but I defy them to controvert it. Dr. HOWARD has an hundred times declared that it was an iniquitous buſineſs.

chorus, by way of giving a general explanation to all thoſe paſſages that would otherwiſe be inexplicable, owing to idiom, cuſtom, profeſſion, or locality. The inſtance above is one of the ſtrongeſt I ſhall have the neceſſity to adduce. There is a language or lingo in LONDON, in the opinion of rhetoricians, of a very beautiful kind—for it is entirely figurative—called SLANG. This PATTER—which is another of its names—is frequently in the mouths of muſicians, who, by imitating the inhabitants of St. GILES's—whence this elegant improvement on the vulgar tongue boaſts its origin—in their manners, debaucheries, and even the *compilation* of NEW MUSIC, adopt alſo their very mode of expreſſion. I will not pretend to ſay that I ſhall always make myſelf perfectly clear; but when I find I cannot, I ſhall have for conſolation the recollection that one of theſe St. GILES's birds once ſo confounded LORD MANSFIELD, that he was obliged to let him go, without being able to gather any thing from his evidence;—but then this gentleman was an *adept*, whereas muſicians, neither in language nor any thing elſe, aſpire to more than *imitation*. The trial was concerning ſome quarrel in the ſtreet, and the KIDDY—the gentleman's *ſlang name*—was to give an account of all he knew. "Why," ſaid he "my Lord, "as I was coming by the corner of the ſtreet, I *ſtagged* the man." 'Pray,' ſaid LORD MANSFIELD, 'what is *ſtagging* a man?' "*Stagging*, my Lord, why you ſee, I was *down upon him*."—'Well, but I don't underſtand *down upon him* any more than I do *ſtagging* him. Do ſpeak to be underſtood.' "Why, you ſee, my Lord—and pleaſe your lordſhip—I ſpeaks as well as I can. I was *up*, "d'ye ſee me, *to all he knew*." 'To all he knew! I am as much in the dark as ever.' "Well, then, "my Lord, I'll tell you how it was." 'Aye—now.' "Why, ſeeing as how he was a *rum kid*, I was "*one upon his tibby*." In ſhort, he was ſent out of court, and was heard in the hall to ſay to one of his companions, that he had glorioufly *queered* old FULL BOTTOM.

buſineſs. Dr. BURNEY ſaid, ſome time ago, he had waſhed his hands of them; and they will never get over the reſpectable meeting at the free-maſons' tavern; where their ſcandalous conduct was ſo ſeverely reprobated, and the NEW FUND ſo liberally contributed to. In ſhort, while the *living* profeſſors of a liberal art are totally diſcouraged, men of real genius will naturally turn their thoughts to ſomething elſe; obliged, however, to deplore that promotions in *ſcience*—like thoſe in the *army* and *navy*—go not by *merit* but *intereſt*; and that, in future, to aſpire to muſical preferment, you muſt begin by being a fifer in the guards. Theſe are the ſchools, as Mrs. PEACHUM ſays, which produced ſo many great men. I will venture to ſay, SIMPSON, the hautboy player, has done more injury to the cauſe of *real genius*—to which he was a ſtranger himſelf, and therefore hated it in all mankind—than all the feſtivals in commemoration of HANDEL will ever do good.* I do not, however, pretend to ſay that the guards have not aſſiſted the cauſe of muſic in this country very materially. The two PARKES, FORSTER, poor HOLLAND, and many others, are convincing proofs that it is the beſt nurſery for wind inſtrumental performers in this kingdom. But ſurely theſe are not to be put in competition with men by means of whoſe expanded fancy and fine judgment are *conceived* thoſe delicious ſounds which, at beſt, they can but *utter!* My whole ſenſitive faculties revolt when I hear of an imperious *kettle drummer* chaffering with ſuch a man as Dr. HAYES—and out of the thouſands received for admiſſion to the feſtivals—like a huckſter, haggling for a few pounds—which at laſt, perhaps, may go to furniſh out the revels of a guard room, at the SAVOY. The old women in this country ſay, if any thing is amiſs, "the king ſhould know it." If he *properly* knew this—ſo graciouſly benignant are his private virtues, ſo much does he greatly pique himſelf on being much a MAN, as well as a MONARCH—that I ſincerely believe the words of the ſailor would be verified, and that ſomebody would chance to get a *ſalt eel.*

* I ſhall give a ſtrong inſtance of this when I ſpeak of *Love in the City*, an Opera, performed at *Covent-garden Theatre.*

Arm yourſelf with patience. I have dipped into muſic, and you know when I begin I do not eaſily leave off. To ſhew, however, that I am conſiſtent, there are other things I as cloſely ſtick to—one of which is my continually aſſuring you that I am,

Moſt ſincerely,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, March 2, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

ON HARMONY.

" From harmony—from heavenly harmony—the univerſal frame began!"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

LEAVING DONCASTER, I went, by invitation, to WAKEFIELD; where, having ſome leiſure, I threw a few looſe thoughts on paper concerning muſic—which can no where come ſo properly as in this letter.

Philoſophers truly ſay that even the minuteſt objects have place on the ſcale of univerſal harmony; and—ſpite of VOLTAIRE's PLATO's *Demiurgos** —nettles and toads are not without their uſe. But it does not follow that men are to be continually peeping into the holes and corners of nature for objects that cannot poſſibly ſatisfy a ſingle ſenſation but curioſity, which even in its gratification will be accompanied with diſguſt. Theſe poſitions minutely hold good in relation to muſic. Diſcords are ſaid to be the ſoul of harmony; which—if this declaration be admitted—muſt be, according to POLONIUS, very unlike *wit*; diſcords being the very reverſe of *brevity*. So much indeed are they the limbs and outward flouriſhes, that one would think they were introduced to *bewilder* what they ought to *elucidate*. Yet fear not, ye

* It is almoſt unneſſary to ſay I allude to PLATO's dream on general good and evil, which having related to his ſcholars, and harrangued them for a conſiderable time, on the ſubject of it, till he and they are tired—one of them yawning, cries out " and ſo then I ſuppoſe—*you awoke*."

ye mere harmoniſts, but I ſhall allow that diſcords have their uſe; but dare not to think of them otherwiſe than as the *ſpiders* and *hemloc* of muſic, or that they are more material to the *ſoul of harmony* than thoſe noxious objects to the univerſal *ſyſtem of nature*.

Speaking to men of common ſenſe, I cannot be ſuppoſed to addreſs myſelf to more than one out of twenty muſicians. Nor am I aſhamed or afraid of making the declaration. No man need be aſhamed of telling the truth; and for the fear—the whole twenty will reſpectively believe themſelves alluded to by the above exception; in which caſe I ſhall be thanked rather than blamed: for where is the man—a muſician eſpecially—who will not chuckle at even an imaginary hit at his neighbour.

To expreſs myſelf leſs archly, and probably more to the point. What I am going to ſay relative to harmony ſhall, or I have loſt my aim, apply to all men who have underſtandings, be they muſicians or not muſicians; and as it is a ſubject on which a great deal has been both ſaid and done to very little purpoſe—as it has opened, as far as it goes, as many doors to impoſition as law or prieſtcraft, and as been as conducive to picking of pockets as a ſeminary at ST. GILES'S—I conceive it my duty at leaſt to attempt a reform.

If ever term had a poſitive implication, the etymology of the word muſic is—to *pleaſe*, to *charm*, to *delight*. Mr. HERON, the critic, if he felt what I do at this moment, would ſay—I will ſpurn at common rules, and change—the better to expreſs myſelf—this *ſubſtantive* muſic into a *verb*, and conjugate it through all the moods and tenſes. It is true, muſic may excite horror, but then it is a mimic horror, which has its delectable effects. The *ear* is the door of the *heart*—and I will venture to pronounce there is no *perfect* muſic but that which is *pleaſing*. The demonſtration is clear: nothing can be *perfect* that is *incomplete*. Mere *harmony* is incomplete, for it is a BODY to which *melody* is the SOUL. *Ergo—mere harmony* is not *perfect muſic*.

The

The Engliſh, from their natural goodneſs of heart, take upon hearſay a man's abilities. "I am no judge—I can't ſay I heard any thing ſtriking in "ſuch an air—but the man has great reputation, and of courſe his muſic is "good—though I muſt confeſs it does not ſeem to me to be very pleaſing." Let this for ever decide upon ſuch ſort of judgment—

If a man have a diſpoſition to be pleaſed with muſic—though he be totally ignorant of it as a ſcience—if he can point out what air has ever given him real pleaſure—which he muſt be qualified to do if he has heard the *Beggar's Opera* or *Comus*—if ſuch a man ſhould liſten with attention a firſt, a ſecond, and a third time to an air, and yet cannot feel a delight capable of the cleareſt explanation—and heaven knows that may eaſily be now a days!—that muſic deſerves to be burnt, even though HANDEL were the compoſer. This rule, however, is liable to ſome correction. *Original* muſic will never ſtrike at firſt equal to what it will upon repetition; ſo that original compoſers—and indeed ſo do writers—run the moſt riſque. Care therefore ought to be had to examine whether it is from the ſtile of the muſic the hearer cannot immediately decide. The infallible way, however, is to hear the air repeatedly—and if at length it catch hold of the heart, the trouble is well recompenſed by the pleaſure it will ever afterwards afford.

By the ſame token, let not the auditor form a *haſty* judgment. A familiar air jigging upon the ear may be *pleaſing*, but it will, moſt probably, be *ſtolen*; in which caſe, it can be entitled only to an illegitimate reputation; and—like a preſent imitation of GARRICK—though ever ſo perfect, ſerve only to make us regret that the incomparable original—*is no more!*

Any man with an ear and a heart, made rather of more penetrable ſtuff than the gentleman at LINCOLN, may venture to pronounce his opinion on MUSIC. I do not, however, mean thoſe carping, cavilling critics, who, as it were, take the dimenſions of ſounds, and go about to explain their excellence

as methodically as they would to bore a cylinder or weigh air. Theſe have *ears* too, but they are, like that of DIONYSIUS, *expanded* to diſcover—*all the faults.*

Let not, therefore, any one be deterred from freely giving his ſentiments, after having conſulted his heart. Harmony is not intended to conceal the beauties of muſic, but to round and perfect them; and men may as well talk of a *picture* without an *outline*, as *muſic* without *air*. In ſhort, all the labyrinth of harmony may be mechanically explored, but melody is that charm from which muſic receives animation, which cannot be attained by the art of man, but is an intuitive principle derived from nature. I do not underſtand the text—" from harmony, from heavenly harmony, the univerſal " frame began." It could not be harmony till it was completed. From a chaos of ſounds men of brilliant fancy and good taſte ſelect a certain number, and model them into form and order:—for it cannot be denied that a ſong is as perfectly underſtood with a ſingle voice as accompanied by a band.—*Harmony* ſerves to *ornament* and *ſet off* the *melody*, but cannot do more. In ſhort, *melody* is the *naked figure*, and *harmony* the *dreſs*—which now a-days is as fantaſtical and ridiculous as the clothes of men and women—and I believe I need not ſay any thing ſtronger to prove that harmony ſhould contain nothing but what is *neat*, *convenient*, and *graceful*, which every body underſtands. *Ergo* every body is muſician enough to be a muſical critic; and thus the ſtupid nonſenſe of theoriſts ought for ever to be ſilenced:—but there would be as much difficulty to do that, as to prevent me from telling you how much I am

Yours

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, March 4, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

A RETURN TO PLACES AND CHARACTERS.

"If variety be a pleaſure in life."

To the Rev. Mr.——.

DEAR SIR,

I ſhall drop a little the ſubject of muſic, to tell you how I ſped at WAKEFIELD, and introduce to your notice ſuch characters and incidents as are now ripe for your obſervation. Among theſe let me firſt ſpeak of one of the moſt intelligent, cheerful, pleaſant men I have met with. I mean Mr. CLEMENTSHAW, who is by every body admired and reſpected, and whoſe converſation—for indeed it is very deſireable—is every where deſired. He is the organiſt—was a pupil of Dr. MILLER—has all the neighbouring teaching—and is in a very comfortable and reputable ſituation. His performance on the harpſichord is ſecond only to BOYTON; nay, when we conſider that this happy, eaſy man—whoſe face is never without a ſmile, nor I believe his heart without a benevolent ſenſation—is blind—which I would not declare did I not know his perfect good ſenſe and ſtrong philoſophy—he may, in ſome reſpects, be conſidered as BOYTON's equal. No man's converſation is more agreeable, for no man has a more perſpicuous and decided judgment on all general ſubjects. But his great forte is a rational laugh. He ſhall make you more and better extemporary puns in an hour—with a view to *laugh at punning*—than Mr. O'KEEFE would ſtudiouſly introduce in a whole

piece

piece, in expectation of *fame*.* He has read every thing, has a wonderfully retentive memory, and ſeparates and diſcriminates ſentiments and opinions in an elegant taſte, and with modeſt and convincing arguments. In ſhort, I know not any man in whoſe company I have felt more pleaſure; no wonder therefore I take ſo much in repeating it. Mr. SOUTHERN, of WAKEFIELD, who is a fine young man, and much beloved, is alſo entitled to my acknowledgements; and the Rev. Mr. VINCENT will, I hope, pardon me if I take this opportunity of thanking him with great ſincerity for the many kind ſervices he did me. Nor ſhall WALLER the printer, that well-meaning kind creature, go without my hearty good wiſhes, for I am ſure I have his.

I had one very good night at WAKEFIELD—Saturday December 8th—and after ſpending the Sunday moſt agreeably with CLEMENTSHAW, went on the Monday to LEEDS. On Tueſday I performed to a very decent number, among which were ſome of the principal people, who, at the end of the entertainment, begged I would give it again on the Thurſday. One gentleman, in particular, took a great deal of pains, procured me the aſſembly room, was in a great meaſure the cauſe of its being well filled, and gave me a handſome letter to a gentleman at MANCHESTER.

I

* I will give a few inſtances. 'Don't you think,' ſaid one, 'that is a *ſtriking* argument?'—"Why no," anſwered he, "I dont think any *blows* paſt." 'Waiter,' ſaid one, '*fill* that glaſs *full*.' "So," ſaid he, "ſhall he *fulfil* your requeſt." 'This table is made of good wood,' ſays one. "Yes" ſaid he, "it is like the Yorkſhireman going with his pig to market—*ma hog an I*." And then, when we could not get the waiter near us—"Did you ever ſee" ſaid he, "ſuch a ſet of *uncome for table* "fellows?" And afterwards—being aſked to drink wine—ſaid he "This is perfectly coaſting."—'How coaſting?' "Why we are already at *Port's-mouth*, and you are ſo determined to bring us to "*Ply-mouth*, that if we don't take care we ſhall be at *Fail-mouth*." I would have him take care, leſt he ſhould be ſent for to make Operas; for as he can *pun* and *compoſe*, he might become a dangerous competitor to Meſſrs. O'KEEFE and SHIELDS. But I fancy they need not be uneaſy—he has too much good ſenſe to quit his agreeable ſituation; and if he was either to write or compoſe for the public, he would neither diſgrace his *piece* by a *pun*, nor his *muſic* by an *imitation*.

I muſt not paſs by an incident which very ſtrongly proves a poſition—not a bad one by the bye—of Mr. ASTLEY, the rider. Says he, "your "SHAKESPEARE there, upon the ſtage, ſays that all the world's a ſtage.—"Damme, I ſays, ſays I, all the world's a puppet ſhew. Why now d'ye ſee "ben't every body ſhew-men? Don't the king, good bleſs him, ſhew his "lions at the tower?". But to proceed. There happened to be at LEEDS, at the time I mention, a full grown gentleman, ſix and thirty inches high; and about an hour before I began my performance, an ambaſſador from the *little man* was diſpatched to negociate with me the terms of an itinerant alliance. I liſtened to the propoſal with great coolneſs, and aſked if it was the wiſh of this man in miniature to be produced out of my pocket, or exhibited on my finger while I ſhould ſing "ſay little fooliſh fluttering thing."

At LEEDS I became acquainted with Mr. WARBURTON, an independant profeſſional man, who has it amply in his power to aſſiſt the amuſement of the public, without the neceſſity of ſubmitting to humiliation. His ſpirited and ſenſible conduct in a buſineſs that happened juſt before I came to LEEDS, as above, gives a ſtriking proof of this. I had heard at WAKEFIELD that it would be impolitic to apply to Mr. WARBURTON, for he was *out of favour*. 'How out of favour?' Why he had neglected to attend one of the concerts.—My anſwer was, that I ſuppoſed he was better engaged. The fact however was this.—Mr. WARBURTON was choſen by the managers of the concert as commander in chief: for it would have been an affront to his ſituation in life to have conſidered him in any other light. Notwithſtanding this, he was continually thwarted, and though out of pocket by the concert, expected to be at their beck and call upon all occaſions. This he overlooked with the contempt it merited—determined to go on as ſmoothly as he could till the end of the ſeaſon; but being ill—*they* ſay, through having drank too much the day before at a turtle-feaſt—he thought it could be no ſuch great matter if they were for once to make a trial of ſpelling out the *concertos* and *ſonatas* by themſelves. A reſolution was immediately formed—and immediately repented of—

to admit Mr. WARBURTON no more: who, on his part, very properly determined to have nothing more to do with them. What is the conſequence? It never would have given him any pleaſure to have his ears tortured with the diſſonance and falſe time of *gentlemen players*, who, after all, he muſt not dare to command—for they were in the ſituation of *Trinculo* in the *Tempeſt*—"You "ſhall be king, and I'll be viceroy over you." He muſt therefore ſecretly rejoice at being rid of a trouble, which nothing but his own good nature—of which no man poſſeſſes a larger ſhare—ever induced him to give himſelf; and they repine at their nonſenſical folly which has deprived them of the only means by which their concert could ſtand the ſmalleſt chance of flouriſhing, or being reſpectable. As to the buſineſs of the turtle-feaſt, 'tis too illiberal to talk about it; but, admitting it were true, it only proves that Mr. WARBURTON cannot ſtand liquor quite ſo well as themſelves. I have ſo particularly mentioned this circumſtance, that it may ſerve as a hint to the *diletanti* in the country, who—and they may take my word for it—becauſe they can *ſcrape* upon the *fiddle* out of tune, *toot* a little upon the *flute*, or *growl* upon the *violoncello*, are neither qualified to command ſuch men as Mr. WARBURTON, nor give the *ton* to the MUSICAL WORLD.

My TOUR has already pretty well ſhewn that I have as much patience as any public man need; but I declare, were I in the affluent ſituation of Mr. WARBURTON, which—as he truly deſerves—may he long comfortably enjoy! I ſhould content myſelf with the eligible and diſtinguiſhed attention paid me by LORD MEXBOROUGH, SIR GEORGE ARMYTAGE, Mr. FAWKES, &c. and feel very little inclination indeed to be at the devotion of a ſet of *mechanics* who think themſelves of prodigious conſequence, by having taken it into their heads to become *gentlemen fidlers*. Among theſe, God forbid I ſhould have the ingratitude to rank any of thoſe who attended me.

LEEDS is a town of great trade; ſo much ſo, that a gentleman belonging to one of the banks aſſured me the whole returns of the place could not be

leſs

leſs than from five to ſeven millions a year. This cannot be done but by men who have thrown *fortunes* into *trade*, who, as I have often experienced, have nothing of the littleneſs that ſprings in low minds from *turning the penny*. I deſire alſo I may not be underſtood to ſay that there are not tradeſmen who have heads and hearts that would do honour to the higheſt ſituations. *Kings* may do *little* actions, and *coblers*—*great* ones. I aim at nothing but to diſtinguiſh between meanneſs and generoſity. Thoſe who poſſeſs—and that largely—the latter quality, are now among Mr. WARBURTON's friends; and I fancy any man, upon the ſame terms, will not feel uneaſy at being—in the way he is—*out of favour*. Such favour is as indifferent to him, as yours is material to

Dear Sir,

Your obliged friend,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, March 4, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

MORE CROTCHETS.

"*Nature's above art in this reſpect.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING in my laſt letter but one ſpoken generally of *harmony*, and ſhewn that it is the mere *wood* and *ſtone* of MUSIC—which might as well have lain dormant as a part of the original chaos, if *melody* did not lend it order, ſymmetry, and proportion. I ſhall, in this, inveſtigate it ſomething more minutely, and ſhew that what is called harmony is now *refined* into ſuch a pitch of barbariſm—which, though it may ſeem a paradox, is literally truth—that the ear would be better gratified by the groſſeſt violation of the rules of compoſition, as they are called, than by ſuch abſtruſe ſubdiviſions of tones and reſolutions of diſcords as—according to *theoriſts*—are the very eſſence of *harmony*. Nor am I unable or unwilling to prove what I advance.

Every rule of compoſition, except avoiding conſecutive fifths and octaves, are—in the hands of men of genius—to be violated with conſiderable advantage; elſe, the great HANDEL—the maſterly CORRELLI—the charming, natural, eaſy ARNE—the graceful GALUPPI—and almoſt every body of real conſequence muſt be excluded from among the adepts. To theſe two ſtanding rules however the boldeſt ſons of nature have paid ſome reſpect; and it is true that two

major

major fifths ſhould never be conſecutive. Upon this I ground my argument. Let any man play two ſenſecutive fifths—which would be a muſical ſacrilege—and it ſhall ſound more pleaſing to an indifferent ear than the introduction of the chord of the thirteenth, ever ſo well prepared and reſolved—which is a *muſical excellence.* But who ſhall anſwer when I go further and ſay that the very harmoniſts themſelves have only to play on a full organ, and they will infallibly add to the charms of their own ingenious modulation, all theſe complicate violations of harmony!—for the *diapaſon*, *principle*, and *ſeſqualtra* compounding the very diſtances which muſicians are commanded to avoid, the beauties and faults are blended together, and how muſt the underſtanding be ſhocked by the admiſſion of error into a ſyſtem of perfection! How then ſhall this be reconciled? The organ is a noble inſtrument. Some *poet* ſays it is calculated to inſpire holy love. The *muſician*, therefore, cannot lay the fault on the *inſtrument*, as the *devil* did upon the *water* becauſe he could not ſwim. This will be found to be the fact: Let a ſimple, unadorned melody be accompanied only by ſuch modulations as ariſe from the general and perfect nature of the ſubject, and—notwithſtanding the violation of the rules in conſequence of the complicate conſtruction of the inſtrument—my life for it the right effect upon the paſſions will be produced; without which *harmony* is no longer *pleaſing*, and conſequently no longer *muſic*.

One ſhould think theſe dogmatic muſicians knew their own defects and encouraged them—like callous hearted lawyers, who dare not indulge the ſofter feelings leſt they ſhould incline them to pity and compaſſion. I am told there is a certain great harmoniſt who wears the *hind* part of his ſhirt *before*, by way of armour againſt CUPID—fearing leſt any thing *tender* and *natural* ſhould get into any of his compoſitions; and as to Mr. BAUMGARTEN, who is at this moment ſuppoſed to be the beſt *theoriſt* in the kingdom, he has ſo wonderfully *improved* upon fuguing, that he never *leads* the band at *Covent Garden*

theatre but the inſtruments all *follow*.* Indeed, were I to enumerate all the tricks of theſe profound theoriſts, it would take up a larger portion of time and pains than I am willing to allow ſo unprofitable a ſubject. As far, however, as it conduces to the point I wiſh to carry, I ſhall in my free way go a little further, regardleſs how they may feel, ſo I but ſerve the public cauſe. Some of theſe—and, for a man of ſuch admirable genius, it is a pity juſtice obliges me to ſay one of them is HAYDN—give you an idea of a rope-dancer, who, though you cannot too much admire how prettily he friſks and jumps about, keeps you in a conſtant ſtate of terror and anxiety for fear he ſhould break his neck. If this country had produced nine HOOKS, and they had divided among them the manuſcript of HAYDN's compoſitions—or, indeed, were to work upon them now they are publiſhed, which is juſt as fair play as times go—there would be materials enough to furniſh each a muſical reputation:—and yet, is there a fair, well-wrought-up movement in his whole works? Do they conſiſt of any thing more than ſtrong effuſions of genius turned into frenzy, and labouring as ineffectually to be heard as a flute in a belfry, or equity in a court of juſtice? In ſhort, purſue every thing that is cold, unnatural, complex, and dry, and it is the road to the altar of APOLLO—if *diſcord* be the high prieſt: But I rather think—like the uſurper who, as he worſhipped at the ſhrine of folly, fondly thought he knelt in the temple of fame—they will find imagination, ſenſibility, and expreſſion are as neceſſary requiſites to the accompliſhment of a perfect muſician, as courage, clemency and humanity are to make up the true renown of an hero. In ſhort, teach a child to walk upon his hands that he may be

* Mr. SHAW, who leads the band at *Drury Lane*, and who manifeſts more ſtyle and taſte in the conducting of any one *overture* than Mr. BAUMGARTEN ever did in his whole life, has, it ſeems, put himſelf apprentice to this great man. Thus, in time, we may have lively hopes—when the bagpipe ſhall have done ſqueaking—that theatrical muſic, like theatrical government, ſhall be diſtinguiſhed by its diſcords; that a knowledge of thorough baſs ſhall be the indiſpenſible requiſite in a comic ſinger; that clowns and chambermaids will ſputter out their nonſenſe in fugues, and dying lovers warble their diſtreſs in counterpoint.

be more expert with his feet—let him play with fire to endure the ſmart if he chance to be burnt—inſtruct him in *algebra* to teach him *multiplication*—or do ought but take the plain, eaſy, natural courſe of ſetting about any thing, and you ſhall have an idea of the ſhallow, miſerable reſources of theſe empty men, to hide the ſterility of their intellects; which, after all, is like the gooſe that thruſt its head in the hedge to conceal itſelf—forgetting that its body was expoſed. But if they are ſo reprehenſible while they ſtick to ſtraight forward thrumming as many notes at a time as they have fingers—which they would if they had as many as BRIAREUS—what ſhall we ſay when we go with them into chromatics! Dr. WAINWRIGHT is known to have rejected every thing natural, maintaining that a *tone*, by a man of ingenuity, might be ſoftened into as many ſhades as a *colour!* Here is glorious ground work for the theoriſt! Who knows but the full tone, which is now only divided, may one day or other be ſo ſubdivided as to form a *new* ſyſtem of theory—in which caſe a man would find it as tedious to go from one end of the gamut to the other, as it was formerly to take a journey from YORK to LONDON. If it ſhould—the utmoſt that can be ſaid about it is, that a learned muſician, like a greyhound, jumps over hedges and ditches at the riſk of his hide—while the child of nature, like a horſe, jogs on ſafely, contenting himſelf with the turnpike road. "Nature ever was above art," and will be ages after I have the power—for ſo long ſhall I have the inclination—to ſubſcribe myſelf

Yours,

With fervent ſincerity,

C. DIBDIN.

Sheffield, March 4, 1788

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

SETTLING OF ACCOUNTS.

"*Populous cities pleaſe me then,*
"*And the buſy hum of men.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

MY account of places, manners, &c. is of a long ſtanding—therefore I may as well give you time to digeſt my arguments concerning muſic, and clear my ground as far as I have gone—as gardeners dig in the old cabbage ſtalks to make the ſurface of the bed the fairer on which they are preparing to plant a new crop. Indeed I have generally ſpoken of every place, but I would willingly leave nothing undone. To ſet about this completely, I believe I muſt go back as far as BIRMIGNHAM, the ingenuity and populouſneſs of which place are wonderful. The increaſe of buildings, both for convenience and pleaſure, has extended the place to a ſpace at leaſt as large again as when I knew it twenty-five years ago. The firſt, however, is as praiſe worthy as the laſt is ridiculous. Not that I would not have men enjoy the money they have earned—let it be procured through whatever medium it honeſtly may—but the country houſes of the BIRMINGHAMITES are embelliſhed to as little purpoſe as a chimney-ſweeper waſhes his face, and as awkwardly as a Guinea-pig imitates a ſquirrel. As to their manners, I am ſure they are not *good* ones. A tenacious man muſt infallibly, in BIRMINGHAM, be affronted ten times a day:—for even if you go to *buy* any thing, it is fifty to one if you receive a civil anſwer:—and this rudeneſs extends

tends to the moſt opulent among them. A man who is ſaid to poſſeſs two hundred thouſand pounds uſed me with a ſtyle of incivility that would have diſgraced a porter in Thames-ſtreet; and I called upon another man of the firſt conſequence there, whom I could not ſingle out from the journeymen blackſmiths that ſurrounded him. Indeed maſter and ſervant is confounded among them, for each leads the ſame life, works as hard, drinks as much fat ale, and undergoes as much drudgery as the other; nor do I ſee that one has more felicity in counting uſeleſs guineas, than the other in carding buttons. I really ſpeak here without acrimony, and it may be ſeen by this: I had no better ſucceſs at WOLVERHAMPTON than at BIRMINGHAM, and yet there I found civility not incompatible with trade.

I have been trying what to ſay more of LICHFIELD, but can find nothing—unleſs I were to go over the old ground of the maſſacre of DIOCLESIAN—in which a thouſand chriſtians were martyred, and their bodies expoſed to wild beaſts. For this cruel event it ſeems to have mourned ever ſince; for it is ſo melancholy, that one would wonder Miſs SEWARD could write verſes that have ſo many charms for the reviewers, in a place apparently calculated to engender only the vapours; but, indeed, thoſe gentlemen in general ſeem to have a peculiar knack of ſpeaking *eloquently* upon *dull ſubjects*.

I ſhall ſay nothing to the antiquity of DERBY, but only mention it as a clean, pretty-looking, genteel town, where I ſincerely believe the inhabitants want neither ſpirit nor taſte. As to what happened to me, it was one of thoſe ſtrokes—a *traverſe*—that have attended me all my life, and which, like the miſtake of a figure in the ſolution of a mathematical problem, in proportion as you expect to come home to your point, carries you out of your way.

NOTTINGHAM, as I have before ſaid, has ſomething charming in its ſituation; the caſtle has a beautifully romantic effect, and the *Trent* breaks the country near it in a moſt delightful and pictureſque manner. Indeed I know not, at times, whether the mind does not as ſtrongly pant for objects that derive their grandeur from ſimplicity, as for thoſe ſurpriſing natural effects which as it were pain and giddy the ſenſes, till ſober reality is loſt in intoxicated imagination.

NEWARK is ſomething in the ſtyle of DERBY. I do not think the inhabitants are ſo rich, but they do not want ſpirit. NEWARK is a very deſirable place for perſons of ſmall fortune to ſettle at. Houſe rent is reaſonable; and the corporation being, for the ſize of the place, rich—paving, highways, public building, and repairs, maintaining the poor, and many other neceſſary but heavy charges are defrayed without aſſeſſing the inhabitants; and yet, they are better paid than in any other town of its ſtanding that I have ſeen. The *town-hall* and the *poor-houſe* are, in *proportion*, I believe I may venture to ſay the beſt in ENGLAND.

If it be true that LINCOLN formerly contained fifty two pariſh churches and one thouſand and ſeventy one houſes of entertainment, it is certainly very much fallen into decay. The ſituation from the hill is wonderful, and the clergy, who are aſtoniſhingly numerous there, ſeem to have got on as high a *pinnacle* as they can, with a view, I hope, to evince how idle to them are all the vain pomp and glory of this world. I am not honoured with the knowledge of theſe gentlemen, nor had I the leaſt converſation with any except Dr. KAYE, who, though a certain newſpaper is extremely angry that he ſhould be praiſed at the expence of the reſt of the clergy, has in the opinion of many others, as well as myſelf, ſet an example in the buſineſs of the *tithe child*, that we ſhall ſtand very little chance of ſeeing imitated. The manners of LINCOLN ſeem to be a conſtant internal enmity, and a remarkable ſhyneſs to ſtrangers. Their muſical taſte I have given an inſtance of.

HULL.

HULL, originally a ſmall fiſhing village, is now a very conſiderable ſea port; and, lying between YARMOUTH and NEWCASTLE, is remarkably convenient either for homeward or outward bound ſhips. The increaſe of their commerce is apparent in the new dock already made, and that lately applied for to parliament. Round the dock is formed a kind of creſcent, conſiſting of magnificent houſes, which form an appearance of extraordinary novelty, by being the boundary of one of the dirtieſt places in the kingdom. On the oppoſite ſide of the dock is a row of warehouſes, to a prodigious extent, very ſpacious, and admirably well ſtored. As to their taſte, I do not think they reliſhed much of my entertainment, except *Greg*; and for their manners—being all ſeamen—they are blunt, honeſt, and careleſs. I muſt not forget to mention the kind attention of Mr. MARLEY, whom I ſhould have been happy to have know better, that I might have ſpoken of his profeſſional merit with the ſame certainty as that of BOYTON and CLEMENTSHAW. It is univerſally allowed to be very brilliant, and I am ſure, if it bear any proportion to his kind and obliging private conduct, his friends—who are a very large number—cannot ſpeak too highly of it. Nor will I neglect to record the kindneſs of poor HUDSON—now no more—who died like the wife of BONIFACE—but in this life we have need of CORDIALS—ſo peace to him.*

As this ſubject is rather dry, I ſhall now ſpeak alternately of muſic and places, till I have fairly brought up my account as far as my ſecond viſit to LEEDS—after which I ſhall open a new field, and expatiate largely on a variety of public ſubjects. Adieu.

Yours,

Moſt ſincerely,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 25, 1788

* Poor HUDSON puts me in mind of a brother-in-law of GRIFFIN, the bookſeller, who was killing himſelf by drinking. A friend of his, as he was creeping along one day, aſked him how he did. 'Very bad indeed,' anſwered he. "I am ſorry for it"—ſaid the friend—"what do you take?"—'Every thing,' ſaid the ſick man—'*hot brandy*, and *cold brandy*—*hot gin*, and *cold gin*—but none of it 'does me *any good*.

LETTER XLVI.

A MUSICAL ALARM.

"The adventure of the bear and fiddle
"Is ſung—but broke off in the middle."

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THEORY in muſic, and the empty nonſenſe of its profeſſors being the ſubject of my laſt letter—in which I think I have plainly ſhewn that a ſingle air, with ſimplicity for its object and expreſſion for its effect, is infinitely preferable to the moſt laboured production that can be worked up mechanically—I ſhall proceed to remark on the pernicious effects of following a doctrine ſo very falſe and deluſive, and point out that it has ſtep by ſtep perverted and vitiated the Engliſh taſte. Firſt of all, *theoriſts* content themſelves—indeed they want invention to do otherwiſe—with very indifferent, and in general *trite* melodies. Thus, having acquired great reputation by the pomp annexed to their being profeſſed muſicians, their muſic is liſtened to, and at length liked, upon the principle of a man's eating biſcuit at ſea becauſe he can get no bread. The human mind is ſo prone to the reception of pleaſure, that it very often takes it upon credit, and is ſwindled into a belief of the reality of what upon examination turns out to be only counterfeit. Thus the manly, and I will venture to ſay correct taſte of the Engliſh, which admired the works of PURCELL, ARNE, and BOYCE—and ſurely they have among them ſome of the ſweeteſt melodies that ever ſpoke

to

to the heart—is now dwindled into an admiration of the groſſeſt inſipidity. It ſhould ſeem as if muſic had expired with the ſingers who uttered it, and that LEVERIDGE and BEARD* having given way to the uſe of effeminacy and falcetto, the ſtyle ſhould ſink in proportion: otherwiſe, how can it be accounted for that the "Hark forwards" of the preſent day ſhould be ten times more in circulation than "With horns and with hounds," or "The early "horn?" Has not a ſingle inſipid ſong, called the *Manſion of peace*, brought ſix times the profit to the compoſer that the whole *Chaplet* did to BOYCE?—though to mention the comparative merits would be like talking of a Scotch bank note and the riches of the treaſury. Nothing in nature can be more beautifully delicious than "Vain is every fond endeavour" and "What "med'cine can ſoften the boſom's keen ſmart?". Pſhaw, what are theſe trifles, ſays a theoriſt, to a *fugue?* To which I anſwer—a great deal; for they can make only the *fugue*, whereas Dr. BOYCE could make BOTH. But to enumerate other inſtances. Is it not true that, at this moment, were the beauties of ARNE collected together, headed by all the melody, ſweetneſs, ſpirit, character, and expreſſion in *Comus*; the charming, peculiarly natural airs to which he ſo enchantingly ſet the Songs of SHAKESPEAR—which taſk I will venture to ſay no man in the world could have executed equal to ARNE—and made up of thoſe innumerable charms which pervade his voluminous works, would they not be all neglected for that miſerable, unmeaning imitation of *La virginella*, and twenty other things—called *Ma cher ami?* And to give yet a ſtronger proof: Were all PURCELL's duettos brought forth—who had, beyond all queſtion, a more vigorous mind than HANDEL—were "Let CESAR and URANIA live"—"To arms"—„ As I ſaw fair CLORA"—and in ſhort all thoſe admirable compoſitions which ſo honourably mark the

 ſtrength

* I do not mean to ſay BEARD is literally no more—I am informed he poſſeſſes, at this moment, all his faculties in full vigour: may he long do ſo. I was very young when Mr. BEARD knew me, and he muſt remember, through the erſuaſion of others, he treated me very unhandſomely; but I acquit him of all intention to do ſo, and take this public opportunity of aſſuring him that I never had of any man a higher opinion, nor for any a greater value.

ſtrength of Engliſh genius*—would they not be deſpiſed for that moſt execrable of all apologies for MUSIC, the *Duetto* ſung by Mr. KELLY and Mrs. CROUCH?

I beg I may not be underſtood to mean, by what I have here advanced, that the compilers of ſuch contemptible ſtuff are the *theoriſts* of whom I have ſpoken above. Theſe are only the dabblers, who take advantage of the bad taſte of the times. But to come more cloſely to the point, and ſatisfy every enquirer what are the ſteps which have cauſed this gradual declenſion in the public taſte? I anſwer, in great meaſure, a blind predilection for the works of HANDEL, and an indiſcriminate avidity for German compoſitions. What! ſhall any man dare to make ſo bold a declaration? I do—but let me have fair play. HANDEL was a compoſer of wonderful abilities; his conception was ſtrong, his imagination immenſe, his knowledge of muſic, as a ſcience, clear and profound—and thoſe maſterly combinations of ſounds which make up many of his choruſſes abundantly prove it; but, like hounds led on by the huntſman on a falſe ſcent, he is admired in ENGLAND for his very errors.† When I ſay errors I do not ſpeak as to his knowledge as a muſician, but to his taſte as a man of genius. Theſe errors in HANDEL relate to expreſſion, which was ſometimes falſe, like tinſel in poetry; ſometimes ridiculous, like bombaſt; often begun upon a principle which ſunk in the end to abſurdity

* CORELLI is ſaid to have viſited ENGLAND on purpoſe to ſee PURCELL, but hearing, at ROCHESTER, of his death, he did not even viſit the CAPITAL, but returned, ſaying—"There can be nothing "worthy my curioſity ſince PURCELL is dead."

† HANDEL has been frequently compared to SHAKESPEARE, though nothing can be upon more oppoſite grounds than the admiration which has been reſpectively paid them. SHAKESPEARE has been always praiſed for his genius, and HANDEL for his judgment. He who wiſhed ſo much of the writings of SHAKESPEARE obliterated, would, I fancy, have been at a loſs where to have laid his finger: whereas, it were very eaſy to point out which half of HANDEL's works might be conſigned to oblivion, and yet leave all that is pleaſing in his compoſitions behind.

abſurdity—making exactly the bathos; and very frequently indeed ſound without either meaning or expreſſion, anſwering exactly to nonſenſe verſes.

I believe it will be allowed me that the parts of any thing which offers itſelf to human obſervation are complete only as they regard the whole. In muſic no man ever did or will greatly ſucceed who takes up *particular* inſtead of *general* expreſſion. HANDEL was a ſlave to this—but to adduce my proofs.

His falſe expreſſion was this: If the ſubject happened to be joy, he too frequently invetend ſomething *ſprightly*—without conſidering *time*, *place*, or *occaſion*; as "Rejoice oh daughter of SION"—which ſurely ſhould convey a holy joy, expreſſive of religious, ſoul-felt rapture; inſtead of which, this ſong was firſt a *jig*, and afterwards a *hornpipe*. Another inſtance occurs in *Judas Maccabeus*—in the ſong "Let honour with deſert be crown'd". The word trumpet here happening to be introduced, he has taken ſuch an *advantage* of it that the whole ſong ſeems as if it was ſet to diſplay the effect of the trumpet, in a key which does not belong to it, and where of courſe it has the *worſt effect* that can be imagined; and as if this was not enough, the words ſeem to be written as a burleſque on the muſic; for they run thus—"The trumpet ne'er in vain ſhould ſound." I have heard this ſong praiſed as the beſt in all his works.

The ſecond inſtance which I call ridiculous, or bombaſt, is a worſe fault than the other—and yet it occurs as frequently. Who can liſten to ſuch a pantomime tune as "The land brought forth frogs," and call it any thing but burleſque?—and yet this is a popular favourite. I heard a man in the gallery ſay, while the chorus was performing which begins "And he ſpake the "word, and there came all manner of flies and lice in all their quarters"—that he itched from head to foot. Would the gentleman have been obliged to HANDEL for giving him this ſenſation if he had lived in the days of JAMES I. who is ſaid to have prohibited ſcratching? "THAIS led the way"

and

and "The king ſeized a flambeau" are again of this complexion—for they both convey a kind of drunken gaiety, and give you more the idea of their going up ſtairs to bed together than to ſet the Perſepolis on fire.

As to the bathos, it occurs in ſuch inſtances as the chorus in the *Meſſiah* beginning "All we like ſheep are gone aſtray"—which profanes the words it ſhould expreſs, and might with great propriety be put into the "Peep behind "the curtain"—where the ſtory of ORPHEUS is burleſqued. The ſheep certainly dance and friſk about very curiouſly, and run away from each other; but, unfortunately conceiving himſelf under a muſical neceſſity of making a cloſe in the line "We have turned every one to his *own way*," he brings them all back, and they finiſh by huddling lovingly together. Query, whether ſo great a man as HANDEL might not with impunity have invented ſome new ſpecies of inverted counterpoint that might have finiſhed the chorus with their all baaing to one another at a diſtance. But I am getting into length, and therefore ſhall, in imitation of HUDIBRAS, break of in the middle. I will reſume the ſubject, however, after the next letter, till when, and at all times, I am,

Moſt faithfully,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 26, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

A FURTHER SETTLEMENT.

"*Over ſteeples, towers, and turrets.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

BEVERLEY is ſaid to be one of the prettieſt towns in ENGLAND. To this I cannot wholly agree. It is a ſnug decent town; has a ſpacious market place; and its minſter—which is very ancient, and was formerly a ſanctuary to bankrupts and criminals—is yet a very handſome church; but I think it inferior to many towns in Yorkſhire as to beauty, conſequence, or ſituation. The inhabitants, however, appear to be independent; and, by mixing ſocially together, promote very pleaſantly all that is neceſſary or agreeable towards forming a friendly and comfortable neighbourhood. This town has many advantageous privileges, among which is their being exempt from toll and cuſtom.

I know not what to ſay of YORK, except that it fell infinitely below my expectations in every point of view. I expected to ſee a large, oppulent, populous place—ſecond to nothing in ENGLAND but LONDON—inſtead of which, except the *church* and the *gaol*, there is no one object that conveys an idea of ſuperiority to the other towns around it. It is not near ſo populous as LEEDS, nor half ſo much frequented. Talking to a gentleman at LEEDS, I told him YORK put me in mind of a man in converſation,

who, though rich in volubility, finiſhed as he began—having impreſſed no one with either truth or reaſon in his argument; whereas LEEDS put in only a word now and then, but always to the purpoſe. YORK is, *in proportion*, the pooreſt place in the whole county of which it is the capital. Its ſituation being in the very center of all the great north roads, which are now very fine, and aſtoniſhingly frequented, it is continually *buſy*, without having *any thing to do*; and though conſtantly *crammed*, thinly *inhabited*. The inns alone ſeem to thrive there. In ſhort, it has many churches and but little *devotion*; *fine clothes* and *ſpare purſes*; a *magnificent priſon* always *full*; and a *theatre royal* where they perform *at a conſtant loſs*. As a proof of their muſical taſte, they think Mr. KELLY and Mrs. CROUCH's *duetto* comprizes all the excellence of all the maſters that ever bowed at the ſhrine of APOLLO. It muſt be remembered I have one exception to theſe general rules—and I believe when I ſay I have *but one*, I write as ſtrong a ſatire as words are capable of conveying.

MALTON is a ſhabby town apparently in every reſpect—I will therefore leave it, and go on to SCARBOROUGH, which is one of the prettieſt ſeaports I have ſeen. Every body knows it is maintained upon the principle of BATH. One thing, however, ſurprized me; though I was cautioned againſt the unreaſonableneſs of their charges, I found them ſo much the reverſe, that I paid leſs for better things than at any place on that ſide the HUMBER.

WAKEFIELD I confeſs is one of my favourite places. There is ſuch a ſprightly cleanlineſs about it, that the inhabitants ſeem as if they were born for the real purpoſes of life. The village of HEATH, near it, is one of the ſweeteſt ſpots for neatneſs and ſimplicity that imagination can form. The vicinity of WAKEFIELD is filled with opulent and reſpectable inhabitants, all of whom inherit or have accumulated fortunes by trade. Their manners appear to be ſimple and unaffected; their converſation is poliſhed, and in their muſical purſuits they go my way to work, and praiſe every thing that pleaſes them upon reflection.

DONCASTER

DONCASTER has all the neatneſs of a quaker, and on a firſt view begets very ſtrongly your ſober admiration; but when you come to conſider that they have no ſoul, no taſte, no characteriſtic but inſipidity—after having admired the *church*, the *manſion houſe*, and the *guildhall*—you wiſh yourſelf any where but at DONCASTER.

As to the roads to all thoſe different places, there are now no bad ones but what are neceſſarily ſo through ſituation and ſoil, and near manufacturing towns, where time can be more valuably employed than in mending roads—though one would think that work would contribute to their convenience, ſince the goods muſt be *carried* after they are *made*. Thus, almoſt every where in *ſwampy* LINCOLNSHIRE the roads are generally very diſagreeable, eſpecially in winter; and great part of DERBYSHIRE, on account of the hills, render your journeys unpleaſant, and not always very ſafe. I muſt not forget, in particular, to mention that the nine miles from WAKEFIELD to LEEDS is ſo ſcandalouſly neglected, that even in a poſt-chaiſe, and in the middle of the day, you expect every moment to be overturned.

Having now ſpoken of all thoſe places to which I ſhall not find it neceſſary to return, except perhaps for ſome general obſervations, I ſhall go on from LEEDS to HALIFAX, where I was adviſed to perform a night or two previous to my touching at MANCHESTER. When I came there, however, they had a company of players, and were otherwiſe ſo full of amuſements, that after ſitting down a few days, and writing a part of this TOUR, I went on to MANCHESTER—promiſing, if I could make it convenient, to call on my return.

On my arrival at MANCHESTER, I not only found that the theatre was open, but that Mr. ASTLEY was figuring away in great ſtyle with his *horſemanſhip*, to which amuſement I have the ſame averſion—and perhaps for better reaſons—that ſome men have to a CAT. I therefore encloſed a letter

I had brought with me to an opulent gentleman—informed him I would take another opportunity to pay him my perſonal reſpects—and poſted away to LIVERPOOL.

As my ſucceſs at this place, and the ſubjects on which it muſt neceſſarily induce me to ſpeak, will make a moſt eſſential and intereſting part of this work, I ſhall introduce them as conſpicuouſly as poſſible in the following letter but one; and, in the interim, ſupply the next with the remainder of my argument reſpecting HANDEL and German muſic, which ideas I threw looſely on paper at HALIFAX, which is ſaid to be the moſt muſical ſpot for its ſize in the kingdom:—for there Mrs. BATES received her muſical education—there Mr. BATES has ſo planted a veneration for the works of HANDEL, that children liſp "For unto us a child is born," and cloth-makers, as they ſweat under their loads in the cloth-hall, roar out "For his yoke is eaſy and his "burden is light." I have been aſſured, for a fact, that more than one man in HALIFAX can take any part in the choruſſes of the *Meſſiah*, and go regularly through the whole oratorio by heart; and, indeed, the facility with which the common people join together throughout the greateſt part of YORKSHIRE and LANCASHIRE, in every ſpecies of choral muſic, is truly aſtoniſhing.

This kind of curſory work is like poſting the day-book into the ledger; by and by we ſhall take out the different articles, and come to a general account.

Adieu.

Yours,

Moſt ſincerely,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 26, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

ANOTHER TOUCH AT MUSIC.

"Strange ſo much difference ſhould be
"'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

THE inſtances of HANDEL's total neglect of expreſſion occur much more frequently than any of his other faults. How many of his oratorio ſongs conſiſt of a complex accompaniment—ingeniouſly worked up indeed, but without the ſmalleſt relation to the ſubject of the words—while the voice drawls out an unmeaning train of ſounds, deſtitute of melody, or any power of conveying a pleaſing ſenſation. Sometimes in theſe ſongs, that the voice may have no reaſon to complain of having leſs to do than the inſtruments—for in this ſpecies of muſic every thing is upon a footing—it floats away upon a long diviſion, and often ſuch a one as no voice upon earth can execute. This is ſurely the very reverſe of what *vocal muſic* ought to be, where every thing manifeſtly ſhould be ſubordinate to the *voice*; and, even in a hautboy ſong, or any other where a particular inſtrument may have an *obligato* accompaniment, the voice ought to be every where *aſſiſted*, but no where *eclipſed*.

Vocal MUSIC is clearly the eſſence of whatever can render ſound delectable; that which is ſimpleſt and moſt expreſſive is the beſt vocal MUSIC; and, I will add, that a ſong perfect in all its qualities is the utmoſt height of

excellence to which MUSIC can arrive. This poſition I ſhall hereafter more fully go into, as I mean to leave what I advance on this ſubject unanſwerable.

In ſolo ſongs—where one point of expreſſion ſhould be obſerved, where a ſingle, unembarraſſed ſubject ſhould be well *begun*, *followed*, and *finiſhed*—HANDEL very often falls below mediocrity. This proves that he is a better *inſtrumental* than a *vocal* compoſer; for in the major part of his choruſſes where the expreſſion need not ſo much depend on the voice—for there it acts only as a kind of inſtrument to fill the parts—he is much more happy; and in his other works, where the voice has no ſhare at all, he is incomparably greater than any where. Who can deny this when they recollect the minuet in Ariadne? There is not a ſuperfluous note in it, and being made up of one ſimple, and yet grand, object—regularly purſued, and greatly worked up—nothing in MUSIC, for what it is, can exceed it. To which if you call in the other minuets, together with the marches and gavottes which make up the laſt movements of his overtures, the balance will be conſiderably in favour of my argument. And yet, while we whiſtle all theſe with the greateſt facility, without conſidering to whom we owe this ſatisfaction, we get crowded at the abbey—to the tune of *two guineas*—to be *ſtunned* with the *abſtruſeſt* of his works, which, if the heart has any thing to do with MUSIC, is the *worſt*.

To prove this, let me aſk any man in his ſenſes, not a mere *theoriſt*, if he ever felt ſo much real pleaſure in hearing "The horſe and his rider," as in the laſt movement of his famous coronation anthem of "God ſave the king?" where there is ſcarcely a diſcord that might not be admitted, without wounding ſimplicity, into the moſt familiar ſong. After a tedious and tireſome reiteration of diſcords, placed unneceſſarily in every point of view, how are we charmed in the *Meſſiah* with "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Why? Becauſe it is full of grandeur and ſimplicity. The ſoul is ſtruck with the ſublime greatneſs and beauty of the expreſſion, and we feel the DEITY *in our hearts*.

Thus

Thus I think I have proved my poſition without injuring the reputation of HANDEL. He has certainly left behind him ſome wonderful MUSIC, but it cannot be denied that this *ore* is plentifully ſurrounded with *droſs*.—Let us therefore—which would be infinitely more to his honour—take his MUSIC upon credit of our own feelings, and not blindly and implicitly from thoſe who, living in a labyrinth, wonder how any one ſhould prefer a direct road.

As to the other *Germans*—as they have no *opera*, ſo they import no vocal MUSIC; and thus by torturing ſounds into new poſitions, to make old ideas wear a novel ſhape, *difficulty* is the only characteriſtic of their compoſitions; and by this means the ear gets accuſtomed *not* to what *pleaſes* in MUSIC, but to what *ſurprizes*. I will venture to ſay *ſolos* and *ſolo concertos* have done but little good to the cauſe of MUSIC. LA MOTTE's great merit was to figure away in *alt*, till at laſt, approaching to the bridge, he played himſelf, as it were, out of ſight. The *dexterity* was *wonderful*, but for heaven's ſake where was the *pleaſure*? This is a ſolid fact—and to prove it, let me aſk how came GIARDINI and BARTHELEMON conſtantly to call in *Lango Lee*, *The Dargle*, &c. to help out their concertos.

The human mind cannot pay proper attention but to one object at a time. ZOFFANI's admirable portrait of the gallery of FLORENCE—at which one might look a month and not diſcover half the beauties—though it contains more grand objects than any twenty pictures that ever were painted, has the meaneſt *tout enſemble* that can be imagined. It is a chaos of exquiſitely charming objects, which cannot be properly diſtinguiſhed, becauſe one confounds the effect of the other. There is a ſoberneſs in real pleaſure that cannot bear the impertinence of tickling and teazing. In architecture it is the ſame. Mr. WOODHALL may remember, as he and I were near each other in HENRY *the ſeventh's* chapel, to ſee the ceremony of inſtalling the knights of the Bath, he took notice of the wonderful *labour* that had been beſtowed

in

in ornamenting that place; that there was ſuch a variety, and the parts were ſo minute, that the eye was at a loſs where to fix. I ſaid if this was the caſe, he muſt confeſs it was *labour in vain*:—and the obſervation holds good in every thing that appeals to the ſenſes. And, as to MUSIC, if a man invent a tolerable melody, and prevent its effect by complex accompaniment, he will have no better ſucceſs than the Iriſh painter who, undertaking the portrait of a gentleman going a ſhooting, hid the figure behind a large tree, for fear he ſhould frighten the partridges.

I underſtand there has been already much curioſity concerning what I can poſſibly mean in my propoſal by an expoſition of *muſical quackery*—by the time the crotchet-mongers ſhall have read this letter they may perhaps ſmell out what I am diving at. I have yet, however, ſpoken only of impoſitions on the ſenſes; I mean hereafter to mention, under the article of teaching, ſomething concerning deſigns on the pocket. I ſhall firſt, however, place the different merits of dead compoſers ſide by ſide, in which taſk I have no doubt but I ſhall prove to the ſatisfaction of every reaſonable man that had not ARNE all his life been diſcouraged, and HANDEL conſidered as another APOLLO, the fame of the ENGLISHMAN would have exceeded that of the GERMAN. This will nearly involve all that it will be neceſſary for me to ſay—and, without mentioning a ſingle name, throw the merit, or the want of it, if you will, of many living compoſers into that point of view in which it is but common juſtice to have it ſeen. Then, as the buſineſs of teaching is a ſerious evil, I ſhall lay it open as bare as poſſible, and give a receipt to heal the wound; after which, if the public chuſe to be gulled with it, no teaching tickets ought to paſs between maſters and ſcholars without a ſtamp, that thus *muſical quacks* may be at once upon the footing of *phyſical* ones. Strange, ſays SWIFT, ſo much difference ſhould be 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. The world is more impoſed on by trifles than is generally imagined. It is a trifle to be ſure—but however no impoſition—to ſay I am truly yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 27, 1788.

LETTER XLIX.

A TRAIT OF ENGLISH OPULENCE.

" No foreign faction ſhall we need to rue,
" If England to herſelf do prove but true."

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

TO LIVERPOOL I went, without the ſmalleſt recommendation, except indeed a letter to Mr. PYE, who keeps a muſic warehouſe there, and to whoſe attention and indefatigable pains to oblige and accommodate me, I confeſs myſelf greatly indebted. The difficulty I had to get at the *Mayor*, and the doubtful reception I at firſt met with, had at one moment nearly worked me up to a reſolution of returning from thence as I went. On my firſt performance, however, which was attended by about thirty-five people, and greatly reliſhed, ſeveral gentlemen made ſtrenuous application to me to repeat it, and propoſed a better room for the purpoſe. The next evening I had a very handſome audience, on the third a better ſtill, and on the fourth—though it was chriſtmas eve, and a concert night—I had the very beſt room I have experienced, at any place, ſince I firſt began my rambles. Having done very handſomely at LIVERPOOL in relation to my entertainment, and muſtered ſo many more names to my ſubſcription than at any other place except LONDON, it may be ſuſpected, by the uncandid, that I am induced on this account alone to ſpeak well of that truly ſpirited place. Thoſe, however, who think liberally, and who, by the way, are of the only deſcription I care three-pence about obliging, will ſee—as I have every where

been juſt—that I give to LIVERPOOL, as I do to BIRMINGHAM only its due.

Throughout life it holds good, as an infallible maxim, that the mind will be influenced by its employment. *Able financiers* have ſeldom, in any country, been *great miniſters*; becauſe their meaſures have been conſtantly clogged by the cold regularity of mere calculation. Retired tradeſmen live ſtill in the miſery of fearing to ſpend a ſuperfluous penny; but merchants, though expert at every qualification for the accumulation of profit, are in their minds, like their traffic, extenſive and expanded. It is aſtoniſhing to witneſs the difference between a *counting houſe* and a *counter*. For my part, I look upon merchants to be the firſt of characters, and an Engliſh one to be the firſt of merchants. VOLTAIRE having drawn a paralleled view of different diſtinctions among men, after mentioning the good ſenſe of the Engliſh, in intermarrying their nobility with commercial characters, goes on, and ſays—"After all, it were worth while to conſider which is the more truly noble, "he who knows to a moment when the king riſes, or goes to ſleep, or—"ſomething elſe—or he who trades to every part of the globe, thereby con-"tributing to the comfort and convenience of human nature."

Nothing ſhews an object ſo well as a contraſt; therefore, as I am not yet come to MANCHESTER and NEWCASTLE, where at one place they meaſure *ferret* by the *yard*, and at the other *coals* by the *buſhel*, I cannot to my ſatisfaction dwell on LIVERPOOL. On my return to that place I ſhall be more competent to diſplay that open-hearted liberality which, in ſo ſhort a time, I might only have *imagined* they poſſeſs. But my obſervation cannot but be well founded, as they have leſs of hypocriſy than any ſet of people I ever met with in my life.

A compact with any part of the public is with me a very ſerious thing; therefore—though I was offered very handſomely to ſtay—I left LIVERPOOL, and

and returned to HALIFAX—where my advertiſements ſtood for Thurſday the twenty-ſeventh.

On chriſtmas-day, therefore, I left LIVERPOOL for MANCHESTER, and the following day—after being nearly loſt in the ſnow, near ROCHDALE—arrived at HALIFAX. I think it would be doing injuſtice to ſo well known a character, if I were to omit mentioning that in the diligence from LIVERPOOL to MANCHESTER I was accompanied by Mr. ASTLEY, who at that time was returning from LIVERPOOL, after having taken the town. From eight o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon—for ſo long is that diligence crawling thirty-ſix miles—I am ſure he did not ceaſe, I will not ſay *talking*, but BAWLING; for this gentleman being eternally on his hobby-horſe, always fancies he is holding converſation with Mr. MERRYMAN. In the courſe of this curious rant, he was ſo kind as to oblige me with his idea of improving the theatres, the courts, the parliament, and the nation. He wiſhed he had known what I was about, he would have given me ſuch hints for my entertainment! In ſhort, if I would but have liſtened to him, I ſhould have had new rules for making muſic, writing, ſinging, playing, and ſpeaking Engliſh. "But," hallowed he, "there is no talking to any "of you. Now, there, about law—LORD THURLOW told me in my riding "houſe—but that's no matter. There now you ſee, there's that there PAL-"MER, if I had a mind I would have ſhewed him a trick that would have "laid them all flat on their backs. For you ſee—to be ſure I knows nothing "about *ſenſe*, but I knows *law*; for I caſt SIR JOSEPH MAWBY, and I have "had ſeveral *ſuits*, and I have been twice *took up*; but you ſee nobody won't "be ruled by me, ſo I goes on by myſelf—and what does I do? Why I "cuts and contrives. Why where will you find ſuch another *monooverer?*—"learnt it in the army—under my particular friend and acquaintance GE-"NERAL ELLIOT. Why don't you ſee what I am about now? I thinks "our licences will carry us through—but if they ſhould not you know—I am "at a heavy charge—ſo you ſee I goes about and gets the profit of a ſeaſon

"before

" before the ſeaſon comes." And good generalſhip it has turned out, for I am credibly informed—at BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, and LIVERPOOL—he cleared nearly two thouſand pounds.

While I was at LIVERPOOL the buſineſs of the *ſlave trade* began to be agitated, and out of curioſity I learned ſome particulars concerning it. Theſe, however, I ſhall defer till I mention what I gathered afterwards on that ſubject at MANCHESTER, and add the rejoinder of the people of LIVERPOOL, on my ſecond viſit to that place.

Whether any thing be done in this important buſineſs or not, the national character of the Engliſh will derive an additional luſtre from the humane endeavours that have been exerted to annihilate a traffic which thoſe who have petitioned againſt it think cruel and oppreſſive. Perhaps an inveſtigation of the abuſes under the line may lead to an expoſition and an amendment of thoſe at home. If ſo, MANCHESTER will have unwittingly begun a reform of more magnitude than they were aware of, and become the fortuitous perfecter of a conſtitution which wants only to be purged of *humours*, contracted by—*too much health*:—which performed, it cannot be rendered more pure than the ſincerity with which I profeſs myſelf

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 27, 1788.

LETTER

Left off here

LETTER L.

THE HARMONY OF HALIFAX, AND THE SINCERITY OF SHEFFIELD.

"*Promiſing's one thing—performing another.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

IT is my buſineſs at preſent to ſpeak of my ſucceſs at HALIFAX, and my return from thence to SHEFFIELD, which MOUNTAIN (for I love to uſe *hackneyed* expreſſions to *mediocre* ſubjects, notwithſtanding LORD CHESTERFIELD to his ſon reprobates them as vulgar, that he may keep them to himſelf I ſuppoſe, for nobody has more) brought forth A MOUSE. But firſt for HALIFAX.

I had two nights at this place, and conſidering the inhabitants of the *neighbourhood*—for this black, diſmal town has *in it* very few people of any conſequence—were locked up in their houſes by the froſt and ſnow, they turned out decent, but that was all. My audience, and indeed all HALIFAX and its environs, men, women, and children, being muſical, and, as ſome think, ſquall in tune—juſt as the negroes ſwim—as ſoon as they are born, my performance was *critically* attended to, but I am afraid not much liked.* I am, however, not very ſorry this circumſtance occurred, for it gives me

* MANZOLI and GUARDUCCI were competitors in ITALY; the public were to determine which ſung beſt;—MANZOLI had the voice of the *ſpectators* and GUARDUCCI of the *muſicians*;—what was the conſequence? MANZOLI made a fortune, and GUARDUCCI did nothing.

an opportunity, which will be more ſtrongly confirmed when I get to MANCHESTER, of noticing that the *conoſcenti* ever receive the leaſt pleaſure, and, in fact, are the leaſt infallible. I ſincerely believe, however, having pauſed on the ſecond night, and conſidered whether it was right to be pleaſed or not, they would have attended with more ſatisfaction a third.—While they were deliberating, however, I was gone; for having received a letter from Mr. GALES, who was ſo kind to make the neceſſary enquiries concerning the entertainment, I got away to SHEFFIELD, on Monday December the thirty-firſt.

Of Mr. GALES I ſcarcely know how to ſpeak. He is the printer of this work: if, therefore, I ſhould uſe ſlight language, it will look like a compact between us,* and if I am laviſh in my praiſes of him, ſome may be apt to quote from SHAKESPEARE, and ſay "a little flattery ſometimes "does well." I ſhould therefore feel myſelf awkwardly ſituated but for one circumſtance, which has *major*, MINOR, and CONCLUSION in its favour, as *clearly* as any problem in EUCLID. *Before* I ever ſaw Mr. GALES I had received numberleſs civilities at the hands of different *printers*, from many of whom I have had offers to print my TOUR—*after* I knew Mr. GALES, I preferred him to all the printers I had ſeen. Thus I am enabled, by a ſelf-evident circumſtance, to expreſs my ſentiments as ſtrongly as by trying my hand at a ſtudied panegyrick; which had I done in the ſort of ſtyle my wiſhes led me to, I ſhould have been obliged to have enjoined Mr. GALES's foreman to

* GARRICK and LACY had this compact between them—whatever one praiſed the other abuſed.—When I made my article for ſeven years, immediately after the *Jubilee*, GARRICK was for giving me a *carte blanche*, and LACY for beating me down in every thing.—They ſo well carried their point by this—GARRICK having previouſly promiſed me that whatever I conſented to through LACY's whims, he would, through his own generoſity, amply make up to me—that I agreed to receive ſeven pounds a week for what was worth more than double that ſum. LACY having always had a regard for me, I could not help, a few days afterwards, telling him that he had been very hard on me in the buſineſs of the agreement.—"What the devil would you have," ſaid he, "'twas DAVID's doings—he prompt-"ed me."

to have printed it unknown to his maſter; for ſo diffident is he of his own worth, that I ſhould never have prevailed on him to let that iſſue from the preſs which would have been as great a credit to the public as any thing that ever did or ever will paſs through it. Another circumſtance will by and by oblige me to ſpeak in Mr. GALES's favour in ſpite of his teeth. Among my general ſubjects, it will be very proper to take up newſpapers, in which caſe it would be very *improper* not to mention the *Sheffield Regiſter* with that degree of praiſe it deſerves.

My *firſt* night at SHEFFIELD, notwithſtanding I had beat about almoſt expreſſly for ten weeks, with a view of properly paying them a viſit, was a very bad one; and feeling myſelf a little let down, I ſhould not have announced a ſecond but for the perſuaſion of two or three gentlemen; and the conditions I made were, that my continuing the performance for any length of time at SHEFFIELD, ſhould depend wholly on the degree of ſucceſs on the ſecond evening, which turning out but very little better than the firſt, I gave the matter up—nor could any perſuaſions induce me to reſume it. I can ſcarcely account for that ſtrange kind of caprice through which people take ſo much pains to manifeſt the inſtability of their minds. Nothing could be warmer than the apparent heartineſs with which I was entreated to return to SHEFFIELD, nor any thing cooler than my reception when I did return. My welcome, to a ſtranger, would have ſeemed as if I had been ſent away with contumely, and they had wondered at my impudence at intruding myſelf among them a ſecond time. I looked down upon it, as I can do—heaven be praiſed—when I ought, with a calm and tranquil mixture of pity and indifference; and, though not one of all the number who teſtified ſuch ſatisfaction at my *firſt* viſit came near me on my *ſecond*, I contented myſelf with a reflection, that as it is the lot of mankind to be fickle, and this worthy quality is generally influenced by local prejudice, it muſt have ariſen, as the French ſay, from *L'air du pais*, and I have only to conſider that the *iron* which was *hot* when I firſt went there, had *cooled* in my abſence.

To

To ſhew, however, that I have a pleaſure in being juſt, I here publicly thank the inhabitants of SHEFFIELD for bringing me back, even with all this obloquy, for through it I acquired the friendſhip of Mr. GALES, and the ſatisfaction of employing him to print this work.

Adieu.

Yours,

Moſt ſincerely,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 28, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

MY labour-in-vain expedition to SHEFFIELD having trifled away that whole week, a nonſenſical buſineſs ſtarted up which loſt me the next. From the little town of ROTHERHAM, a propoſal was ſent me which, to this moment, I can ſcarcely make head or tail of. My intention was to have performed at MANCHESTER on the Tueſday, I however received a meſſage that it would be a profit to me, and a pleaſure to the people of ROTHERHAM, if I would give them a night there, and that LADY EFFINGHAM had expreſſed a wiſh to that effect. The inhabitants of that place, after putting me to ſome expence, and making me loſe my time, choſe, however, to affect a perfect indifference about the matter, and no night took place.

The following letter, which I wrote to clear myſelf from any ſuſpicion of diſreſpect to LADY EFFINGHAM, who ſuffered me to ſay in the bills that the entertainment was at her particular deſire, will elucidate this curious buſineſs a little better.

To the Right Hon. the COUNTESS OF EFFINGHAM.

" MADAM,

" I ſcarcely know in what words to apologize to your LA-
" DYSHIP for making ſo ill a return to your condeſcenſion as to diſappoint
" you of my performance at ROTHERHAM. The actual reaſon, however,
" which I ſhall briefly ſtate, will infallibly exculpate me from any intention
" of abuſing the very generous and handſome liberality with which you did
" me the honour to permit the uſe of your name; which circumſtance,
" had I not been precluded from circulating it, muſt have procured me an
" ample attendance.

" A propoſal, through Mr. WEBB of SHEFFIELD, came to me from
" YOUR LADYSHIP and Mr. WALKER; and Mr. WEBB went ſo far as to aſk
" what ſum would ſatisfy me for my trouble of going to ROTHERHAM. My
" anſwer—as it has conſtantly been whenever I hear of liberal names and
" liberal intentions—was, that I was certainly ſafe in relying on whatever the
" gentlemen of ROTHERHAM, influenced by your LADYSHIP and Mr. WAL-
" KER, might think proper to do; and as I am very tenacious of not being
" conſidered merely as a common exhibiter—my entertainment having been
" fabricated ſolely with a view to teſtify my gratitude to a generous public,
" previous to my embarkment for INDIA—I told Mr. WEBB that if the night
" failed, there would be abundant opportunity of making me amends, with-
" out any extra-pecuniary gratification, by promoting the ſubſcription of my
" MUSICAL TOUR. Mr. WEBB undertook to procure me an anſwer by *noon*
" on Sunday, and I promiſed not to go ſo ſoon to MANCHESTER. On Sunday
" night, however, hearing nothing of Mr. WEBB, I wrote to him, and re-
" ceived a verbal anſwer that I muſt wait on Dr. WAINWRIGHT. Determined
" to know ſomething more of this buſineſs, I called at Doctor WAIN-
" WRIGHT's in the morning. I ſaw only Mrs. WAINWRIGHT, who corro-
" borated all that Mr. WEBB had told me; adding, that the Doctor had com-
" miſſioned Mr. WEBB to treat with me, that he would be on that day at

" ROTHERHAM,

" ROTHERHAM, that there would be a meeting of the gentlemen, and her " advice was that I ſhould immediately go there. This I fully intended, had " I not by accident ſeen your LADYSHIP. This circumſtance determined me " to ſtay at SHEFFIELD, and ſolicit your name to my bill, which requeſt " you did me the honour ſo handſomely to grant. In the interim, however, " I wrote to Dr. WAINWRIGHT, and ſent ſome general bills for circulation; " but Dr. WAINWRIGHT, having left ROTHERHAM before the arrival " of my letter, it was referred to the gentlemen at the meeting, and they " agreed to write me word that they were ALL ENGAGED on Tueſday even- " ing, and could not attend me. This letter not being given to the man till " paſt nine o'clock in the evening, he did not return to SHEFFIELD till yeſ- " terday morning, *after* I had ſet out to ROTHERHAM, prepared for the per- " formance.

" On my arrival there, the woman at the poſt-office informed me that " Mr. WALKER had written me a letter, and if I had not received it, Mr. " TUCKER would tell me its contents. I waited on Mr. TUCKER, who " blamed me for not giving more notice, and letting the gentlemen know " *my* intention ſooner. I repreſented that I had but one intention about it— " which was, *not* to go to ROTHERHAM, had I not been ſtrongly ſolicited— " but, that, hearing your LADYSHIP's name and Mr. WALKER's ſo repeat- " edly mentioned, I had been induced to comply with what was extremely " inconvenient to me. Mr. TUCKER informed me that if I performed no- " body could be there—but, to comfort me, that gentleman was ſo good as " to ſay that, even if he did not come himſelf, he would ſend his half crown. " I ſmiled at the compliment, but could not help ſo far feeling for myſelf as " to ſay that half a crown was probably no more an object to me than to " him. He adviſed me, at all adventures, to ſee Mr. WALKER, for whom " I immediately ſought, but finding he was gone to SHEFFIELD, I ſaw I had " nothing for it but to wait on your LADYSHIP, make my apology, and in- " form you honeſtly of what had happened—but, on coming to the inn, I " found that, in my abſence, the landlord had put the horſes which drew " me to ROTHERHAM to Mr. WALKER's carriage. " Thus

" Thus, prevented every way from paying your LADYSHIP that defe-
" rence and reſpect which are not more your due from your high and diſ-
" tinguiſhed ſituation than from your affability and condeſcending benevo-
" lence, I have nothing to reſort to but this letter; which will, I doubt not,
" ſufficiently convince you that I have in no reſpect been to blame; but,
" on the contrary—as this tranſaction has put me to ſome expence, and
" prevented my receiving advantage elſewhere—I have a right to conſider
" it as as a piece of very unhandſome treatment; which I feel the more
" ſeverely, having through it, though not wilfully, diſappointed your LADY-
" SHIP, and given you ſo much unneceſſary trouble.

" I have the honour to be,
" Madam,
" Your Ladyſhip's
" Moſt obliged,
" And obedient ſervant,
" C. DIBDIN."

" *Sheffield, January* 8, 1788.

As I could have proved loſs of time and money in this tranſaction, I think it would have been no bad hit to have propoſed to Mr. TUCKER—who, be it known, is a worthy member of the law—an action againſt Mr. WEBB; for if one may judge by the liberal offer of the half crown, he would have joined iſſue in ſuch a buſineſs with me. But adieu Mr. TUCKER, and adieu ROTHERHAM. An Iriſh jolmon, to whom I was relating the ſtory, cried out—" ROTHERHAM! Ah now for the future will you be after changing " the R into a B, and calling it BOTHERHAM.

Laughing at theſe diſappointments, I began to anticipate the advantages of a viſit to MANCHESTER, where, as my recommendations were good, and the inhabitants were ſaid to emulate the ſpirit of LIVERPOOL, I had no doubt but I ſhould reap a plentiful harveſt. In my next you will be able to judge how far my expectations were verified. Adieu. Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 27, 1788.

LETTER LII.

LOCAL PREJUDICE.

"Time that on all things lays his lenient hand
"Yet tames not this."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

ON Saturday, January the 12th, I went from SHEFFIELD to MANCHESTER, by the way of CASTLETON, and of courſe over thoſe tremendous hills which form the moſt romantic part of the wonders of the Peak—but theſe I ſhall more particularly deſcribe hereafter. On the Sunday I waited on two gentlemen of conſequence in MANCHESTER, and came away ſo ſatisfied, that I flattered myſelf I ſhould find equal ſucceſs there to that I met with at LIVERPOOL. In the higheſt ſpirits, therefore, I adverti ſed, at a venture, three nights—Tueſday the fifteenth, Thurſday the ſeventeenth, and Friday the eighteenth—and on thoſe three nights I received almoſt *one half* of the ſum which the *laſt night* yielded me at LIVERPOOL. The reception of the entertainment ſmacked a little of HALIFAX, the judges "bore "a *wary* eye," and people, holding tight the captive half crown, made ſtrict enquiries into the value to be received before they could muſter up reſolution to liberate the coin. To ſay the truth, I was at laſt aſhamed of them, and, out of pity, relieved them from their uneaſineſs, by bidding MANCHESTER adieu.

To reverſe what I have ſaid of LIVERPOOL, let me not be cenſured if—faithful to my promiſe of telling the truth—I ſhould be obliged to place MAN-

CHESTER in an unfavourable point of view. My diſappointment there will tell the ſtory for me. At LIVERPOOL I had no previous recommendation that could influence the leading people. At MANCHESTER, a gentleman of the firſt conſequence in the town introduced me perſonally to all whom he could deviſe might be of ſervice to me; and, on my account, gave a ſupper, to which he invited a large number of his particular friends, on the night *before* the firſt performance. Nor did they want a reporter, and a very able one, of what they were going to hear. One of the gentlemen preſent had been at the amuſement the laſt night at LIVERPOOL, and ſpoke in the kindeſt way, not only of the thing itſelf, but of the liberal treatment I had received; inſtancing in particular, that as the concert had been on that very night, many who had indiſpenſible engagements there, juſt made their appearance, and then devoted the remainder of the evening *to me*—a kind of attention he wiſhed to ſee imitated at MANCHESTER. Nevertheleſs, the fact was as I have related. At my coming away, I might have had any thing if I would give them a night or two more, which I took as it was meant—a mere promiſe—and declined it as it deſerved.

It was allowed, on all hands, I had been very ill treated, and it was ſaid, as I had failed in the *entertainment* it ſhould be made up to me in the *ſubſcription*; and they hoped, if I found that to be the caſe, I would yet in the courſe of ſome weeks pay them another viſit. This I promiſed to do; but paſſing two months afterwards through the place, and finding that there was not a ſingle *additional* name to my *ſubſcription*, I forewent my intention of calling on any perſon beſide the bookſellers—and left MANCHESTER with an opinion which I am very ſorry to be convinced it merits.

Let me not however be ſo ungrateful as to neglect ſaying that from one gentleman—whoſe name all MANCHESTER will recollect without my mentioning it—I received a warm and friendly attention beyond my abilities to deſcribe. If he had intreated for a favour to be conferred on himſelf, he could not have been more ſolicitous, more anxious, or more induſtrious. Indeed I

wiſh

wiſh I had never gone to MANCHESTER; for I am ſure there are many of thoſe who call themſelves his friends, whom—after this buſineſs—he can never cordially think ſo. I take leave in this place to thank that gentleman, and to aſſure him that no length of time or change of ſituation ſhall ever efface his kindneſs from my memory.

The buſineſs would have turned out better if it had been undertaken by any body but this gentleman; and will it be believed why? He knew nothing of muſic.' 'Twas in vain that he held out, with the greateſt good-nature, 'Am I obliged to learn *ſol fa* to receive pleaſure when I hear an agreeable 'ſong!' "Mr. DIBDIN ought to have been taken up by the conoſcenti," who I would lay my life would be the very firſt to pick a hole in his coat.

This and the promiſed pleaſure of the enſuing week, when a new organ was to be opened at their concert room, deprived me of all the *gentlemen* muſicians. Mr. GREEN, who was putting up the organ, was a deity among them. Have you ſeen him? What ſort of man is he? Oh ſir, he is a wonderful creature! In ſhort, they were ſo full of it, that I expected to ſee a portrait of the organ and organ-maker in the next MANCHESTER *print*; and yet, with all this fuſs, when the grand day came, they had not—after ſuch an expence and ſo long a notice—two-thirds of the number that uſually attend a common concert at LIVERPOOL.

The narrowneſs that characteriſes the people of MANCHESTER is not confined to their pleaſures, it is evidently apparent in their trade. Conſidering them as a community, they are like an army of MERCENARIES. At their head are a few individuals of conſequence, under whom all the reſt are doomed to ſerve in perpetual ſubordination; but LIVERPOOL is a corps of volunteers in which any may riſe by induſtry, merit, and perſeverance, to the higheſt poſts. Some few at MANCHESTER muſt aſſuredly be immenſely wealthy, but it is impoſſible that it can boaſt, within a prodigious ſum indeed, the aggregate riches of LIVERPOOL. As therefore the wealth falls comparatively

into

into a few hands—the tradeſman-like plodding routine of whoſe buſineſs is to pay weekly wages and ſettle ſhort credits—there cannot be the ſame extenſion of ideas, the ſame neceſſity for a large ſcale of calculation, for a competent knowledge of the comparative intereſts of nations, for clear and well-digeſted general intelligence, and all thoſe other important mental requiſites which make up the broad, comprehenſive purſuits of a merchant. In ſhort, MANCHESTER, where a ſmall number hoard conſiderable wealth, and the reſt are merely paid for their labour, cannot, on the ſcale of commerce, be put in competition with LIVERPOOL; where the tide of treaſure—like the ſea that produces it—rolls in a wide and expanſive circulation; nor is it more conducive to private and partial advantage than general convenience.

Men however of theſe contracted principles generally are ſtrictly honeſt, and poſſeſs the leſſer virtues with as much punctuality and exactneſs as they honour a bill of exchange; and there can be no doubt but from the timidity attendant on the common moral duties of life, and an anxiety to comply as far as men can with the letter of that religion they punctually attend the ceremonies of—by way of example to their children and ſervants—the humanity ſo evidently manifeſt in the preſent efforts to aboliſh the *ſlave trade* had its riſe. The motive beyond contradiction is laudable.

After examining, in my next letter, whether the people of MANCHESTER get or loſe by ſetting themſelves up rather as *judges* than as *lovers* of MUSIC, I ſhall proceed to inveſtigate their arguments relative to this important ſubject, place thoſe of LIVERPOOL by the ſide of them, and ſee whether their general policy merits that attention from the legiſlature they expect, or whether it has proceeded from that ruling paſſion which POPE ſays time itſelf cannot tame; and he might have added, had he known my friendſhip, any more than it can the ſincerity with which I profeſs to be

Truly yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 1, 1788.

LETTER LIII.

CRITICS AND CRITICISMS.

"*The ſports of children ſatisfy the child.*"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

SOME years ago there was a party of critics who conſtantly made a point of attending the *theatres*. They were always headed by a chief, whom they diſtinguiſhed by the name of Mr. TOWN; and this gentleman being choſen for his ſuperior adroitneſs at diſcovering the faults of authors, very gravely—in the name he had the modeſty to aſſume—pronounced the fate of many a trembling poet and compoſer. It happened however after a length of time, that indifferent people, who really went to the *theatres* to be pleaſed, and to judge for themſelves, thought proper to take up the buſineſs, and a few ineffectual ſtruggles over, Mr. TOWN and his partizans were obliged to leave the field in diſgrace; and withdraw to pot houſes, their maſter's offices, or ſuch other obſcure retreats, from which they originally iſſued, in arrogant expectation of giving the ton to an opulent metropolis in an enlightened age.*

* A moſt ludicrous inſtance of the diſmiſſion of an actor, through the *fiat* of Mr. TOWN, happened in Goodman's Fields. A GENTLEMAN was announced for the character of MACBETH, and went thro' it with ſo much reputation that it was agreed to give it out for the following night. A Miſs BUDGEL played LADY MACBETH, and it ſo happened that during his acquaintance with that lady, at the different rehearſals, he fell paſſionately in love with his *theatrical* wife—which misfortune might not have happened

This party has never been entirely quelled, their fury however now vents itſelf only in bickerings at coffee houſes, ſnarling in the box lobby, or now and then a ſquib in the newſpapers; but this laſt never happens, unleſs intereſt be made with the underſtrappers when the editor is out of the way—for free tickets, the performance of now and then a farce, and other douceurs, have locked up the newſpapers from the admiſſion of any ſtrictures relative to the theatres, but ſuch as are within the deſcription of Mr. SHERIDAN's liſt of *puffs* in *The Critic*. Leſt this laſt policy however ſhould not be ſufficient to inſure to the *managers* all the ſucceſs it may be *convenient* to command—for that it has been ſometimes thought expedient to accelerate the damnation of pieces I *know* to be a fact—a formidable phalanx of *orderly* people are ſtationed to cruſh in its infancy every attempt at a riot. Theſe have their various taſks aſſigned them; and to ſay the truth, they have often as hard parts to play as thoſe on the ſtage.* Through theſe and other wiſe precautions, theatrical matters are put upon ſo deſirable a footing, that it is not what the town has an

happened to him had ſhe been his *real* one. During the time of the performance he was more enraptured than ever. After it was over, ſtanding near her, by the ſide of the ſcenes, receiving her warm compliments and congratulations, an actor, who had perſonated one of the witches, was ſent on the ſtage to announce a repetition of the performance on the following night. The audience, the moment the man appeared, burſt into a loud laugh. MACBETH could not conceive whence this aroſe, till, looking on the ſtage, he ſaw the actor who had began to arrange himſelf for the farce, with his hair finely dreſſed, and ſome of the witches rags hanging about him, "God bleſs me," cried he, "'tis "mighty ridiculous to ſend this ſtupid fellow on the ſtage—what ſhall we do?" 'My dear Sir, ſaid Miſs BUDGEL, 'you have nothing for it but to give it out yourſelf.' "My dear creature," returned the charmed MACBETH, "I'll do it—my ſweet Miſs BUDGEL!—dear, charming Miſs BUDGEL!"—On he ruſhed, full of the idea of Miſs BUDGEL, and, as ſoon as he could be heard, he thundered out "Ladies and gentlemen, to morrow evening—Miſs BUDGEL will be *done over again*." Mr. TOUN found ſomething indelicate in this buſineſs, and poor MACBETH was baniſhed from the theatre.

* Sometimes it is the duty of theſe *theatrical* auxiliaries to make the moſt diſturbances themſelves, in order to drown one clamour with another. An Iriſhman being witneſs to this, and aſking a perſon near him what could induce thoſe people to make ſuch a noiſe, was informed they had all come in with *orders*. "Well then, upon my ſoul," ſaid he, "I never ſaw a ſet of *orderly* people ſo *riotous* in all "my life."

an opinion of, but what the manager, through intereſt—to oblige a favourite, or ſome ſuch equitable motive—chuſes to obtrude on the public, which we ſee continually crammed down their throats, and which has ſo perverted the original inſtitution of the drama, that it would be as uſeleſs to ſearch for morality, wit, taſte, genius, or any intrinſic requiſite of the ſtage, in moſt of the modern dramatic productions, as for *charity* in the heart of an USURER, or *truth* in the tongue of a HYPOCRITE.

Scions from this old ſtock of party ſeem pretty freely to have ſpread themſelves over moſt of the towns of conſequence in this kingdom. Playhouſe critics however have in the country very little to do; for by then they have ſeen *Macbeth* two or three times break his truncheon—*Richard* ſtart at the ghoſts, all the men have fallen in love, and all the women envied ſome *blooming* actreſs of *ſixty*; and a few of the firſt rate having gone to LONDON for orders, and ſeen the performers there, have pronounced the country actors to be *damned ſtuff*—expended curioſity dies away, and the unfortunate ſons and daughters of *Theſpis* having ſtamped, roared, grinned, and ſqualled as long as any 'prentice boys are to be found to make up their gallery, are obliged to take to their cart and undergo the ſame humiliation in ſome other place.

Muſical critics have a great deal more to do. An attorney's clerk who can play WEIDEMAN's minuet joins a mercer's apprentice, who, from frequenting hops has learnt to ſcrape a little of one of the city waites. The attorney decamped—perhaps after being pilloried for perjury, and the mercer become a bankrupt, the clerk and the apprentice are in buſineſs for themſelves. Perhaps one becomes an alderman and the other a town-clerk. A ſubſcription is now propoſed, a concert-room is built, where the MERCER *leads*, and the ATTORNEY *plays ſolos*. The plan is at length extended, till in the race-week, at the aſſizes, or ſome other public ſeaſon, whatever ſinger happens then to be popular is invited, an oratorio performed, and Meſſieurs LATITAT and

and REMNANT quit the *red tails* and the *quality binding*, to emulate—in noiſe at leaſt—the feſtivals of the Abbey.

I really mean no more by my MERCER and ATTORNEY than the latter would by A and B did he put a caſe. What I have inſtanced is virtually the fact; and it has this operation. If it ſo happen that the *lovers* of muſic outnumber the *judges*—as they call themſelves—every thing will be conducted upon a broad, liberal plan, and the concert do honour to the place, by giving encouragement to men of abilities and refining the taſte of the inhabitants; if on the contrary the *judges* have a majority, it will be carried on upon a narrow, jealous, contracted ſcale. The muſic will be injudiciouſly choſen, an unneceſſary conſequence aſſumed; and at length, what was meant as an harmonic meeting will become a ſcene of confuſion, till the gentlemen players have no opportunity to diſplay the brilliancy of their ſuperior talents, but thro' the mortifying medium of private meetings at each other's houſes. At LIVERPOOL, the *lovers* have the majority *twenty*—perhaps *fifty*—to one: At MANCHESTER, I am afraid it goes as ſtrongly in favour of the *judges*. Let them therefore take care not to follow the example of LEEDS; where—and I have already ſhewn why—there will not, in all probability, next year be a concert at all. None of this would however be worth a comment, if the ſports of theſe children—like the others in the fable of the frogs—was not the death of genius, and conſequently the cauſe of ſtagnating that profeſſion they pretend to encourage.

Yours,

Very ſincerely,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 1, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

MANCHESTER VERSUS LIVERPOOL.

" You have among you many an hired ſlave;
" Shall I ſay, marry them to your children,
" Let them be free!"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

THE objections which originated at MANCHESTER, and which have ſince extended to a large part of the kingdom, againſt the ſlave trade, are as follow.

That it is a diſgrace to humanity, and a reproach to a nation which boaſts the mildeſt government, and profeſſes the juſteſt religion upon earth, to buy and ſell our fellow-creatures.

That the Engliſh, not contented with the priſoners taken in thoſe wars among the different powers of the coaſt of AFRICA, which are provoked by their own jealouſies and other private motives, irritate the natives to commit partial depredations on each other, and thus unneceſſarily are the cauſe of ſpilling human blood, and laying waſte the habitations of harmleſs and peaceable individuals, for the purpoſe of ſupplying ſlaves for the markets in the WEST-INDIES.

That theſe poor wretches are treated with the moſt inhuman cruelty; that on board of ſhip they are ſtived down in the hold, without the ſmalleſt reſpect to ſex or age, or any regard to common decency; and that if they repine, chains, whips, and thumb-ſcrews, bring them to a ſenſe of their miſerable condition, and the ſcene often ends with their embracing death to free them from a worſe calamity; that this cruelty extends throughout the whole term of their ſlavery, which—unleſs they can raiſe a ſum, generally impoſſible—is for life; that they are cart-whipt and treated with much other cruelty, under which a white man would expire, for the moſt trivial faults; and that four years generally wear out—owing to this reiterated torture—the moſt robuſt conſtitutions among them, when they fall willing victims to their dreadful fate, which becomes a ſtanding and indelible reproach to the name of Engliſhman.

That there have been ſome inſtances to the contrary, ſince all the world is not poſſeſſed of the ſame want of feeling; that indeed they have been rare, but when they have happened, the planter has found his firſt ſtock become ſufficiently numerous to anſwer all his purpoſes—for by gentleneſs and kind treatment they have increaſed aſtoniſhingly, and, as his humane endeavours have been evidently viſited by a bleſſing from heaven, he has amaſſed immenſe riches—while the negroes have extolled *him* as a *benefactor*, whom they expected to find a grievous and oppreſſive *taſk maſter*.

That a planter may take away the life of a ſlave without being in the ſmalleſt degree accountable for his actions.

That the GUINEA trade, over and above the other evils which attend it, is the deſtruction of many brave Engliſhmen, inaſmuch as that the flower of our intrepid tars find a grave upon the coaſt of AFRICA.

That

That the abolition of this unnatural traffic would be rather a benefit than a diſadvantage as to the conſumption of our commodities, for that we might then have returns in articles the produce of that country.

That a total abolition of the ſlave trade, and nothing leſs, would go to a reform of the grievances ariſing from it; for, by being convinced that they could no longer recruit their ſtock from the old market, planters would ceaſe to be wantonly cruel, and naturally turn their thoughts to the care and preſervation of the ſlaves then upon their hands, imitating the ſingle inſtance of the merciful Weſt-Indian before mentioned, which would produce many great and ſalutary effects. The planter, contenting himſelf with the ſlaves already in his poſſeſſion, would, as the negroes are naturally prolific, increaſe his ſtock every year; alſo having no more purchaſe-money to pay, he could in a ſhort time be enabled to part with his ſugar and rum cheaper than formerly, and thus we could afford to underſell all the other Weſt-India iſlands. That theſe deſirable bleſſings would perpetuate the merciful reign of GEORGE the Third, and finally, to the end of time, ſtand forward as as an example of humanity unparalelled in the annals of the world.

Many other inland towns having caught fire at the long enumeration of *grievances* ſuſtained, and advantages that would ariſe from the extirpation of the cauſe of thoſe grievances, have, to their honour, taken up the ſubject, and in a variety of petitions—among which that of SHEFFIELD is one of the beſt written—beſought parliament to interpoſe their authority, and put a ſtop to this growing evil; and they hold out what appears to be a ſtrong proof of the handſome diſintereſtedneſs of MANCHESTER, namely, that their goods go now to purchaſe the African ſlaves, whereas they are willing to forego all advantage as *dealers*, rather than be remiſs in their duty as *men*.

Theſe petitions look forward to the happy conſequences that they ſay would be derived from ſo noble an exerciſe of Engliſh philanthropy. In them

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is introduced every argument that generoſity can dictate, and the moſt powerful language uſed to intreat the legiſlature to protect the ſavages, and to induce the merchants who have an intereſt in that trade nobly to throw it up with the ſame greatneſs of mind in which they have been ſet ſo laudable an example by the benevolent inhabitants of MANCHESTER.

Beſides the petitioners, a number of ſocieties have formed, who ſplit the different queſtions into every poſſible diviſion; but as this would take off from the ſolemnity of the buſineſs, and ſeem as if I wiſhed to ſupply LIVERPOOL with opportuity to introduce palliating ſubterfuges, I ſhall, in my next letter, let them meet the queſtion on its preſent ground. After which, the reader and I will fairly compare both arguments—which done, I ſhall leave him as a jury to decide upon the merits of the caſe.

Mercy upon poor LIVERPOOL, if the arguments of MANCHESTER be found as infallible, as that I am,

Moſt truly

And faithfully yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 2, 1788.

LETTER LV.

A VINDICATION.

"To do a great right, do a little wrong."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

IN reply to theſe charges, LIVERPOOL ſays,

That if there can be no reaſon, ſupported by ſound policy, legiſlative neceſſity, or any of thoſe indiſpenſable urgencies which in all politics occaſionally introduce a partial and apparent oppreſſion for the ſake of general convenience, the African *ſlave trade* is as it has been repreſented—an infamous traffic, and a diſgrace to the national character of the Engliſh; but if it be made appear that it is perfectly expedient, and alſo that it is a bleſſing—inſtead of a misfortune—to the ſavages, whoſe ſituations are ſo loudly and vehemently deplored, they conceive the various petitions for its abolition ought to be thrown out—though certainly originating from benevolent intentions—as frivolous and vexatious.

That ſo falſe is the report that the Engliſh provoke wars up the country on the coaſt of AFRICA, for the purpoſe of purchaſing ſlaves, no Engliſhman ever yet returned who ventured five miles from the ſhore. That were the Engliſh ſo inhuman as to meditate any ſuch thing, it is perfectly unneceſſary. The nations on the coaſt of AFRICA are remarkably prolific, and naturally

lazy, cultivation is ſcarcely known among them, and fiſhing and hunting procure them the only bleſſings of life their ſavage nature is capable of entertaining a conception of. There are among them many tribes, and they are never without being in ſome place or other at war. The priſoners made in theſe wars are doomed ſome to be *ſacrificed*, ſome *eaten*—for they are cannibals to a man—and ſome *ſold*. Theſe laſt are purchaſed by the ENGLISH, the DUTCH, the FRENCH, the PORTUGUESE, the SPANISH, the DANES, and, as all the world knows, by many other nations. Do all thoſe go up the country to provoke wars? Or do they lay in wait for the poor captives who are tricked by the inſidious arts of Engliſhmen into unneceſſary quarrels? Bravery, and all the generoſity attending on it, is the characteriſtic of Engliſhmen. Why then ſhould their fellow country men load them with ſuch unworthy ſuſpicions? But the wars alone do not furniſh the ſlaves ſold upon the coaſt of GUINEA. If a negro have thirty wives, they are his ſlaves, ſo are their children; and it is not uncuſtomary to ſee a man ſell his whole family. Of the poor devoted wretches taken in war, thoſe who are ſold are the happieſt, unleſs it can be proved that they are treated with all that cruelty which again is rather harſhly laid to the charge of Engliſhmen; in which caſe indeed, *death* were deſirable. Theſe poor wretches are brought forth—ſuch a number are put apart to be EATEN at the public ſacrifices, the reſt are carried to market—the refuſe of whom, which always amounts to a conſiderable number, are beheaded, and then—or perhaps alive, as a prey to the ſharks—thrown into the ſea. A gentleman, from whoſe mouth this is taken, ſays that a Captain FARRER, after having purchaſed as many as his ſhip would conveniently contain, ſaw thoſe he had refuſed to buy, beheaded before his face to the number of ſixty-two.

That on board of ſhip no ſlave was ever treated but with the greateſt mildneſs and lenity, unleſs he were mutinous, in which caſe common policy will make it neceſſary to be a little rigorous. That the accommodations are ſtudiouſly laid out for their convenience,* and every effort exerted to preſerve them

* This I am competent to ſpeak to, having myſelf examined a Guineaman with the moſt minute attention.

them in health and vigour. Indeed, if Engliſhmen had all that ferocity at preſent attributed to them; if they could be hardened enough to gall a poor defenceleſs ſlave with chains, flog him into ſickneſs, and invent new horrors to increaſe the calamity of his ſituation—their intereſt would forbid it. They muſt be madmen to brave an unhealthy clime, and expend immenſe ſums to purchaſe a ſet of miſerable objects merely to exerciſe on them ſo much wanton barbarity. When the ſlaves come to the Weſt-Indian, by being re-purchaſed at a higher price, it ſtill more behoves their maſters to attend to their treatment. They are certainly ſet to work, but their labour is not within any degree of compariſon equal to that of a farmer's man, who, at the harveſt time, has not a ſingle hour's ceſſation from binding and carrying, from three o'clock in the morning till nine at night—whereas a negro can never work but from ſix to ſix. In ſhort, any Engliſh labourer is worked much harder—but then the climate! Why it is congenial to their nature—but the cart whip! Is nothing. They are lazy beyond any thing that can be conceived; and if they were not ſtimulated to it, would do nothing. But it is a miſtake that a planter can whip a negro to death—he muſt receive but thirty-nine laſhes; and if every one of the thirty-nine were ten, they would be ſtill nothing to a dozen at the gangway. That ſo far from the planter's treating them with any thing but general kindneſs—for he muſt not ſuffer them to get the upper hand of him, unleſs he chuſes to have his throat cut—every negro has his little ſpot of ground, from which the markets are ſupplied with vegetables on a Sunday, with the produce of which they make little parties of pleaſure, have their balls and different paſtimes, and, unleſs it be ſome few moody malecontents—which are to be found in all ſtates—are as happy as any people under the ſun. Neither is this ground taken away from them—as ſome aſſert—when they have brought it to perfection; for if this were the caſe, where would they get the money to purchaſe their freedom, which happens every day.

In ſhort, a negro's idea when he is purchaſed is, that he is to be eaten; and as nothing can induce him to drive this idea from his imagination—for

perſuading

perſuading him to the contrary confirms it the ſtronger, as he thinks he is only told ſo that he may become *chearful* and get *fat*—therefore they generally come to market very thin, which probably has given riſe to the report of their being cruelly treated at ſea—but when he finds he is only to work, and ſees himſelf in the midſt of his countrymen, who have wives and families and are happy, only upon condition that they labour a little, he, like them, buckles to his ſituation, and finds that the bread he regularly earns by induſtry, is ſweeter than the precarious ſubſiſtance he before picked up—which perhaps was not procured till his poiſoned arrow had drank the blood of his countryman.

I will not ſay how far 'tis expedient by doing a little wrong to do a great right—but we will go on with the reaſons of LIVERPOOL, after I have once more ſubſcribed myſelf

Yours,

Very faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 2, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

THE ARGUMENTS OF LIVERPOOL FINISHED.

"If this be true—as true it ſeems to be"—

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

THE objections of LIVERPOOL to the aſſertions of MANCHESTER, go on thus.

That certainly thoſe who treat the ſlaves with the moſt lenity ſtand a chance of being beſt aſſiſted by their ſervices; but the inſtance adduced that they are likely, through good treatment alone, to grow ſufficiently populous for the WEST-INDIES to need no further ſupply of them, is a moſt extraordinary aſſertion. It is well known there are very few women brought from AFRICA, and many of theſe, through their connections with white men, get their liberty. This is certainly a ſubject not to be defended upon rational principles, but it is a worldly bleſſing which the negroes have a very ſtrong reliſh for; and that the fact exiſts, witneſs all thoſe degrees of complection under the titles of Mulatto, Muſtee, &c. who at laſt enjoy the immunities of Engliſhmen, and become planters themſelves. Beſides, it can never be credited that, if there were any poſſible means of keeping up a ſufficient ſtock without a freſh ſupply, that men would laviſh away large ſums to purchaſe new ſlaves merely for the pleaſure of treating them ill.

That a planter cannot take away the life of a ſlave without being accountable for his actions. The laws formerly were very looſe on this ſubject, and murder of this kind has been committed—and ſo it has in ENGLAND—with impunity. There was always however a heavy fine for this crime, and in aggravated caſes the puniſhment was never leſs than death; and what is this but our diſtinction of manſlaughter and murder? Theſe laws however, before MANCHESTER ſaid a word on the ſubject, it was thought neceſſary to render more rigid, and JAMAICA has already determined to make this crime death without benefit of clergy;* but even if theſe laws did not exiſt, there is an unfeeling cruelty beyond deſcription in a man's coolly ſitting down and ſuppoſing that his fellow creatures—his countrymen—can depart from thoſe ſenſations by which alone they deſerve to be linked to ſociety, and deliberately commit murder, to their manifeſt diſadvantage, in the moment a poor wretch needs moſt his pity and compaſſion, merely becauſe that wretch is in his power. No animal in the circuit of creation ever took a life, but to gratify hunger or ſatiate revenge. To the latter ignoble propenſity man moſt aſſuredly is too much addicted—but not more in the WEST-INDIES than in ENGLAND, or any other part of the world; nor indeed are Engliſhmen more remarkable for this ſavage brutality than the inhabitants of any other nation; why then, in a moment of forward and unneceſſary zeal, ſingle out the Engliſh Weſt India planters, in particular, as the perpetrators of unprovoked and uſeleſs barbarity?—which, were they capable of, they would deſerve to be ſwept from the face of the earth.

That nothing can prove ſo decidedly the ſuperficial and fallacious principles upon which the inhabitants of MANCHESTER ground their arguments, as their aſſertion that the GUINEA trade is the deſtruction of ſome of our braveſt ſeaman. It is well known that when king's ſhips are paid off, unhappy ſailors, who have ſo nobly maintained during a war the glorious naval ſuperiority of Engliſhmen, take to bad courſes for want of employ, and that the gallows

* An act to this effect has ſince paſſed.

gallows groans with thoſe neglected objects of bravery, who perhaps, a few months before, were the dread of their enemies. Is it wonderful then, that thoſe who have the reſolution to withſtand the temptations which ſeduced their companions, ſhould leave their country—which they muſt do or ſtarve—upon *any terms?* But this object is ſcarcely worth contending for:—the ſailors who man the Guineamen are very few of them of this deſcription—they are moſtly ſuch wretches as, having eſcaped juſtice in this country, are obliged to fly; for it may be fairly averred, that the veſſels bound to AFRICA, by taking ſuch peſts of ſociety with them, go more to the prevention of depredations on the public than all the watchfulneſs of the Engliſh police. To ſay the truth, theſe ought moſt to be terrified at the chains in which they are ſure to be manacled, whenever they treat the ſlaves with cruelty.

That if the aſſertion be founded—"that it would be rather a benefit than "a diſadvantage to aboliſh the ſlave trade, becauſe we might then have re-"turns for our commodities in articles the produce of AFRICA," it contradicts that which went before; for, in this caſe, would not the ſailors be as likely to find a grave upon that coaſt in any common *trading voyage* as by *bartering for ſlaves?* Beſides, this holds out a ſort of argument that the diſintereſtedneſs of MANCHESTER is not quite ſo clear as upon the firſt bluſh it appeared; for if a mutual commerce of produce for produce could be brought about, the MANCHESTER goods might in that caſe, not only be ſold in as large quantities, but probably to much greater advantage. But, after all, what is the value of the produce of AFRICA? What of conſequence have we ever done even with SENEGAL? If we could *colonize* indeed!—but then, would not the death of the emigrants be an improvement on the cruelty which it is ſaid has ſtimulated us to carry ſo many ſailors to their graves in that unwholeſome country?

That a total abolition of the ſlave trade would ſhake the very exiſtence of our WEST-INDIA poſſeſſions; for there cannot be a falſer argument than that

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a ſtock of ſlaves is to be kept up without a conſtant ſupply from AFRICA; and as to the viſionary notion of putting them on a footing with hired ſervants, 'tis too ridiculous to deſerve a thought. In ſhort, were the ſlave trade put an end to, the French, and others, who at preſent participate with us upon an equal footing the advantages ariſing from the produce of the Caribbee Iſlands, would then come at their produce upon better terms, and in greater abundance; and thus would one exertion of humanity, perfectly laudable in private ſpeculation, in its public operation, train with it the moſt pernicious and deſtructive conſequences.

Theſe arguments have branched into a multitude of others, to which MANCHESTER has *replied*, and LIVERPOOL *rejoined*—the material points however are contained in what I have already ſet down; but this controverſy has drawn from LIVERPOOL a queſtion of certainly much greater magnitude than the ſlave trade—and it is this: "Were it not wiſer, and even more humane, "before we carry our clemency to AFRICA, to exert it a little for the relief of "that oppreſſion under which our fellow ſubjects groan *at home?*"

Some of their obſervations on this ſubject, which are very pointed, ſhall make up a part of the next letter—this I finiſh without any farther comment, ſince this important ſubject is a pending one, and will no doubt undergo a full and ſatisfactory inveſtigation. Then to ſay that, at any rate, the exertions of MANCHESTER are praiſeworthy, and if their prayer had gone no further than to a correction of abuſes, not one word would or could have been ſaid againſt it; for in that caſe, the reaſonableneſs of their demand would have been as evident as that I am

Yours,

With the moſt perfect ſincerity,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 5, 1788.

LETTER LVII.

A PROOF THAT THERE ARE MORE SLAVES THAN THOSE UPON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

"Charity begins at home."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I ſhall now ſpeak to the grievances which exiſt at home, and are ſaid by LIVERPOOL to have thrown ſuch a ſhadow over the preſent *ſoi diſant* philanthropic exertions, as almoſt totally to eclipſe them.

Theſe are comprehended in a general abuſe and wilful perverſion of the ſpirit of our laws. Hence all the diſtreſſes to harmleſs and induſtrious families, by kidnapping and preſſing for the army and navy, through which deſerted wives and children are committed to the care of mercileſs overſeers, and unthinking boys, in time of peace, flogged to death for deſertion.* Hence all the

* An inſtance of this kind lately occurred, which plainly evinces that if the *laws* of this country are mild, the *execution* of them is cruelly rigourous. In the courſe of laſt month, at DOVER, a lad of eighteen was ſentenced to receive a thouſand laſhes for deſertion. They had given him five hundred, when—in terms of the moſt moving ſupplication—he implored a reſpite of the remainder of his ſentence, crying out, in accents ſcarcely utterable, through the violence of his agony, "that his heart was "breaking, and he ſhould die under it if they flogged him any longer!"—regardleſs however of his entreaties, they continued their unmerciful work, till at the end of ſix hundred and fifty laſhes—perceiving him actually dying—they removed him to the guard-houſe, where he expired the next morning! Query, whether this is not at leaſt a match for any cruelty that has been practiſed in the WEST-INDIES? There is certainly great opportunity for abuſes to creep into martial laws, and it originates from this: Thoſe who are moſt likely to commit crimes, cannot be tried by their peers. Thus private ſoldiers and foremaſt men are generally puniſhed with rigour, and the *crimes* of officers too often palliated

the injuries ſuſtained by the conſtitution, owing to ſmuggling, through which the *fair* trader fails, and the *nefarious* one becomes opulent*—through which the exciſeman keeps his horſe and his girl, and ſpends five hundred a year, though he receives from government but fifty†—through which are levied ſhop and other grievous taxes, whoſe produce the cuſtoms and exciſe alone would yield, were they not defrauded by thoſe who ſmuggle, and others who countenance ſmugglers—and through which a few half-ankers of brandy are ſeized

ated and ſoftened into *errors*. My brother aſſured me the following is a fact. A ſtrange, eccentric fellow, who was a cook's mate on board a man of war, among other ſingularities, uſed to amuſe the ſailors with tricks on the cards, cups and balls, and other feats of *legerdemain*. The captain—who was not bleſt with a very brilliant underſtanding—inſtead of ſeeing this matter in the harmleſs light it deſerved, found in his idea ſomething very reprehenſible in it. The ſailor was ordered into his preſence, and told that he had heard ſtrange things of him. 'Have you indeed, your honour,' ſaid JACK, 'what are they ſir, if I may be ſo bold?' "Why," ſaid the captain, "they ſay you are a "*conjuror*." 'Lord bleſs your honour,' anſwered the tar, 'why then, if that's the caſe, they ſays 'ſtrange things of your honour.' "Of me, you raſcal, why what, you impudent dog, do they ſay of "me?" 'Why they ſays, and pleaſe your honour, as how your honour is *no conjuror*.' This, tho' there was no offence in it from the heart, ought to have procured the ſailor at leaſt a reprimand, if not a ſlight puniſhment—for certainly the barrier of ſubordination ought never to be overleaped. The captain however determined upon a more complete revenge than was then in his power, diſmiſſed him with a ſmile—but, from that moment, privately ſet him down in his black book. No effectual opportunity occurred to gratify this ſmothered revenge, till the ſailor having got drunk aſhore neglected to return at the appointed time with his companions. This being the moment the captain wiſhed for, poor JACK was tried for deſertion, and ſentenced to be *keel hauled*. When he was brought forward to ſuffer his ſentence, he begged leave to ſpeak to the captain—to whom he ſaid, 'I am ſentenced, your 'honour, to undergo a very heavy puniſhment, though I have done nothing to deſerve it; but I have 'been tried by a court martial of *captains*—had I been an officer, my tricks upon the cards would have 'been a *genteel amuſement*, my *crimes* all *errors*, and my *ſtaying aſhore* a *frolic*. God bleſs you ſir, and 'all the harm I wiſh you is, that for the next crime your honour commits, you may be tried by a court 'martial of *foremaſt men*—and now for DAVY JONES's *locker!*' Saying which words, he jumped overboard.

* Certainly this fact exiſts.

† I ſaw myſelf a letter from an exciſeman to a captain of a ſhip, in which were theſe words: 'Sir, 'I underſtand you want to land ſome goods on Friday in the afternoon, therefore at that time I ſhall contrive to be three miles off on *government buſineſs*."

ſeized by conſent, to cover the running of valuable goods to an immenſe amount. Hence come all the evils ariſing from impriſonment for debt, through which an unmerciful creditor has been known to decide upon the *liberty*, *property*, and even LIFE of an oppreſſed debtor*—through which attornies ſwarm in this country like locuſts—through which the villain is ſure to eſcape, and the unfortunate man to be puniſhed—through which rogues in priſon banquet in luxury, and innocent men, envying the milder lot of felons, *petition* to be tranſported to BOTANY BAY ;† and laſtly—for were I to enumerate all the inſtances they adduce, and the variety of partial evils ariſing from them, the remainder of this publication would not contain them—hence come the inefficacy of the penal laws, through which thieves thrive in the neighbourhood of juſtice—through which informers, who are the only inſtruments to put the laws in force, are deemed infamous—through which juſtice is made a trade, and lawleſs banditti are every thing but protected by thoſe whoſe duty it is to exterminate them.‡.

All

* Inſtead of commenting on this ſubject in a note, I ſhall reſerve it to make up my next letter.

† This inſtance happened about a twelvemonth ago—the debtors in Newgate ſeeing the preparations for tranſporting the felons to BOTANY BAY, petitioned to go with them.

‡ This is a field on which Mr. CLOUGH—of whom I had formerly the honour to ſpeak—would largely expatiate. His doctrine was, that thieves are encouraged by the runners of rotation offices till —as they expreſs it—"their time is come," and to inure them to their certain fate, they make a point of attending executions. He tells a ſtory of one of theſe who uſed to be ſo much favoured as now and then to be permitted *for love* to help JACK KETCH to adjuſt the knot. When his own hanging-day arrived, with all imaginable unconcern, he looked up at the clock, and ſaid to one of his companions, "I ſay, GEORGE, I think we are *rather late to-day!*" His ſtories of the placid indifference with which theſe poor wretches ſubmit to their fate were numerous, and every one of them proved, that if ſtrong habit and example had not confirmed in them a belief (as rivetted as that of ſoldiers and ſailors as to their fate in battle) that they were predeſtined to the gibbet, many of them, by being rouſed to their rational duties, through the vigilance of the police, might have become uſeful members of ſociety :—but the magiſtrates themſelves know, that as other children learn ſomething to give them an idea of religion and morality, ſo thoſe in *St. Giles's* are taught to liſp out the exploits of their fathers, and nothing is ſo common as to hear a boy of five year's old talk of "dying game." I ſhall ſelect one more of Mr. CLOUGH's ſtories to finiſh this note.

A

All theſe the people of LIVERPOOL are of opinion require a reform—not that they would wiſh any amendment that might go to the extirpation of the laws, for they are evidently a *benefit*, though their execution may be an *evil*; and they conclude what they have offered on this ſubject, by ſaying that though they would recommend a cure of home abuſes, as a project of amore ſane and rational nature, rather than a reform on the coaſt of AFRICA, yet ſhould the preſent complainants be really able to point out any abuſes in the *ſlave trade*, and hit upon an expedient that may go to their redreſs, they will be the firſt to offer them their public thanks, not from any oſtentation of greater liberality than their neighbours, but becauſe in that caſe they will have done a deſirable and material ſervice to the community in general, and in particular to the inhabitants of LIVERPOOL.

In this ſtate I leave the ſubject of the ſlave trade. It was in ſome degree my duty to report as much as I knew of it, and it would have exceeded my duty to ſay whoſe arguments are the moſt worthy attention. The only circumſtance I can ſpeak to, from my own conviction, is, the accommodations on board the Guineamen, which are wonderfully calculated for the comfort and convenience of the ſlaves; indeed the crew, and even the officers themſelves, are very ill accommodated, merely that the whole ſhip may be appropriated to the uſe of thoſe objects on whoſe health and good treatment certainly depend the ſucceſs of their voyage.

Yours,

Very truly,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 14, 1788.

A poor fellow whoſe irons had juſt been knocked off in the preſs-yard was ſeen to whimper, upon which Mr. AKERMAN—who bears the character of a thinking and conſiderate man—pleaſed probably to ſee an unexpected example of feeling, in one who had always appeared very hardened, aſked him, with great kindneſs, what troubled him—ſaying, that any thing in his power that could alleviate his diſtreſs for the few ſhort moments he had to live he ſhould be welcome to—"as to your fate," ſaid he, "you "ſeemed a few minutes ago to be very reſigned to it." 'Lord love you,' replied the poor wretch, ſniveling, ''tis not that—as to hanging, 'tis as well now as another time—but I have not ſixpence to buy 'a natty nightcap—and a man you know, Maſter AKERMAN, may as well go *deſſent* out of the world—'but I ſhould not mind it ſo much, if that NED NUBBING CHEAT had not refuſed to lend me his—and 'that you know was damned ill-natured, for he can't want it till next ſeſſions!'

LETTER LVIII.

A DISTINCTION BETWEEN LAW AND EQUITY.

"A Lawyer's is an honeſt employment—ſo is mine; like me too he acts in a double capacity—for rogues "and againſt them."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HOWEVER expedient, however wiſe, however ſalutary may be the *political* JUSTICE of the laws reſpecting debtor and creditor in this country, nothing can ſeem with more *moral* INFAMY than their execution. A detenſion of the perſon has been thought, by every wiſe man, to be oppreſſive, and even impolitic; but I will not go upon that, the laws *warrant*, or at leaſt *tolerate* it, and I ſhall hardly betray ſo much folly as to offer a ſentiment on what will never be effected till law lords ceaſe to dictate on ſubjects that wholly apply to their own intereſt, though the very ſame plea is at all times ſufficient to render the teſtimony of a witneſs inadmiſſible in the courts.

Any man who will make oath to a debt of ten pounds, may arreſt another, and if he cannot give bail to the action, put him in jail. It is not neceſſary that there be ſuch debt in actual exiſtence; for if any accounts have paſſed between the two perſons, and there ſhould be only a balance of twenty ſhillings, an oath may be *legally* made of the *whole*, let the amount be ever ſo large, and when the debtor is once in jail, it will take *five terms* to bring the matter to a final iſſue, provided the creditor chuſe ſo long to procraſtinate the

diſpute. Thus a man who only owes *twenty ſhillings* may, in this country, be impriſoned a year and a quarter, loſe his time and reputation, pay fifty pounds for law, and emancipate from his confinement a beggar—whereas common reaſon ſays, that the creditor ought to have been compelled in the firſt inſtance to ſtate the account fairly, and receive his due, without having it in his power to indulge an indignant and implacable revenge, from which motive alone could ſpring a wiſh to harraſs a fellow-creature, for the pleaſure of contemplating his ſufferings. But it will be aſked whether creditors in general are ſo unneceſſarily oppreſſive; and if they are, what can induce them to it? My anſwer is, there are three times the number of attornies that can honeſtly get employ in this kingdom. From this it ariſes, that when one of them is conſulted, inſtead of *healing* a breach—which is his duty—he makes it *wider*; for indeed he muſt do ſo, or ſtarve. Vengeance is always adviſed inſtead of compaſſion, and this muſt be gone about in the moſt expenſive way poſſible, that they may more completely hamper the poor devil who has the misfortune to come under their hands. The action commenced—the next object is to ſerve it in as diſgraceful and inconvenient a manner as poſſible—for lawyers as naturally ſtudy the intereſt of bailiffs as phyſicians do that of the apothecaries. By this means, they look out for red letter days, and ſuch other adventitious means as may put it as much as poſſible out of the power of the poor debtor to eſcape, till—to uſe their own words—"every man has "had a leg or a wing." To explain myſelf. We will ſuppoſe Saturday and Monday red letter days—the defendant, in this caſe, is always arreſted on a Friday—but not before ſix o'clock in the evening. Thus, though he be prepared to give bail or pay the money, he cannot be releaſed till the following Tueſday—becauſe the intervention of the two holidays and the Sunday, preclude all poſſibility of ſearching the office, though at the moment of the caption fifty to one but they know that there is nothing elſe againſt him. During the four days he is in cuſtody, to a certainty every art is uſed—nine times out of ten by the attorney, but always by the bailiffs—to induce other creditors to lay detainers againſt him. At length, after accumulated diſgrace, mortification,

tification, and expence, by ſigning notes, cognovits, and warrants of attorney, he purchaſes a temporary liberty, at an immoderate diſadvantage—and after finding it impoſſible to fulfil theſe engagements ſo extorted, he goes to priſon for life, at the will of the creditor. If he be adviſed to reſign himſelf to exonerate his bail, he is told that if his creditors do not proceed in ſuch a number of terms, he can get a complete releaſe from their power, by ſuperſeding their actions. This advice taken, and a releaſe obtained, after a tedious impriſonment, he is juſt where he ſet out, and may be ſued again on every debt for which he was impriſoned, which is ſure to happen, if he have anything to pay the coſts.*

At the time LORD EFFINGHAM—with a benevolence that will reflect on him laſting honour—ineffectually, owing to the interference of the law lords, attempted a reform on this ſubject, he gathered together many well atteſted caſes to ſtrengthen his arguments, and prefaced them by ſaying that every caſe was a deep tragedy—more were in preparation for him, and one of them I know to be truth. It was this. A man in the year eighty-three, was five hundred pounds in debt. An attorney, a partner, and a bailiff, by falſe reports, brought all his real creditors againſt him, and added fictitious ones, till having been in priſon two years, he obtained a releaſe upon ſuperſedeaſes from debts, for which he could again be ſued, and having paid upwards of ſix hundred pounds *for law*, he found himſelf between ſeven and eight hundred pounds in debt, though in the interim he had not contracted a ſingle new one. One of theſe fictitious debts is worth notice. This man was arreſted for a debt

* If the creditor go on to execution, the priſoner is certainly locked up for life; and the inſtances of diſeaſe, famine, and ſuicide in conſequence (which are apparent in more than that of JOHN SMITH and his wife, who cut their children's throats and hung themſelves) prove pretty ſtrongly that in this country a creditor may have a virtual power over the life of a debtor, in which caſe I do not ſee why he ſhould not be like SHYLOCK, not only obliged to relinquiſh his demand, but forfeit a part of his own property for the ſervice of the ſtate. Then in vain might he retort, "Nay, take my life," and all he would be anſwered, "How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none!"

debt he *did not owe*. The account on which it was pretended to ariſe having long before been liquidated—he went to trial, and obtained a verdict in his favour, the plaintiff, when an execution came to be ſued out for the coſts, was in priſon. The defendant, therefore, was obliged to pay his own coſts in this unjuſt action, which amounted to ſeventeen pounds. In ſhort, when a man delivers himſelf implicitly into the hands of an attorney, there is no advantage that may not be taken of him, and with ſafety, for let the attorney undertake what he pleaſes, the client is obliged to acquieſce; and for God ſake what man of common, plain underſtanding, unacquainted with all the different and equivocating conſtructions of the law, can guard againſt the conſequences that are ſure to attend even a winning cauſe;* what then muſt be a loſing one?

Look

* A plain, well-intentioned farmer, who appeared to be bleſt with ſtrong intellectual faculties, once ſet this matter very clear in the court of King's Bench. On a trial before LORD MANSFIELD, an action was brought to aſcertain ſome privileges concerning the boundaries of two pariſhes, upon which a great deal of money was ſpent, to elucidate a queſtion which was not of three-pence conſequence to either party. In the courſe of the trial, LORD MANSFIELD having taken notice of ſome ſtrong pointed obſervations, which had fallen from the farmer above mentioned, he begged leave to aſk him a few queſtions, merely for information, concerning the cuſtoms of overſeers, and other officers, who manage the pariſh money. The farmer with great chearfulneſs appeared ready to ſatisfy him, and his LORDSHIP ſaid, 'in the courſe of your evidence I think you noticed that the pariſh money was very often improperly applied—now I do not mean to inſinuate that you would be likely to miſuſe it, but as you mentioned that you were once churchwarden, if you have no objection, I ſhould wiſh to hear what was done with the money at that time.' "Why, my LORD," ſaid the farmer, "the money was worſe "applied while I was churchwarden than ever I knew it in my life." 'Indeed!' ſaid his LORDSHIP, 'I ſhould be glad to know how.' "Why, my LORD," ſaid the farmer, "I'll tell you. A gentle"man, who had lived ſome time among us, went into Yorkſhire, where he died. In his will he be"queathed about an hundred and twenty pounds to the poor of our pariſh. We applied for it often "and often, but 'twould not do—the executors and the lawyers, and one or another, were glad "enough to keep the money in their hands; for you know, my LORD, 'tis an old ſaying that might "can overcome right. Well, we did not know what to do, and I came to your LORDSHIP for advice. "You were then COUNSELLOR MURRAY. I remember, my LORD, you adviſed us to file a bill in "Chancery. We did ſo; and, after throwing a great deal of good money after bad, we got, I think "they call it, a decree; and ſuch a decree it was that, when all expences were paid, I reckon we were "about an hundred and ſeventy-five pounds out of pocket. Now, my LORD, I leave you to judge "whether the pariſh money was not likely to be worſe employed while I was churchwarden, than ever "I knew it before."

Look at the common expences of the moſt trifling trial, and ſee what fortune can make a ſtand againſt going often to law. No, no, let every man be wary how he is impoſed upon; but when he is ſo, let him ſit down contented with the firſt loſs. He may eaſily cure the ſting of one *hornet*, but what a plight he muſt be in, if he be unwiſe enough to rouſe THE WHOLE NEST! But a "lawyer's is an honeſt employment," ſays *Peachum*: I wiſh it was half ſo honeſt as I am ſincere, when I aſſure you that I am

Very faithfully,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 14, 1788.

LETTER LIX.

THE TOUR ENLARGED.

"A poor petty larceny raſcal—he goes off the next ſeſſions."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

FROM MANCHESTER I returned to SHEFFIELD, where, on the following week, this TOUR was put to preſs—the dates of the letters will ſhew how much of it was at that time written. Having inſpected the firſt ſixty-four pages, which—except one or two half ſheets—is all I have had opportunity to examine, I went to LEEDS; where, with the advantage of LADY MEXBOROUGH's name, I had a very good night at the aſſembly-room, on Monday February the eleventh. My friend WARBURTON alſo acquainted me it was very much the wiſh of Mr. FAWKES that I might have another night at YORK. This, I confeſs, I had no great reliſh for; but knowing well the powerful influence of Mr. FAWKES, and how much the inhabitants of that dull region are obliged to the taſte and faſhionable elegance of Mrs. FAWKES, for teaching them how to diſtinguiſh what ought to amuſe them, and ſet them examples of poliſhed manners and finiſhed good breeding, I did myſelf the honour to call on that gentleman, who aſſuring me his utmoſt intereſt ſhould be uſed to make a night worth my while, it was fixed for Thurſday February the twenty-eighth; and in the interim, I went on to DURHAM and NEWCASTLE. Paſſing DURHAM, I arrived at NEWCASTLE on Friday the fifteenth; and the next day, after delivering a recommendatory letter to a gentleman of ſome conſequence, who, like the Iriſhman at BATH, promiſed

GREAT THINGS and did *nothing*, I waited on the *Mayor*, and began my attack in form. I performed four times with very nearly as bad ſucceſs as at MANCHESTER. The kind way, however, in which Mr. HODGSON, the printer, teſtified his concern for what he was pleaſed to think want of taſte in the people of NEWCASTLE was truly flattering and obliging. He put a paragraph in his newſpaper to induce a better attendance, and he was indefatigable in promoting the ſubſcription. I here thank him for his handſome and gentlemanly treatment of me.

I had trifled away ten days at NEWCASTLE, when I was determined to repaſs DURHAM, and get on to YORK. For this purpoſe I ſet out on Sunday the twenty-fourth, but the weather being remarkably diſagreeable, I went no farther than DURHAM that night; and, having ſeen Mr. EBDON, the organiſt of the Cathedral, whoſe candid and *untheoretical* ſentiments greatly pleaſed me, I reſolved—as I had to play with my time till the following Thurſday—that I would ſtay and ſee what Monday night would produce. It not only greatly exceeded my expectations, but I was entreated to perform a ſecond time, which turned out to be nearly as productive as the firſt.

During the time I was at DURHAM, I had many kindneſſes ſhewn me, which I would more particularly notice but that my TOUR is haſtening to its cloſe. Thoſe that were public I received from Dr. COOPER—which has been a fortunate name to me—Mr. BIRD, Mr. SMITH, and ſeveral others whoſe names are in the liſt of ſubſcribers; the private ones, from Mr. EBDON—for I never acknowledge any thing as kindneſs but what is meant as an unaffected intention to pleaſe and oblige. As to familiarity, unneceſſary and ill-aſſumed conſequence, and invitations to dinner, merely to ſport a ſideboard, it never yet had any attractions for me, and therefore, if any perſon at DURHAM ſhould recognize this for the portrait of his conduct, let it be a ſecret between him and me—but let him alſo endeavour to perſuade himſelf that every man who accepts his acquaintance upon thoſe terms laughs at him in his ſleeve.

Maſter

Maſter HOULT, at the *Red Lion*, ſeemed anxious to be celebrated in this TOUR. I am willing to tell the truth, which I dare ſay is all he deſires. He appeared very anxious to pleaſe, and undertook to give his ſiſter at NORTHALLERTON a caution how ſhe treated me on my return, as that lady had been ſo accommodating on my road to DURHAM from YORK, to put me into a damp bed. What the caution was I will not pretend to ſay, but certainly ſhe gave me horſes that knocked up between NORTHALLERTON and EASINGWOULD; as to himſelf, he ſaw I had two tolerable nights, and thought, I ſuppoſe, he had a right to his ſhare of them—for having left the bargain concerning the room to a ſort of eventual deciſion, though there could be no ſuch virtual conſtruction put on it, he adhered to his bond as rigidly as SHYLOCK. I had a part of the TOUR with me, which he read, and I remember appeared charmed with my account of JEMMY WALLIS, at NEWARK. If he conceived he merited a ſimilar panegyric, he will now ſee he and I are of different opinions.

On my return to YORK, the buſineſs of Thurſday night was ſo ſpoken of, that I really thought, out of compliment to the lady who had taken ſo much pains—and in obliging whom the inhabitants, by the way, would have paid themſelves a compliment—that I ſhould have found reaſon to change my tone. I remember it was ſuggeſted to me that I ſhould be obliged to rewrite that letter where, ſpeaking of cities, I put YORK in ſo unfavourable a point of view. Not a bit. The night, though it proved to the cleareſt demonſtration the weight and conſequence of Mrs. FAWKES's name, only confirmed me the ſtronger in my belief of their general ſhabbineſs, for I had not a promiſcuous audience, but a *party* of *ninety-nine perſons*, which is an aſtoniſhing number to be brought through one intereſt to an aſſembly-room in the country.

A very extraordinary adventure happened to me at this time. A decent man came into the parlour in which I was ſitting at the Inn, and after the moſt confuſed, unconnected preface that can be imagined, told me I had been innocently

innocently the cauſe of injuring him with the people of YORK. I begged to know how, and he informed me that his buſineſs in that place was to deliver an entertainment ſomewhat ſimilar to mine, but that of courſe he was ſilenced by my arrival. He then entered into a deſcription of his diſtreſſes, in moſt pathetic language, calling himſelf a ruined clergyman, ſaying he was driven to the laſt deſpair, and that he had frequently been on the point of ſhooting himſelf; at length, calling me out of the room, he ſaid the ſmalleſt trifle would be of infinite ſervice to him, and entreated I would lend him *half a crown.* This I gave him without heſitation, and at his requeſt alſo a ticket for the performance, and he went his way. When I came to examine his bills, I found them ſo worded that he might have been miſtaken for me. He had followed exactly in my track, and announced nothing more than that the gentleman who had ſome time before, at ſuch and ſuch a town, given his *Readings* and *Muſic*, meant to repeat that entertainment; and I afterwards learnt, that at HULL and BEVERLY, he entertained his audience with nothing more than the ſame lively picture of his diſtreſſes, till they conſented to go home, and leave their money behind them.

I ſhould not have mentioned this here, or at all—eſpecially the buſineſs of the *half crown*—had not Mr. BLANCHARD, the printer—who is another of my favourites—come ſoon after into the room, when upon giving directions for ſome bills on the morrow, ſomething induced him to notice that there was a ſtrange kind of man who had made ſome application to him to print bills—"but," ſaid he, "he made uſe of an odd recommendation, for he ſaid he was "in the greateſt diſtreſs." In ſhort, liſtening to Mr. BLANCHARD's account, I heard every word that had juſt been repeated to me by the ruined clergyman, which ended with the old requeſt of the half crown, which was of courſe given to him.* "But," ſaid Mr. BLANCHARD, "I ſhould have let the half

* This brings to my recollection an anecdote of Dr. JOHNSON, which has certainly eſcaped all his biographers, though it be neverthleſs truth—at leaſt if I may believe Dr. GOLDSMITH, who told me

" crown buſineſs die, had I not afterwards had reaſon to believe he is an im-
" poſtor of ſome conſequence—for a very little time after I ſaw him bowling
" along in a poſt chaiſe alone, and having the curioſity to aſk the landlord
" where he baited whither he was going, I found the chaiſe was to take
" him *twenty-two miles*."

This gentleman attended at the room, and what became of him ultimately I know not, but he was certainly taken out by ſome man he had ſwindled, and who had followed him from another town.

Thus after having been ſo frequently taken for an impoſtor myſelf, I at laſt met with a perſon who was really one; and this " petty larceny raſ-
" cal," after all, was probably in many places more reſpected. Here I recal to mind your kind letter now printed, and the ſeveral friendly remarks you have ſince made—all which convince me how much credit I do myſelf in ſo often aſſuring you that I am,

Yours,

Very truly,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 17, 1788.

me ſo on the very day that he ſaid it happened. GOLDSMITH, and DAVIS, the bookſeller, called one morning on Dr. JOHNSON, and found him in company of a man, not only very worthleſs in his character, but one who had been forward in abuſing the doctor himſelf. They ſaw him, as this man went away, put ſomething in his hand—upon which GOLDSMITH expoſtulated with him, ſaying, no wonder ſuch vipers got a living when they could be foſtered by the very hand they wounded. 'Fie, 'doctor,' ſaid he, 'this man is one of the moſt infamous raſcals that ever exiſted.' " I have nothing, " ſir," ſaid the doctor, " to do with the man's *vices*—he aſked me for *half a crown*, and I *gave it him*."

LETTER

LETTER LX.

A THANKFUL ADIEU TO LIVERPOOL.

"*Hail dear retirement!*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING returned to SHEFFIELD, and given directions for advertiſing three nights at LIVERPOOL, I repaired thither, and arrived on Tueſday the fourth of March. As I neceſſarily paſſed through MANCHESTER, I thought I might as well make ſome enquiry concerning the ſubſcription, which would of courſe ſet me to rights as to the attention that had been paid me in my abſence. Finding, as I before repreſented, that not a ſingle name had been added to the liſt, I thought it would be a folly to ſee MANCHESTER any more.

At LIVERPOOL—the only place in all my *tour* to which I *returned* to any good purpoſe—I had ſix handſome nights, taking the average of them, and it gave me pleaſure to announce that I ſhould finiſh my career in that ſpirited town. My reception was certainly flattering to an exceſs—if I could have dined in ten places at once,* I ſhould have been welcome, and indeed kindneſs

* LIVERPOOL is remarkable of courſe for fine turtle. A gentleman who is well known for diſtinguiſhing the beſt morſels, received two cards of invitation, to dine on a turtle, the ſame day, at the ſame hour. After balancing for ſome time which he ſhould accept, he determined to dine at both places. To manage this, he waited on the ſtewards of one feaſt, and repreſented what an awkward hour

kindneſs of this ſort came ſo thick, that I was obliged to decline all invitations, leſt I ſhould be incapacitated from affording that entertainment for which purpoſe I went among them.

On Tueſday the eleventh, I attended at their concert, and declare that I heard two acts from the *Meſſiah* performed much more reſpectably than I could have conceived. Mr. MEREDITH and Miſs HARWOOD are known to have much merit in this ſtyle of ſinging. Mr. WILTON's preciſion and care in leading the band cannot be too much praiſed; and Mr. WAINWRIGHT conducted the choruſſes in a very able and ſpirited ſtyle, and alſo, in a very delicate way, gave us the ſecond of HANDEL's concertos. I have already noticed how expert the ſingers of YORKSHIRE and LANCASHIRE are at choruſſes. Thoſe who performed them the night I ſpeak of at LIVERPOOL, did HANDEL as much credit as if they had been drilled by Mr. JOAH BATES, which between ſeven and eight hundred perſons who were preſent can teſtify.

Were I to ſpeak fully of the attention paid me at LIVERPOOL, I ſhould have nothing elſe to ſay. As, therefore, thoſe who were ſo forward to pleaſe and ſerve me are the leaſt conſcious of it—the whole ſum of their kindneſs being no more than the common exerciſe of that liberality which ſo remarkably characteriſes them—I muſt content myſelf with feeling that which I cannot properly deſcribe. I

hour they had choſen for their dinner—"What an abſurdity," ſaid he, "to dine at *three o'clock*; peo-
"ple who are on buſineſs all the morning will be ſtarved; beſides, all the world is getting into early
"hours now." The ſtewards, in ſhort, conſented to have the dinner at *two*. This point gained, he poſted away to the other ſtewards—"Good God," ſaid he, "what could poſſeſs you to appoint your
"dinner at *three o'clock?*—we ſhan't have done upon 'Change—our appetites won't be half up—be-
"ſides, how unfaſhionable!—all the world is getting into late hours. In ſhort, when people meet
"at a feaſt buſineſs is over, and therefore you ſhould always have it as late as you can." Here alſo he carried his point. Repairing to the dinner at *two o'clock*, he ſtuffed unmercifully—when having previouſly ordered himſelf to be called out, he went home, took an emetic, and appeared in high ſpirits at the other feaſt, which had, to oblige him, been appointed at *four*. To keep my conſiſtency, however, perfectly clear, this gentleman is not a *merchant*—but a *phyſician*.

I quitted LIVERPOOL on Friday the fourteenth of March, having the night before exhibited myſelf as a public character for the *laſt time*, paſſed on through BIRMINGHAM, in my way to BRISTOL, whither I went on private buſineſs, ſpent three or four days with my friend BOYTON, and finally, arrived in LONDON on Saturday the twenty-ſecond.

My running account of places, inns, &c. and a few more gleanings, will now wind up my TOUR—previous to which, however, I ſhall go into the buſineſs of my negociation with Mr. HARRIS, and endeavour to account for its failure. This I ſhall enter upon in my next letter. That done, my laſt remarks on the ſubject of muſic will naturally introduce a ſtatement of my pieces, and the profits which aroſe from them. Thus every letter will leſſen the frequency—though never the pleaſure—with which I aſſure you I am

Moſt cordially

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 17, 1788.

LETTER LXI.

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

" ——————*Time was when my approach*
" *Had made a little holiday.*

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

YOU already know the nature of my application to Mr. HARRIS, in March, 1787, and the ſubſtance of the anſwer I received. From YORK, in the following October, I ſent that gentleman a muſical farce, telling him that I had a firſt-piece nearly ready, and three other after-pieces, which in a very ſhort time I could perfect, and alſo ſome good materials for pantomimes.

I will confeſs to you, that I choſe to ſend the piece I ſet the leaſt ſtore by firſt—for I have, unfortunately, upon theſe occaſions, a ſort of *pre-ſentiment*, and my feelings at that time, I am free to declare, did not very much lead me to place any great faith in Mr. HARRIS's ſincerity. It was however a farce that, as times go, *Covent-Garden* need not have been aſhamed of. Mr. HARRIS returned one act of it, ſaying, " it was taken from the French, and " like Sir JOHN VANBRUGH's *Country Houſe*, therefore it would not do; but " that whenever I would ſend any thing *completed*, that would be of ſervice to " the theatre, he ſhould be glad to treat with me; but not for hints, or de- " tached muſic, for that they were crowded with unappropriated muſic, by

" the

" the *beſt compoſers.*" I wrote him an anſwer to his letter, ſaying, 'I ſhould 'be glad of *the other act of the farce*—that I was ſorry he thought indifferently 'of it—that I certainly took partly the idea of it from a French piece, but I 'had not literally tranſlated a ſingle ſpeech; nor had I ever read VANBRUGH's '*Country Houſe*, therefore it could not be ſo like either as to make his objection 'a ſubſtantial one; for it was very eaſy to ſhew from whence almoſt every 'piece that had appeared for ſome years was taken, and one might venture to 'add, the ſame of thoſe which would appear for ſome years to come. I went 'on ſaying, that I hoped he and I ſhould agree better on what I ſhould next 'ſend. I begged however that he would explain himſelf in one point. If he 'meant by the word *completed*, that he expected me to ſend muſic, as well as 'words, I certainly could not conſent to it, as I thought I ought to be con-'ſidered as perfectly competent to decide on its merits myſelf—that I deſired 'fairly and honourably to be underſtood to mean exactly what I had aſſerted 'that I was going to INDIA, and wiſhed very much to leave ſomething behind 'me, to have my fame remembered—for which I ſhould never ſtand candidate 'again. I ſaid, that when I wrote to him, ſome years ago, on the ſame 'ſubject, he thought that *hints*, or *any thing elſe* from ME, would be valuable 'to him, and that I really did not believe my rivals had ſince given him rea-'ſon to alter his opinion. I had a variety of materials which would certainly 'be uſeful, and indeed he muſt think ſo, otherwiſe why *crowd* his theatre 'with *unappropriated muſic*—for I flattered myſelf I had no right to be conſi-'dered as an *inferior* maſter. In ſhort, I told him, if he thought I could 'leave him nothing that would be of advantage to him, it would be a folly 'for us to have a ſingle moment's further trouble on the ſubject.'

This was the ſubſtance of my letter; to which, at GRANTHAM, five weeks afterwards, I received an anſwer, and the ſecond act of the farce.

Mr. HARRIS ſaid, " He was ſorry I had the trouble of ſending again for " the ſecond act—it had been miſlaid by an accident."

" He

" He had only to repeat to me, that any work I might ſend completed, " ſhould be read with attention, and without delay, and if found likely to ſuc- " ceed, he ſhould readily treat with me for the purchaſe of it—but not for any " unappropriated or detached muſic."

This letter determined me to let nothing out of my hand till I had come at a fair explanation of the word *completed*, and to do this, I once more wrote to Mr. HARRIS, telling him, ' that till he ſhould pleaſe to explain that word ' matters muſt ſtand in *ſtatu quo*, for that I could not conſent to ſend muſic ' for *inſpection*.

Having received no anſwer to this letter, not even when I arrived in LONDON, the firſt thing I did was to take my final leave of Mr. HARRIS, in a letter, a copy of which ſhall be tranſcribed for your peruſal, after I have once more ſubſcribed myſelf

Your very faithful

And obliged friend,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 17, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

AN ADIEU TO THE THEATRE.

"*The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I Shall now lay before you my letter to Mr. HARRIS.

To THOMAS HARRIS, Eſq.

"SIR,

"I have waited three months—which is ſomething more "than good manners allows—for an anſwer to my laſt letter; but as that qua- "lity makes no part in the *etiquette* of a MANAGER, your ſilence excites in me "no wonder. It ſpeaks, however, pretty emphatically, and tells me—which "I really did not think in this inſtance—that you have been near a twelve- "month laughing at me. In the month of March laſt, I wrote to you of- "fering to ſale ſuch materials as I had by me or could finiſh before I ſhould "quit ENGLAND. You encouraged me, in anſwer, to ſend either panto- "mimes, firſt-pieces, or after-pieces, *completed.* Of this indefinite expreſſion "I have ſince repeatedly entreated an explanation, telling you, that if you ex- "pected me to ſend muſic for inſpection, I could not agree to it—nor would, "I believe, any man in his ſenſes adviſe me. The only anſwer I have re- "ceived from you is, a reiteration of the word, without any elucidation of it; "and upon my preſſing you, three months ago, for a *final* anſwer, you

" think proper to drop all correſpondence with me. I ſhall therefore take the " liberty, in this letter—which you will be charmed to hear is the laſt you " will receive from me—to ſay that it is impoſſible but you muſt have a pre- " determined reſolution not to accept any thing of mine.

" Had I gone upon the extenſive ſenſe of the word completed, I muſt " have ſent you models for pantomimes, as well as the ſtories and the muſic— " and to what end? To have had my pains requited by a refuſal, and hints " taken from the materials. Not by you however. I acquit you of any ſuch " idea—but your people, barren of genius, would have been happy to catch " at any thing original. As to muſic—I muſt have been mad to have ſent any " —that would have been a glorious feaſt indeed for your compilers—ſtill with- " out your knowledge; for they would find no difficulty in paſſing it on you " for theirs. I once impoſed on you as *completely*, though not ſo *nefariouſly*, " myſelf. I certainly, the firſt ſeaſon after I returned from FRANCE, took a " particular pleaſure in implicitly complying with every requeſt you made " me; and this is, I ſuppoſe, what you meant when, at the end of that ſea- " ſon, you ſaid ſomething very handſomely in a letter of my *zeal* for the in- " tereſts of the THEATRE. During the getting up of the *Touchſtone*, you " deſired me to remove a tune, and make a new one in its ſtead. It was my " full intention to have been as complaiſant in this inſtance as the reſt, but " having an engagement, I forgot it till the next morning. There being no " time to get it ready, when I came to the THEATRE, before the rehearſal, " and in FOULES's* room, I made ſome trifling alteration in the accompani- " ments, and marked the tune to be played a tone higher;† as to the melody " there was not a note altered, and every body but yourſelf knew it to be the " ſame tune. Thus, *their* remarks that it was better—meaning the alteration " —*your* coinciding with them—thinking it a new tune—and *my* acquieſcence " with

* The copiſt.

† I frequently did this with GARRICK—for why ſhould one be dictated to by the abſurd obſerva- tions of men without ears, who give unneceſſary trouble to ſhew their own conſequence.

" with both, made as good an equivoque as ever Mr. O'KEEFE introduced " into any of his pieces.

" You *muſt* have known that I meant not to have ſent you muſic ſubject " to inſpection, but that you ſhould take it upon my promiſe that it would be " original, and the beſt I could make. Nay, I particularly marked, that in " what I left behind me, I ſhould look to my profeſſional fame in the ſtricteſt " manner. Upon this footing, you certainly did not think proper to receive " my productions—otherwiſe you would not have trifled with me.

" The concluſion is, you either think my abilities impaired, or that I " have not now ſo much *zeal* for the intereſt of the THEATRE as I had ten " years ago.

" 'Tis evident I cannot now write any thing to pleaſe you, for you return " every thing I ſend you; whereas, formerly—and I can ſhew your own " hand writing to prove it—you admit the merit of ſix pieces ſent at one time " —all of which it is true had ſucceſs.*

" Will not the world be apt to think that the decay is rather in your judg- " ment than in my abilities? You very well *know*, and I believe have *al-* " *lowed* that I have as little of arrogance, as to my productions, as any man; " and yet I cannot but be alive to what I hear every day. It has been my " good fortune, in the courſe of the laſt twelvemonth, to ſee the public a lit- " tle face to face, and it happens to have been that part of the public which " in great meaſure makes up your boxes—and they aſſure me, to an indivi- " dual, that I greatly improve both as an author and a compoſer; you will, " therefore, excuſe me, if I rather credit my benefactors than you.

" This

* See the ſtatement of pieces.

" This allowed, it can be nothing more than that, in your opinion, my " *zeal* for the intereſt of the THEATRE is *ſlackened.* If vamping up old mat- " ter by giving it a new face; if introducing ſtale, hackneyed tunes and paſ- " ſages to the diſgrace of taſte, and the total excluſion of genius and origina- " lity; or if a ſervile obedience to the *ipſe dixit* of the manager, againſt the " evidence of plain reaſon and common ſenſe, be *zeal* for the intereſt of the " the THEATRE—away with ſuch zeal—I'll have none on't!—and for this I " believe I ſhall again be praiſed by the public.

" I ſhould not have written this letter, but have let the whole buſineſs " die away—for it otherwiſe had been ſcarcely worth a thought—had I not been " accuſed, by many opulent and reſpectable characters, of having in ſome " way ſo deported myſelf as to have made it impoſſible for MANAGERS to " treat with me, otherwiſe I could not ſet up as an excuſe for going to IN- " DIA my having been driven from the THEATRE.

" I am ſure you will allow that I have fairly ſtated the matter, and that " there is nothing between us but a difference of opinion concerning the " meaning of a very common word, which, like TOUCHSTONE's *if*, has ſo " operated as to prevent any thing coming of our negociation; in the courſe " of which we have both acted in our ſituations: *I* have, as dependants " ſhould, entreated—and *you* have not deigned to anſwer.

" My time, therefore, being ſo ſhort as to make all accommodation " impoſſible—and indeed were it longer nothing ſhould ſhake my reſolution " of having done with the THEATRE—I ſhall finiſh this letter—which I dare " ſay has ſufficiently tired you—with a moſt ſerious and ſolemn aſſurance that, " as a man, I have and ever had the higheſt reſpect for you—that I have to " thank you for a thouſand inſtances of attention and politeneſs, and the part " of your conduct wherein I had only to conſider you as a private gentleman

" was

" was ever handſome and manly; and this opinion you may remember I felt " and profeſſed, at the very moment thoſe around you falſlely perſuaded you " I had written a libel againſt you.*

" Feeling theſe ſentiments, let me conjure you as a manager, to open " your eyes—baniſh every thing from your ſtage that can check the growth of " genius—let not quaintneſs, tricks, and ſhifts, uſurp the place of *weeping* " *taſte* and *deſponding originality!* In ſhort, with the MANAGER blend the " MAN—ſo ſhall judgment rear its foſtering ſtandard, and COVENT-GARDEN " be no longer the fountain of caprice, but the ſource of real merit.

" Yet think not, in this arrangement, I affect to include myſelf—for I " declare upon my veracity, and let the world judge of its validity as I adhere " to the declararion or recede from it, that half the profits of your THEATRE " ſhould not bribe me to return. I am ſure never was the poſt of honour " more a privater ſtation than at preſent.

" Sir, Adieu.——Though I have conſidered it as a duty incumbent on " me to write you this letter, be aſſured I do not mean it in any reſpect to breathe " rancour. You have ſeen how I make the diſtinction; and I once more aſ- " ſure you that, as a *man* and a *gentleman*, you have not in the world a truer " advocate, or a ſincerer well-wiſher than

" Your moſt obedient ſervant,

" C. DIBDIN."

London, March 24, 1788.

* A pamphlet was publiſhed in the year 1782, called *Coalition*, or *Theatrical Monopoly*, I really know not which. It abuſed Mr. HARRIS, and I was ſaid to be the author. Mr. HARRIS was undeceived, and behaved very handſomely upon it. Some of his privy counſellors however *now* are the ſame who were *then*.

This matter has thus terminated, and through you I give to the public a ſtrong fact—which is worth a thouſand arguments. As a proof that every man who thinks independently muſt lay his account to having no concern with the THEATRE, Mr. SHERIDAN has the boldneſs to ſay in *The Critic*, "that very few go through the fatigue of thinking for themſelves." If ſo, we have only to lament that ſtage manœuvres are not as *honeſt* as they are INGENIOUS, and that the firſt dramatic writer of the day holds out fallacy as the principal ingredient in a theatrical compoſition. That he has as little of originality in the plots of his pieces as Mr. CUMBERLAND—againſt whom he ſeems to head the whole force of his ſatire—is certain. I do not mean however to accuſe him of imbecility—he has genius equal to any thing; but the generality of Engliſh audiences have been ſo uſed to *cayenne* and *high cookery*, that he knew plain nature would ſtand no chance among them. He is however the only man who has ventured to impoſe upon them, and tell them ſo in the ſame breath; but the Engliſh have ſuch a redundancy of good nature, that if a man arrogates a ſuperiority, ſupporting his pretenſions at the ſame time with any formidable ſhew of ability, their characteriſtic benevolence is at once appealed to, and they implicitly give him credit for the very merit he aſſures them he poſſeſſes.

Thus, men who have the conſtancy and reſolution to climb any given height, atchieve the taſk they have ſet themſelves, by adding perſeverance and intrepidity to ſtrong intellectual endowments, ſtrengthened by intenſe, wary, and correct obſervation. There is however a want of feeling in this—'tis a ſort of poaching for fame—"while the fair hunter's cheated of his prey." I know you think it a ſort of dramatic ſacrilege to attack the works of Mr. SHERIDAN, and this will, in my next letter, put me upon a curſory view of them; for if I were capable of advancing any thing I could not prove, I ſhould be unworthy your friendſhip, and have told you a falſity every time I have aſſerted that

I am,

Sincerely, yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 18, 1788.

LETTER LXIII.

A BOLD UNDERTAKING.

"One man may ſteal a horſe better than another look over the hedge."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

A Few words on Mr. SHERIDAN's dramatic works, and adieu to the *Theatre*—except ſuch circumſtances relative to it as will neceſſarily come out in my ſtatement of pieces.

The Rivals has had the leaſt ſucceſs, and yet it is the moſt original of all his pieces. It was nearly damned on the firſt night, and Mr. SHERIDAN—profiting by the experience with which its reception furniſhed him—withdrew it with this remark. "I have now got the *laſt*, and it ſhall be my "fault if I don't make the ſhoe to fit next time." His labour however being only cobler's work, it required too much of method for his volatile genius to buckle to, and we may venture to pronounce, without any great outrage on probability, that had not Mr. SHERIDAN ſo much influence in the *theatre*, *The Rivals* would never have made its appearance a *ſecond ſeaſon*. It is a neat, well written piece, but has that ſort of cold correctneſs which will not go to the galleries. The incident, from *The Nut-brown Maid*, though written with great ſweetneſs and delicacy, is no more proper for the *theatre* than the fine ſtrokes of a miniature painter would be in the finiſhing of flats and wings.

All

All this perhaps inducing Mr. SHERIDAN to think with the chairman in relation to POPE, he produced *The Duenna*—where there is not a ſingle new ſituation from beginning to end. The whole plot of turning the daughter out of doors, and paſſing the maid for the miſtreſs, is conjointly the *Scicelienne* of MOLIERE and *Il Filoſofo di campagna*—where every circumſtance is to be found, from the ſerenade at the beginning to the marriage at the end. The other plot is *The Wonder*—which, the moment it is told, muſt be obvious to every body—becauſe every body knows both pieces. Not even any ſingle ſubordinate circumſtance is original. *Father Paul* is MARMONTEL's *Philoſophe ſoi diſant*—who, as he eats delicacies, talks of the roots of the earth—and, as he drinks burgundy, praiſes the wholeſome chryſtal ſtream. The dialogue is by no means brilliant; but Mr. SHERIDAN was determined it ſhould penetrate every where, and in particular the *aſide* ſpeeches of *Iſaac*—ſhewing beforehand how clearly he ſhall himſelf be taken in by his different attempts to deceive others, is the moſt artful ſpecies of anticipation that ever was practiſed, and ſhews a judgment of theatrical effect powerful, new, and extraordinary.

The School for Scandal is no more original than *The Duenna*. The *ſchool* itſelf is CONGREVE's *Cabal*, and the play may fairly be called a ſequel to *The Way of the World*. The ſcandal has all been detailed in different pieces, but principally in *The Plain Dealer*. When in NOVEL, *Lord Plauſible*, *Olivia*, and *Eliza*, will be found *Sir Benjamin Crab*, *Lady Sneerwell*, and *Mrs. Candour*. The brothers have been in a variety of things, from *The Adelphi* to Mr. CUMBERLAND's *Faſhionable Folly*—but the *Squire of Alſatia* on the ſtage, and *Blifil* and *Tom Jones* in the cloſet, are the cloſeſt reſemblances. The uncle lately returned from abroad, and introduced to the drunken company, is extremely like the *The Intriguing Chambermaid*. The circumſtance of the uncle's picture is in a French piece called *L'ecole de la Jeuneſſe*; and *Joſeph* and *Lady Teazle*—are *Conſtant* and *Lady Brute*.

Mr.

Mr. SHERIDAN has ſaid that there is not a new character or incident—and all that can be done is to take old matter and give it a novel appearance. Had he ſaid that it is ſafer to do ſo, I would join with him; for certainly when any thing comes in contact with the imagination that has been before familiar, or rather congenial to it, without conſideration, we give credit for its merit on the ſpot, whatever we may do upon reflection—and having once praiſed a thing, a falſe pride prevents us from diſcovering that we were deceived. The dialogue of this piece is as accommodating as the reſt of it. Mr. HERON points out the tinſel ſcattered up and down by way of ſentiments, which, by the theatrical people, are known by the name of *clap traps*; and Mr. SHERIDAN cannot take it amiſs, if in juſtice to his abilities and our own diſcernment, one is obliged to ſay, that he can—whenever he pleaſes, write ten times better.

The *Monody*, which ſeems written expreſſly to deſire all the world to *forget* GARRICK, has again very little of originality in it. LLOYD's *Actor* furniſhed the outline, in addition to which Mr. SHERIDAN certainly has touched in ſome beautiful ſtrokes; but, after all, it is but a ſketch, and much more likely to be forgotten than him whoſe memory it laborioufly profeſſes to prove ought to be buried with his aſhes. My great quarrel with Mr. SHERIDAN in this buſineſs is, that he has with great ſkill and ability ſpoken of all the arts, except *muſic*. He has ſhewn that the fame of the ſtatuary is moſt perfect when the ſtatues themſelves are broken to pieces—that RAPHAEL and SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS are cotemporaries,* and that theſe arts are ſubordinate to *poetry*; but he has not once even hinted that there is any ſuch ſtudy as muſic—to which, I inſiſt upon it, none of the arts are ſuperior. I beg to aſk Mr. SHERIDAN a queſtion. Does he believe if—added to his own conſummate knowledge of ſtage effect—he could borrow the pen of SHAKESPEARE, and by

* I once ſaw, at Blenheim-houſe, what would make this line paſs for ſatire. It was a portrait of the DUCHESS OF MALBOROUGH and her CHILD, in which the colours were all flown, by the ſide of the VIRGIN and our SAVIOUR, by RAPHAEL, in which the tints were in as high preſervation as if it had not been painted ſix months.

blending ſuch talents, form a play beyond all conception the moſt perfect that ever graced a theatre, that the audience would not—ſpite of their anxious ſuſpence—ſpite of their bruiſed hides in crowding to the houſe—hiſs down the curtain, if they were deprived of the firſt muſic. But indeed whatever may be the conſcious haughtineſs with which this gentleman may think proper to look down on an art, to which I hope he owes no grudge, he had good ſenſe enough to court its alliance before he thought proper to put his *dramatic* fame to a *ſecond* trial.

The Critic is ſurely nothing equal, as a ſatire, to *Tom Thumb*—and when we talk of *The Rehearſal*, it ſinks to nothing. FIELDING and BUCKINGHAM have taken in the whole round of tragedy, and properly conceived that DRYDEN, LEE, and the old ſtandards, were fair game. What has Mr. SHERIDAN done? Why truly, except indeed where he chuſes to ridicule SHAKESPEARE—which, by the bye, I do not think an Engliſh audience would have ſuffered in any body elſe—he has expoſed the puerile, modern ſtuff, which if it be deficient in merit, he—as a manager—muſt bear his ſhare of reprehenſion for obtruding it on the public. The buſineſs of *Sir Plagiary* is ſevere enough; but, unfortunately, the very words he intends ſhould give the deepeſt wound, recoils on himſelf—for they are a *plagiary*. *Puff*, is full of pointed obſervation, but that part of the piece is the firſt inſtance—as I before obſerved—where an audience have quietly ſat down and conſented to be laughed at by an author. As to the drift of the piece, it appears to be written with a view alone to diſcourage writers of tragedy; for there is no poſſible ſituation that can excite pity, terror, or any of thoſe paſſions which it is the buſineſs of tragedy peculiarly to call forth, but this work, which "profeſſes to be critical," attempts to laugh at—and really not always with ſucceſs; for, if figure and imagery may at all be introduced in this ſpecies of writing, the criticiſm itſelf is more an object of ridicule than the thing it profeſſes to criticiſe. In ſhort, I defy Mr. SHERIDAN himſelf to write a tragedy ſo as to ſteer clear of his own laſh; and how abſurd muſt a man appear who provides a caſtigation for himſelf!

The

The matter relative to the clock, at the beginning of *The Duenna*, ſhews evidently that he is vulnerable, as well as his neighbours; and as the circumſtance goes to a reprobation of the unities, it were as modeſt to propoſe ſome better criterion before he invited us to explode the admitted ſtandard: "but "one man may ſteal a horſe better than another look over the hedge," ſays the old proverb. Mr. SHERIDAN can write in any ſtyle, and to any degree of perfection he pleaſes, but his public writing, like his public ſpeaking, is more *catching* than CAPTIVATING; it *dazzles*, but does not IMPRESS—it *charms*, but does not CONVINCE. In ſhort, as that gentleman's aim is popularity, he does every thing for the moment, and it is a queſtion, after he has ſunk into eaſe and independance, from his natural indolence of mind, whether he will ever again be known but by a few eminent trifles written to grace the private cabinet, and make up the *delices* of the elegant and euridite.

Mr. SHERIDAN having moſt probably done with the ſtage, as an author, it is but fair to examine how far, in that capacity, he has been an acquiſition to the public; and when we conſider that he has deprived the world of the beſt ſinger, beyond all compariſon, that we have ever heard, it is very doubtful whether what he has given be adequate to what he has taken away—and, admitting this, the public would rather have gained than loſt had Mr. SHERIDAN originally kept to politics, and have had nothing to do with the theatre.

This gentleman, from his earlieſt youth, reſolved to be at the top of his profeſſion, be it what it might. May his integrity equal his abilities, and there is no ſituation but he will adorn!

Adieu.

Yours moſt perfectly,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 21, 1788.

LETTER LXIV.

MUSICAL JUSTICE.

"*So ceas'd the rival crew when* PURCEL *came*
"*They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

FINDING in LONDON the muſical world up in arms at what they had heard concerning this book, I cannot reſume the ſubject better than by taking them while they are warm. I am only ſorry the ſmall remaining portion of room which I can dedicate to this ſubject will prevent me from going into it ſo fully as I could wiſh—for it is prolific, and cannot, for the ſake of the public, be too cloſely inſpected.

I have advanced that PURCEL had a *ſtronger mind* than HANDEL, and that had ARNE been encouraged, he would have been a greater man. At the time PURCEL lived, muſic was in its infancy in this kingdom, and all the perfection compoſers had an idea of, was to ſhackle themſelves with rules, and thus they dared not give way to the brilliancy of their genius—for there was as much good ſenſe in this practiſe as there would be in tying a man's legs to make him run the faſter—but where, in ſpite of dull cuſtom, the imagination of PURCEL beamed forth. It had a majeſty and a refulgence, like the ſun breaking from a cloud. How beautiful is that heavenly bit, "I call "you all to WODEN's hall!" What a bar or two will be found in, "Let "not a moon-born elf!" Can any thing, for exquiſite ſimplicity and ſweetneſs,

neſs, exceed "Lovely iſle?" Nor will I go out of this very piece to prove my poſition relative to HANDEL. "Come, if you dare, the trumpet ſounds," gives me a fine opportunity to throw down my gauntlet, and I challenge all the world to ſhew me any thing in muſic that can go beyond it. HANDEL had a glorious opportunity, had it been poſſible; but, in his attempt to excel it, he has fallen to an immenſe diſtance indeed, The words for both are written by DRYDEN, and thoſe which HANDEL ſet, for grandeur, has the pre-eminence: one runs

"Come—if you dare—the trumpet ſounds,
"Come—if you dare—the foe rebounds;
"We come, we come, we come,
"Says the double, double beat of the thundering drum."

I cannot correctly remember the remainder—but this will be enough for my purpoſe: the other words are,

"The trumpet's loud clangour
"Excites us to arms,
"With ſhrill notes of anger
"And mortal alarms;
"The double, double, double beat
"Of the thund'ring drum
"Cries, hark! the foes come;
"Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

PURCEL's expreſſion, is one great, ſoul-felt effuſion of ſimple ſublimity; and as it ever will be the caſe with great minds, at the ſame time that theſe few bold notes carry us to the rough manners of the court of King ARTHUR, there is a natural eaſe and irreſiſtable grace in them that will vainly be imitated by all the ſtudied poliſh of the Italian ſchool; and indeed ſo ſtrongly from genius did PURCEL poſſeſs that ſymmetry in fancy, which—like the native dignity of ſome forms—cannot in any poſition be ungraceful, that the very error Dr. BURNEY reprobates in HANDEL—which he qualifies, by the bye, ſaying that it was not reformed till *lately*—is here in PURCEL, who lived in ruder

times, better than *corrected*—it is *avoided*; for his great conception—while others *labour* to improve *nature* into *eaſe*—derived *eaſe* from *nature*. What I allude to is, the accommodating the melody of the capacity of the trumpets—which HANDEL ſcarcely ever does—and ſurely there is ſomething like barrenneſs of invention in this. But to examine what HANDEL has done with the other words—and here I am afraid integrity obliges us to ſay he has ſervilely imitated PURCEL. I ſay ſervilely, becauſe the time and the conſtruction is the ſame, but—like a clumſy tranſlation—the literal intention is barely preſerved, and all the beauty and correctneſs left out. Indeed the curious mode of accenting the beginning of every bar—for it runs thus, "The *trum*pets "loud *clan*gour ex*cites* us to *arms*," the *lovely* introduction of the *fourth* for the trumpet, and the lameneſs of the double beat of *the* thundering drum—though thundering happens to be of three ſyllables, and thus there can be no excuſe for it—ſhews that though HANDEL came *after* PURCEL—which is admitted to be an advantage—it was in ſuch a *hobbling* kind of way, and he was at ſuch a diſtance, that he never was able to come up to him. The words "Charge, 'tis too late to retreat," though they are materially hurt by the continuation of that baſtard kind of minuet which accompanies them throughout, have much of HANDEL's natural grandeur which certainly characterized him, wherever he is helped out by inſtruments, but which ſeems perpetually to forſake him when the *voice* ſhould convey the MIND.

PURCEL—though probably very unconſcious that he had ſucceſsfully challenged all the world to excel him—follows up "Come—if you dare," with "To arms," which harmony HANDEL has twenty times played upon, and "Britons ſtrike home"—and if any man will ſhew me a ſuperior ſelection from any one piece compoſed by HANDEL—as no man is more open to conviction—I will confeſs that PURCEL and I are conquered.

ALEXANDER is ſaid to have emulated ACHILLES, and CHARLES XII. ALEXANDER. It has alſo been remarked that SPENCER had only the

ANCIENTS

ANCIENTS to conſult—DRYDEN the ANCIENTS and SPENCER—and POPE all theſe—and that we may by deduction pronounce that SPENCER was the greateſt *poet*, DRYDEN the *next*, and POPE the *moſt inferior*. It is certain whatever DRYDEN and POPE have come in contact—witneſs, for example, the *Ode on St. Cecilia's day* and *Alexander's feaſt*—POPE has conſtantly been worſted, and probably all the fancy in DRYDEN's works together bear no proportion to the wonderful imagery in the teeming imagination of SPENCER; let me therefore be allowed, when I ſpeak of PURCEL, the time in which he lived, the little information he could have gathered from what went before him, and the many diſcouragements he laboured under, and I am not afraid but every man who has the candour to take up my arguments upon this liberal ground, will allow me that this wonderful compoſer had a *ſtronger mind* than HANDEL.

My next taſk will be to prove my poſition in relation to ARNE, and this I ſhall endeavour to do in my next letter. In the mean time, I cannot either introduce *that* or finiſh *this* better than by remarking, that when ARNE came to alter the muſic of King ARTHUR for *Drury-lane*, with that good ſenſe and philanthropy of which no man poſſeſſed a larger ſhare—though he introduced ſome charming things—ſo far from mutilating PURCEL, as a modern compiler would have done, with proper reverence for ſuch great abilities, his whole ſtudy was to place his idolized predeceſſor in that conſpicuous ſituation, the brilliancy of his reputation demanded; for ARNE—and I well know it—had as much of the harmony of *humanity*, as of *ſounds*. His latter excellence I am now going to examine. Give me however an agreeable relaxation, by ſuffering me once more to repeat that I am

Yours, moſt heartily,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 21, 1788.

LETTER LXV.

MORE MATTER OF THE SAME COMPLEXION.

"*Till the rapt ſoul, earth forſaking,*
"*Heaven-ward its flight is taking*
"*On the wings of harmony.*"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

IF any of the lovers of HANDEL were to open this book exactly at this page, they would think it was written in *Bedlam*, and immediately, pitying the poor maniac of an author, ſhrug up their ſhoulders, and lay it down. As to their opinions, whoſe minds are ſhut againſt conviction, I am perfectly indifferent—but I will not let them paſs without remarking, that thoſe who admire one man of genius to the excluſion of all others, muſt naturally poſſeſs ſuch narrow, contracted ſentiments, that their very blandiſhments are tainted with poiſon, and deſtroy that reputation they profeſs to cheriſh.

I ſtart ARNE againſt HANDEL, by ſaying that HANDEL has not produced a piece ſo complete, from firſt to laſt, as *Comus*. As a man of *genius*, by infinite degrees, *Acis and Galatea* is HANDEL's beſt work; and I will venture to ſay, but for that piece, he could not have borne that great rank, notwithſtanding all that has been vaunted of the *Meſſiah*, among men who know *really* how to diſtinguiſh. *Acis and Galatea* contains a number of beautiful melodies; and what lifts it into great conſequence is, that the ſubject is every

where

where *paſtoral*, and yet HANDEL has contrived, without injuring it, to make it every where *different*. Even *Polypheme* and the *octave flute* are *conſiſtently* coupled together. The famous trio, "The flocks ſhall leave the "mountains," is a compoſition replete with ſweetneſs and expreſſion, and "Wretched lovers," is an aſtoniſhing chorus. "Huſh! ye pretty warbling "quire," and "Love in her eyes," are delicately pretty, though if there were not ſo great a maze of modulation in the latter, it would be more pleaſing. In ſhort, there is prodigious merit in *Acis and Galatea*, and yet I am not afraid but ARNE can ſtand fairly up to his competitor. I would not wiſh to match my HERO with a *pigmy*.

Comus has one character as well as *Acis and Galatea*; and the *bacchanalian revels* of ARNE is every where *equal* to the *paſtoral ſimplicity* of HANDEL, and in many places SUPERIOR. ARNE has diverſified his ſubjects, and in a very peculiar way given t hem a *maſculine* and a *feminine* colouring. Among the firſt are, "When Phœbus ſinketh in the weſt," "By the gaily circling "glaſs," "Fly ſwiftly ye minutes," and ſeveral others; and amongſt the latter, "By dimpled brook," "Would you taſte the noontide air," "Come, "bid adieu to fear," and many more. Nay, he has contrived to *blend* this colouring in "Live and love, enjoy the fair," which is a moſt happy compoſition indeed, and fairly equal, in its kind, to "The flocks ſhall leave the "mountains." All theſe ſongs are full of rich and pleaſing melody, and in them there is not a ſuperfluous note. There ARNE takes the lead of HANDEL —becauſe muſic does not want alone fancy to *conceive*, but judgment to *complete* it; and in many of the ſongs of *Acis and Galatea*, "Shepherd what art "thou purſuing," "Conſider fond ſhepherd," "Ceaſe to beauty," and ſome others, the ſubject is *worked* on, till the ear can bear it no longer, and the compoſer ſeeming to be aware of this laſſitude, takes his advantage of it, and comes any how to a cloſe while the ſtupor prevails, that ſo the hearer may not with preciſion judge of his defects.

So far, *Comus* is at leaſt upon a par with *Acis and Galatea*, and when we call in "Nor on beds," that heavenly melody, ſo greatly conceived, ſo delicately purſued, and ſo exquiſitely finiſhed—"On every hill," which is a ſpecies of paſtoral muſic peculiar to ARNE, and being in a minor key, and conſequently of a more primitive nature, eſpecially as its ſimplicity appeals wonderfully to the heart, may be ſaid to be ſuperior to any other. "Sweet "echo," which "takes the rapt ſoul and laps it in elyſium," and many of inferior kind, ſuch as that pretty ſong, "By the ruſhy, fringed bank," there can be no doubt but *Comus* is a greater effort of genius than *Acis and Galatea*.

But there are more complete pieces to aſſiſt this argument. *Artaxerxes* is a moſt powerful performance—there the *hearer* may be gratified with every ſtyle of ſerious muſic, and yet the whole is managed with ſuch judgment—which outgoes Mr. SHERIDAN—that though perfectly in nature, the *ſtage boxes* are not more ſatisfied than the *upper galleries*.

If we ſearch further, we ſhall find *Judith*, an oratorio, that does honour to Engliſh genius—where we may ſee ſacred ideas, without burleſque accompaniments—ſweet air and forcible expreſſion—capital ſongs, perfectly *vocal*—and aſtoniſhingly brilliant *choruſſes*, without a *fugue*.

If we have ſtill to ſhew—for I would willingly ſatisfy every body—whether ARNE knew muſic *ſcientifically*, I'll beg leave to inſtance the choruſſes in *Abel*, which, it muſt be admitted, explore the regions of harmony with a latitude as bold and as maſterly as any thing in muſic. And now I think, if ARNE had been equally patronized with HANDEL; if he had not been obliged to humour managers; to conſult the caprice of actors and actreſſes; to witneſs the arrogance of Italians, whoſe baſe metal became a faſhion, while his ſterling coin was diſregarded; to do jobs for now and then twenty guineas; and dance attendance at catch clubs to make up an annual benefit, he would have had better reaſon to think himſelf properly encouraged, and perhaps been ſtimulated

lated to the accompliſhment of various other works, for which his exalted genius ſo eminently qualified him. This alone has made him apparently inferior to HANDEL, and this induced him to keep within the limits of his mediocre ſituation, contenting himſelf by the exerciſe of his own cheerful and even temper, with that precarious pittance which is too often allotted to real merit in this country.

Certainly ARNE's faults were *few*—HANDEL's *innumerable*; and when we conſider that HANDEL compoſed when he was in the humour, and to pleaſe *himſelf*—ARNE when he could get a job, and to pleaſe his *employer*; that HANDEL was rich, and ARNE was poor—our wonder ought rather to be, that he left ſo many and ſuch admirable compoſitions behind him. But DRYDEN is ſaid to have been prevented from writing an epic poem by his engagement with the theatres, which obliged him to write four plays in a year; and thus are we conſtantly deprived of the beſt efforts of Engliſh genius by laviſhing that on foreigners—who laugh at us—which is ſo honourably due to our own countrymen.

My next letter will ſpeak of teaching—which will be all I ſhall have occaſion to ſay *generally* of muſic. I am charmed that I have opened your eyes relative to Mr. SHERIDAN. ARNE is a favourite of yours, and therefore this laſt taſk has not been ſo hard. I hope you believe me juſt to every body; is I were not ſo, I ſhould not deſerve the pleaſure with which I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours,

Moſt faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 22, 1788.

LETTER LXVI.

MORE QUACKERY.

"*Reform it altogether.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I Shall now ſpeak of that myſtery by which ſo many young ladies, at a great expence, in the courſe of ſeven years, attain the ſupreme felicity of expoſing themſelves by playing MALBROOK out of tune, and hammering out unmeaning, progreſſive leſſons, by which the taſte of whole families is vitiated, through the ignorance of mere ſtrummers and octave players, through which the foundation of genius is ſapped and deſtroyed, and through which pretenders to a liberal profeſſion—mere *quacks*—are lifted into conſequence, and permitted to vilify and *traduce* thoſe productions they have not the taſte and judgment to *underſtand*.

A *teacher* nurſes a *ſcholar* as an *apothecary* does a *patient*; and a *ſlow fever* and a *dunce* are much about upon a par: it is not the intention that one ſhould *recover*, or the other *improve*—the buſineſs is to keep them in hand as long as poſſible; and if a *robuſt conſtitution* in one, and *ſtrong intellects* in the other, manifeſt ſigns of *health* or *merit*, 'tis wonderful to what ſhifts the poor devils are put—to curb *nature*, in order to ſwell out the bill.

Good

Good teachers—like good lawyers—are very ſcarce. Thoſe who are really good ones, will firſt of all inculcate the principles of muſic to a certain degree, prove thoſe principles in every poſſible manner, and ſtrongly root their efficacy in the ſcholar's mind—and nothing in nature, to men of real ingenuity, is eaſier than this.

Bad teachers ſwarm all over the kingdom, and their practice is to their ſcholars immediately to the inſtrument, to explain nothing but as it occurs, to make a myſtery of every thing, and at length—ſome wilfully, and others out of ignorance—to confirm in their ſcholars ſo many bad habits and perplexities, that they are further from the real mark when they leave off, than when they began.

A third ſort of teachers—who are certainly bad ones too, but not ſo miſchievous—are thoſe who go about every thing ſcientifically, and teach *thorough baſs*, *fugue*, *and counterpoint*, inſtead of *Foot's minuet*. One of theſe had taken a young lady in hand, and taught her, in the courſe of three quarters of a year, every poſſible ſituation of the ſixth, and fourth, and common chord. Dr. MILLER and *I* had a laugh about this, for we calculated that, taking in all the concords and diſcords, with their proper and inverted relations, this young lady might entertain lively hopes, in the courſe of two and thirty years and a half, of accompanying a concerto.

Both ſorts of *bad* teachers do equal miſchief—for thoſe who wilfully impoſe on parents, decry the works of genius *out of envy*, as much as the other deſcription *out of ignorance*; and the conſequent evils are, the loſs of time and expence, and the introduction of bad taſte. From this laſt abuſe ſprings half the muſical folly for which this country is ſo celebrated, which, like Veſuvius, is frequently breaking out, bearing down taſte, genius, and every cultivated object in its way; for whether a human voice an octave above a

blackbird—a French-horn that plays every thing but what is natural to it—a fugue, or an Iriſh jig—a double drum, or a bagpipe—be the object, this monſter, this devourer, rages like the *Minotaur*, and taſte is the bleeding ſacrifice devoted to appeaſe his ravages. Alas, that ſome muſical Theſeus would but deſtroy this peſt, and rid our country of its barbariſm! But a clue to the labyrinth where it is concealed, will hardly be found while there are ſo many to participate the golden fleece.

There is no coming to the end of this ſubject, eſpecially circumſcribed as I am. I can therefore only ſay, in addition to the above remarks, that a practical knowledge of muſic, as far as it can be neceſſary for common purpoſes, is very eaſily attained; for it conſiſts of nothing more than learning the gamut—the names, lengths, diviſions, and meaſure of the notes—diſtinctions of all the major and minor keys—the ſituations of the ſemitones, and the doctrine of uſing the ſharp ſeventh to modulate into the fifth of the key, and the flat ſeventh to return to the original key. Theſe, with all colateral matters, are nothing like ſo difficult as the firſt four rules of arithmetic, with the fractions relative to them; and yet, upon the ſame principle that Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Diviſion comprehend the whole ſtudy of figures, ſo do theſe rules in muſic comprehend the whole ſyſtem of harmony; and all there is more to be done is, to blend, ſeparate, diverſify, and in ſhort, uſe them in every poſſible point of view. Let not a ſcholar then learn more than this, let it be learnt perfect, and then put in practice—which done, it is a thouſand to one—if there is any genius to aſſiſt ſtudy—but the whole ſcience will lay clearly open to view:—if it ſhould not, by the union of what has been learnt, it may be eaſily attained; and it would be as abſurd to teach muſic upon any other plan, as to ſet a ſum in the *Rule of Three* for a ſcholar who had not learnt his Numeration Table.

With all this, great care muſt be uſed in the choice of a maſter; and as to teachers decrying good muſic, and introducing falſe taſte, I ſee no cure for this

this but my former rule, which is—let no man ſubſcribe to the *goodneſs* of any muſic that is not *pleaſing*. It would be good indeed if it were as pleaſing as the ſenſation I feel when I repeat to you that I am,

Very heartily,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 22, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

A FINAL ACCOUNT OF PLACES.

"*Such marches and countermarches!*"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

AS a dramatic writer collects all his matter together at the beginning of the laſt act, in order to introduce his *Coup de Theatre*, which, as it may ſuit him, either leads to, or finiſhes the cataſtrophe, ſo ſhall I immediately carry into one general account all the remains of places, inns, and other ſubordinate matter, in order to introduce ſuch a *Coup de Theatre* as ſhall command applauſe at the fall of the curtain.

I have mentioned already the opulence and populouſneſs of LEEDS, and ſhall take my final leave of the inhabitants as a ſpirited, manly, and enlightened people, who have the induſtry to get money, and the liberality to ſpend it. It has two very large cloth-halls, and the aſſembly-room is by far the handſomeſt I ſaw in my tour, for a ſingle room.

HALIFAX is an aſtoniſhing trading town for its ſize. I ſaw the cloth-hall on a market day, and it gave me an idea of a bee-hive; the prodigious number of cells, and the porters coming in and out with their bundles of cloth, were exactly the loaded bees. The pariſh contains twelve chapels of eaſe, and is ſaid to be worth about twelve hundred a year.

MANCHESTER

MANCHESTER is a charming town, and I have ſeen nothing ſuperior to *Moſely-ſtreet*, but *Portland-ſquare*. The number of people on a market day is aſtoniſhing, and the entrance into the town from STOCKPORT—which is to MANCHESTER what WOLVERHAMPTON is to BIRMINGHAM—is very magnificent. The choir in the Collegiate church is beautiful, and the progreſs of the manufactories, and in particular the cutting fuſtians, and paſſing even the fineſt muſlins over a red hot iron, are matters aſtoniſhingly curious, and which, if time permitted, I ſhould have great pleaſure in dwelling on.

LIVERPOOL is beyond all queſtion the firſt town in the kingdom after LONDON; its capacious docks, its roomy ſtorehouſes, its entenſive and well-filled harbour, the prodigious plenty in its markets, particularly of corn—its ſpacious ſquares, its magnificent public buildings, of which the Change is a moſt capital one—its churches, and indeed all that great variety of edifices for duty, buſineſs, and pleaſure, to which by act of parliament they are now making conſiderable additions, abundantly prove the truth of this aſſertion. I did not ſee the theatre at MANCHESTER, but that at LIVERPOOL, which is altering upon an admirable plan, under the direction of Mr. TAYLOR, is ſpacious, convenient, and handſome. I counted in the directory nearly an hundred ſtreets, and this circumſtance obliges me again to ſpeak diſadvantageouſly of MANCHESTER, which place has, unlike LIVERPOOL, neither *directory* nor *hackney coaches*.

DURHAM, in ſummer, muſt be one of the moſt beautiful ſituations in ENGLAND. The river, the caſtle, the cathedral, the biſhop's palace, and the ſtraggling ſuburbs, preſent you with a new and pictureſque view wherever you turn. It is remarkable for a good choir of ſingers; indeed the ſalaries are higher here than any where, and in conſequence—for encouragement wonderfully nurtures genius—our concerts have been well ſtocked from thence. The more genteel part of the inhabitants are more a community than a neighbourhood, a family than a ſociety.

NEWCASTLE is ancient and romantic, and the inhabitants ſeem to reliſh of both. They give you an idea of a man who piques himſelf on his birth and extraction, though his manſion is mouldering and his eſtate falling to decay. I do not mean to ſay that NEWCASTLE is not rich—it is remarkably ſo, and I am informed hoſpitable. However, there muſt be a manner with me—it is not the ſize of the diſh, but the ſtyle in which it is dreſſed; not the number of eatables, but the mode of their being put on the table; and, after all, it is not the wine, but the converſation that accompanies it. NEWCASTLE ſeems to have very little taſte. There is a new and remarkably handſome *theatre*, which is a hobby-horſe at preſent, and will, in all probability, be thrown away next year for ſome other bawble. In ſhort—for I am always obliged to have recourſe to LIVERPOOL when I would make an advantageous compariſon—NEWCASTLE is proud, LIVERPOOL induſtrious—NEWCASTLE is near, LIVERPOOL liberal—and one may pretty well conclude, that if they did not dig their riches out of the bowels of the earth, and unload them in the river Thames, they would not count on their riches; for they would never have the ſpirit and courage to adventure for them, with any degree of intrepidity, to the fartheſt corner of the world. The road from YORK to DARLINGTON is beautiful. It is a heavy ſtage from DARLINGTON to DURHAM, and, on account of the hills, ſtill heavier from DURHAM to NEWCASTLE.

For the inns I muſt go back again to BIRMINGHAM, where there are ſeveral good ones, but all immoderately dear. At LICHFIELD, which is in the public road from LONDON to LIVERPOOL, they are pretty good and tolerably reaſonable. At DERBY much better for accommodations, but much the ſame as to their charge. At NOTTINGHAM, the *Blackamoor's Head* is an inn where travellers will be ſhewn every civility, get good entertainment and accommodation, and upon moderate terms. I have ſpoken of NEWARK.—At LINCOLN I would recommend the *Spread Eagle*, which is a decent, civil houſe, and reaſonable. At BARTON, where it may ſometimes happen that you

you are obliged to ſtay ſeveral hours, and where you generally arrive wet from HULL, there is but one miſerable inn, the ſmalleſt accommodation or any thing decent by way of eating and drinking. BAKER's, at HULL, is a very good inn—and ſo is the *Tyger*, at BEVERLY At YORK, and every where in the north road, there are good inns, but in general very dear—the *Angel*, at DONCASTER, in particular. At LEEDS there is not a real good inn in the town. At HALIFAX they are not remarkable for appearance, but they are for decent neatneſs, and good eatables and drinkables, and the loweſt charges any where in Yorkſhire. At WAKEFIELD, the *Stratford Arms* is a very good inn, and they pay you attention, and charge pretty reaſonable. At MANCHESTER there is not a ſingle good inn, and the treatment is inſolent beyond deſcription—at leaſt where I have been. Only ſee the gradation—at HALIFAX I paid *four* ſhillings for the ſame tea, ſupper, and breakfaſt, which at DONCASTER coſt me *nine*, and at MANCHESTER *thirteen*;—but this laſt was at the *Hotel*, which exactly gives you the idea of a bagnio in LONDON.—This *Hotel* belongs to the man who keeps the *Bull's Head*, at which houſe I had a room, and an indifferent one for the performance, yet were my friends under a neceſſity of aſking it as a ſort of favour, though the man was handſomely paid, and the accommodations were very contemptible indeed. As to DIXON, at the *Swan*, the laſt time I was at MANCHESTER I was from ſeven o'clock in the morning till eleven getting away in a poſt-chaiſe, and during that time, having a letter to ſeal and a parcel to tie up, after—in the courſe of an hour and a half—intreating the favour of a wafer and a bit of pack thread; I was at length obliged to go to a ſhop to buy it, and the man told me he did not wonder at it, for it was a remark that the innkeepers of MANCHESTER ſpit in people's faces in return for their favours. As far as my experience goes, this uſage extends alſo to lodging-houſes. Every body knows where I lodged at MANCHESTER, and I paid there for board and lodging full *four times* as much as I was charged at LIVERPOOL for *better living*.* The inns at

* I did not think, when I was moſt ſhamefully impoſed upon in FRANCE, I ſhould have an opportunity of celebrating a more ſcandalous piece of knavery in ENGLAND. At NANCY, in LORRAINE

at LIVERPOOL are pretty rich, and therefore of courſe pretty conſequential. Maſter FORSHAW, in particular, whoſe room I had, has a good deal of conſequence, but he has an idea of reſpect, and would be the firſt to reprove his waiters for the ſmalleſt incivility to ſtrangers. As to their charges, the diligence took me to the *Croſs Keys*, where I was very comfortable for a day or two, upon very reaſonable terms. The roads in Lancaſhire are, in general very ſandy and bad, but this is ſometimes remedied by paving them, and in great part of Yorkſhire there is a ſtone cauſeway, which is a very agreeable recommendation to foot paſſengers.

Leaving all theſe, and ceaſing at once to be a public character, I arrived in TOWN, as I told you, where the firſt news that I heard was, that GRIMALDI, that incendiary by whom was bred ſo much of my public uneaſineſs, that viper who bit me becauſe I foſtered him, was no more. Perhaps it is a good omen—and having completed my reſolution of quitting all theatrical purſuits, in which it is plain I could not hope for proſperity, the malignant fiend has ceaſed his deteſtable influence. He has not living left his equal

I lodged in the houſe of a Mr. VILLEMETTE, and having experienced a few of their tricks, I had previouſly determined to be on my guard. I paid him at the end of every week, and took his receipt. When I came to a final ſettlement, he gave me the week's receipt as uſual, but begged I would ſettle the remainder. I aſked what he meant, for that I had paid him every thing. He ſaid it was true that I had paid him every thing, ſuppoſing our agreement to have been in money of LORRAINE, but that it had been in money of FRANCE, and, reckoning the difference of the currency, I was then in his debt juſt thireen guineas. I anſwered that fortunately I knew ſo much of their laws as to be well convinced that all bargains were good only for money of LORRAINE, unleſs made before two witneſſes: this he ſaid he had taken care of, and immediately produced the witneſſes, whom I had never ſeen before. I ſaw I was to be tricked, and aſked them if they would go before the general of the police, and ſwear it. VOLUNTIER MONSIEUR, was the anſwer. I put them to the teſt, and they ſwallowed the oath with all the calmneſs imaginable. I aſked the general of the police what he thought of the buſineſs: he ſaid he knew them all to be infamous ſcoundrels, that it was a pity I could not ſtay to do myſelf juſtice; but if I would leave ten guineas in his hand, he had no doubt but he ſhould give me a good account of the u ſineſs. I however contented myſelf with my firſt loſs, and went away without even thanking the general of the police for his politeneſs.—The impoſition at MANCHESTER was proportionably more ſhameful than this.

equal—for if fifty ABURNOTS were to lend their aſſiſtance, they could not write an epitaph expreſſive of him whoſe corrupt heart harboured more vice than could reſide in the ſoul of fifty CHARTERISES.* See how my plot winds up! The monſter is dead that obſtructed my former fortune—in my next I ſhall introduce the guardian ſpirit, whoſe benign goodneſs has ſent me ſmiling hope to protect my fortune in future.

Adieu.

Yours,

Moſt faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 22, 1788.

* I could not refrain from writing a few lines on the death of this monſter, and I was induced to do it by being informed that juſt before he died, he ſaid the devil was waiting for him, and that he knew he was going to hell; and yet had the wretch an idea of being ſpoken of after his death. He ſaid "Oh I go the Devil, and if any body write 'bout me, let them finitch—alas poor Grim!"

EPITAPH.

GRIMALDI's gone—were we to ſay at reſt,
'Twere to make truth, what he was wont—a jeſt.
Internally convuls'd, ÆTNA will roar,
And ſtorm-ſwell'd ſeas laſh the affrighted ſhore;
So conſcience ſtruck—ſpent his peſtiferous breath,
Yet ſhall he fear "that ſomething after death."
He's gone—nor more on holy rites can trample—
"To guilty minds a terrible example"—
Fiends, as they catch him, tear him limb from limb,
'Till e'en the devil cries —*alas poor Grim!*

LETTER LXVIII.

THE COUP DE THEATRE.

"A combination and a form indeed,
"Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
"To give the world aſſurance of a man."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

IT had long been my ambition to bring out this work under the protection of the PRINCE OF WALES. For this purpoſe I ſolicited the kindeſt and moſt generous friend I have, who frequently has the honour of being where his ROYAL HIGHNESS viſits, to do what he could with propriety to procure me this high and flattering advantage. Indefatigable to oblige and ſerve me, he did not let the matter reſt a ſingle moment, but watching the firſt opportunity to mention it with proper decorum; the PRINCE, with all that amiable affability which ever diſtinguiſhes the truly noble, condeſcendingly ſignified a wiſh to ſee me.

By his ROYAL HIGHNESS's gracious appointment, I had the great honour, at the houſe of a gentleman where my kind friend is very intimate, of playing and ſinging in his preſence thoſe ſongs with which—not leſs as a correct and perfect judge of muſic, than of nature, expreſſion, and diſcrimination—I thought he was moſt likely to be entertained; and though I did not perform fewer than twenty, I had the ſingular ſatisfaction to find I did nothing but what received perfect approbation, nor for nearly two hours did the time ſeem to wear—even tho'

MARCHESI

MARCHESI had, during the interval, made his firſt appearance* at the *Opera*, and vainly looked round for this illuſtrious auditor, who, at that moment, was perhaps paying the tribute of a ſigh to the memory of poor JACK RATLIN, or regretting the unhappy fate of the worn out race horſe.†

My friend took an opportunity, before the PRINCE retired, to requeſt the honour of his name to my ſubſcription; to which his ROYAL HIGHNESS thought proper to anſwer "I might uſe his name in any way that I thought "would be of ſervice to me." No terms can convey a panegyric adequate to this noble condeſcenſion; what could induce it but that true greatneſs of mind which, as PORTIA ſays of mercy, "becomes the throned monarch "better than his crown." But the genial ſun cheriſhes not more the *ſpreading* ROSE than the *humble* VIOLET.

Having this honourable and flattering *Carte blanche*, my firſt wiſh I own was a *dedication*; but, upon conſidering how many of theſe ſort of addreſſes teem with ſuch ridiculous hyperbole and fulſome adulation, as would make one think they attempted to *ſatyrize* that PATRONAGE they profeſſed to *ſolicit*—though never did opportunity occur where flattery was ſo impoſſible—I thought an *inſcription*—for what with ſuch a name is not an advantage—would be moſt adviſeable, and I could then give a latitude to thoſe *feelings*, in a letter to you, which addreſſed to the ROYAL PERSONAGE from whoſe bounty I have the happineſs to derive them, could not, without wounding reſpect, have been dreſſed in terms forcible enough for the purpoſe; nor indeed, with this ſcope, do I flatter myſelf with perfect ſucceſs—for the real language of a ſuſceptible heart never yet found its way to the pen.

Yet

* The PRINCE did not get to the *Opera* till twenty minutes before *ten o'clock*.

† I muſt take the liberty to mention, that his ROYAL HIGHNESS, upon my ſinging the *Race Horſe*, informed the company, that he had fortunately, about a fortnight before, reſcued a poor old half blind race horſe from the galling ſhafts of a hakney poſt-chaiſe.—"Why, 'twas a princely act."

Yet I cannot finiſh without a word or two more on this generous ſubject. In this TOUR will be found many noble and illuſtrious perſons, with whom I have had the honour to converſe. I have, in that warmth which truth alone inſpired, ſpoken of theſe in terms of praiſe, and I do not, upon recollection, repent of any ſyllable to this effect. I have ſeen courtly breeding in FRANCE—I have ever made it my particular felicity to notice the talents of ingenious men—but I confidently declare that all I have witneſſed ſinks into nothing before the object of my preſent panegyric. In deportment, never was there ſuch an union of *eaſe*, *grace*, and *dignity*, as in the PRINCE OF WALES. His manners are *gentle*, *mild*, and *affable*, or as SHAKESPEARE has it, "ſweet as ſummer"—and yet always PRINCELY.—His obſervations are *keen* and *penetrating*; his intellectual intelligence *ſtrong*, *diffuſive*, and *refined*; his information *ſelect* and *judicious*; in ſhort, that beautiful picture in which HAMLET paints the mental as well as the perſonal perfections of his father, never called for application ſo ſtrongly as in the preſent inſtance; for if ever *countenance*, *form*, *manner*, and *underſtanding* are to be relied on, thoſe of this ILLUSTRIOUS YOUTH clearly point him out as the *protector*, *benefactor*, and FRIEND of MANKIND.

But I muſt force myſelf from this indulgent employment, leſt *that* ſhould become *diſreſpect* which ought to be *humility*—for who can truſt the effuſions of a HEAD full of *praiſe* and a HEART full of *gratitude!*

With theſe auſpicious feelings I finiſh my TOUR, and beg you to believe that I am now, as ever,

Very truly,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 23, 1788.

LETTER LXIX.

STATEMENT OF PIECES.

"And then Nab has no head."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I ſhall now, as faithfully as my memory will permit me, proceed to ſtate the ſucceſs, both in profit and reputation, of every piece I have produced to the public. I am afraid, however, I ſhall not be very accurate in my account of the more ſubordinate kind; for were I to be put to the torture, I could not enumerate ſome of the interludes and pantomimes which have been done at *Sadler's Wells* and ſome other places; nor can I place thoſe I do recollect in accurate order, as to their dates; I ſhall, however, be as correct as poſſible, and where my intelligence is uncertain, I will myſelf ſuſtain the loſs rather than fill up the blank by exaggeration.

1. *The Shepherd's Artifice*, performed in May 1762, and 1763. This piece, which I wrote and compoſed at *ſeventeen*, was only got up for my own benefit. It has a thouſand faults, and in particular, as at that time I did not know how to put my muſical thoughts upon paper but by mere ſtrength of imagination, 'tis impoſſible to deſcribe the number of its inaccuracies. Theſe however the ſame force of fancy enabled me to correct, and, without any aſſiſtance, I produced the ſame piece in a perfect ſtate, by only liſtening to the faults as I heard them in the band. It was performed at two of my benefits,

C. Dibdin to R Bradshaw

and each time brought a tolerable houſe—but it never came forward in the common buſineſs of the *theatre*. The muſic was very much applauded.*

2 *Love in the City*, performed in the year 1764—a piece written by Mr. BICKERSTAFF, and performed but ſix nights. In this I compoſed the *overture*, the *firſtc horus*, the *finales* of the *firſt* and *ſecond acts*, and three ſongs. *Love in the City* has ſince been altered into the farce of the *Romp*, in which the *chorus*, the *quintetto*, the *boxing trio*, and "Dear me how I long to be "married," are mine.* This muſic I made Mr. BICKERSTAFF a preſent of.

3 *Lionel*

* It will not here be improper to remark that I never learnt more of muſic than the gamut and the table which points out the diviſion of the time. Mr. FUSSEL, the organiſt of WINCHESTER cathedral, I am told, ſays I owe my muſical education to him—which aſſertion contains ſo much truth, that five or ſix very common tunes, which I now have in his hand writing, are all I ever was taught. Mr. KENT had afterwards the credit of having taught me—but, except ſome anthems which he compoſed for me, and which I learnt by ear, I never received the ſmalleſt inſtruction from him. The muſic I have was ſtrongly in my mind from my earlieſt remembrance, and I do not think any maſter would have been of the ſmalleſt ſervice to me. It lay quietly, a hidden ſpark—which, in the country, found nothing to vivify it—but, coming in contact with that proper fuel for it, the different muſical performances in town, it at once expanded, and nothing could keep it within bounds. I ſcarcely knew this myſelf till being preſent at a rehearſal of *Thomas and Sally*, all that paſt ſo tenaciouſly adhered to my memory, that I went home, drew out a ſcore, and, after attending another rehearſal, filled up the accompanyments. It was certainly incorrect—but, for ſuch an effort, in a very trifling degree; for I was not then ſixteen. I found, however, I was in the ſecret, and immediately took the concertos of CORRELLI, in ſingle parts, and put them into ſcore. Here I went, upon good authority, through every turning and twining in the labyrinth of harmony. I next got hold of RAMEAU, and having proved theoretically by one, and practically by the other, the difference between paſſing and emphatic notes—the nature of ſuppoſed baſſes—and found, by a fair trial of theſe matters in every point of view, that two chords comprehend the whole ſyſtem of harmony, I determined fearleſſly to give a looſe to my fancy:—to what purpoſe is pretty well known.

* I cannot here omit an anecdote which tells greatly to the honour of Dr. ARNE. SIMPSON, the hautboy player, and ſome others perſuaded Mr. BEARD t at my muſic would do his theatre diſcredit, and that in particular the overture and a ſong beginning "Ah why my dear," were written entirely againſt the *rules of harmony*. This Mr. BEARD—who had more goodnature than any other quality in the world—was eaſily brought to believe. Hearing what was going forward, I took the copy of the overture and

ſong

3 *Lionel and Clariſſa*—written by Mr. BICKERSTAFF, and performed in the ſeaſon of 1767 and 1768. By looking at the index it will be ſeen that, from firſt to laſt, I compoſed for this piece about twenty-five things, for which trouble I received, at different times, forty-eight pounds—giving up the copy-right. The ſale of this muſic did not yield much, till it came out under the title of *The School for Fathers*; otherwiſe I think I ſhould not have been ſo completely overreached in the following agreement.

4 *The Padlock*—written by Mr. BICKERSTAFF, and performed at *Drury-Lane*, in October 1768. The ſucceſs of this piece is pretty well known all over the kingdom; it may not, however, be amiſs to mention that no conception can be formed of the ſale of the muſic. *Comus* is known to have ſold very extenſively, but after upwards of thirty years, three fourths of the original plates are ſtill in uſe. What then will be ſaid when I aſſure the public the *Padlock* had, ſeven years ago, nearly worn out three entire ſets! But how will their wonder be augmented when I declare, upon the faith of a man, that I never received, in the whole, for compoſing that muſic, but forty-five pounds; though I dare ſay the ſale of the muſic alone yielded Mr. BICKERSTAFF nearly five hundred pounds. In addition to this, his benefit yielded two hundred pounds, Mr. GARRICK made him a preſent of one hundred pounds,* and the words muſt have alſo been greatly productive, for he kept

ſong and prevailed on honeſt TOMMY BAKER—whom all the world knows—to accompany me, waited on Dr. ARNE. The Doctor, after looking carefully over the ſcores, ſaid there was nothing againſt the rules of harmony, that it was a pity Mr. SIMPSON would not ſtick to his hautboy, without pretending to judge of what he was not at all acquainted with, and that if I would privately inform him when there was to be another rehearſal, he would himſelf attend. This I failed not to do—and finding thoſe pieces altered by ſome other perſon, the Doctor begged to hear the original copies. Theſe were produced, and played over, when he pronounced the whole buſineſs a ſcandalous attempt to injure the reputation of a young man, whom, if they had had any liberality, it would have been their duty to encourage. In conſequence of the Doctor's deciſion, my muſic was reſtored and performed with ſucceſs.

* It has been ſome times a private compact from *managers* to *authors* to give an extra benefit on the twentieth night of a piece. Mr. RICH introduced this cuſtom in a very handſome way. On the

kept the copyright—and, twelve years ago, there had been upwards of twenty three thouſand copies ſold. My agreement, however, was made before the piece came out, and I conceived his recommendation of me to Mr. GARRICK, in the light of a great obligation; whereas, had I not been the ſtupideſt of all idiots, I might have ſeen that my being pinned to *Drury-Lane* upon ſuch *eaſy terms*, was a matter concerted between them. I hate to think of it—therefore, let me pauſe, and bring myſelf into temper, by aſſuring you that I am

Ever yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 23, 1788.

the twentieth performance of *Miſs in her Teens*, GARRICK, when he received the bills in the morning found the farce advertiſed, without any previous notice, for the benefit of its author, which was himſelf. In the inſtance of the *Padlock*, he gave Mr. BICKERSTAFF his choice of an extra benefit or an hundred pounds.

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

THE STATEMENT PURSUED.

"*But to whom am I to make out my bill?*
"*Doubtleſs to the veſtry.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

PLEASE to go on with me.

5 *The Maid the Miſtreſs*—performed in the ſummer of 1769, at *Ranelagh*, and written by Mr. BICKERSTAFF. Having made an agreement that ſeaſon to compoſe for *Ranelagh*, and occaſionally ſing, for which trouble I was to have an hundred guineas, this piece comes within that article, and the muſic has never yet been publiſhed.

6 *The Recruiting Serjeant*—performed the ſame ſeaſon, on the ſame terms. I publiſhed the muſic on my own account, and found it unſucceſsful.

7 *The Jubilee*—written by Mr. GARRICK, and performed in October 1769. It would be an endleſs taſk to go through the variety of circumſtances which diſtinguiſh this memorable buſineſs; but nothing deſerves notice more truly than that SHAKESPEAR might have laid very quietly in STRATFORD church—nobody would have diſturbed his aſhes—had not ſuch a popular meaſure been the probable means of inſuring a plentiful harveſt to *Drury-Lane*

on the following ſeaſon. And yet, it was *managed* with ſo much caution, ſo much warineſs, that, according to the repreſentation of the matter to every body who was concerned in it, there did not appear any ſuch thing in agitation. This cautiouſneſs anſwered two purpoſes—it not only drew many to STRATFORD who would otherwiſe have ſuſpended their curioſity till they ſhould ſee it in LONDON, but it ſerved as a feaſible excuſe for requeſting every body's trouble and attendance for nothing. Thus, among the reſt, I took unwearied pains—not ſeeing that I ſhould materially aſſiſt in filling the coffers of *Drury-Lane* treaſury—without any emolument to myſelf. All this, however, I could have forgiven, if I had not been obliged to ſuſtain fifty humiliations. I will venture to ſay that had it not been for *my* muſic the audience would have ſhewn much more diſſatisfaction. They were not in very good humour as it was. They heard certainly Dr. ARNE's beautiful Oratorio of *Judith*, and his charming muſic of the Ode—and what was the moſt exquiſite and inexpreſſible treat that ever tranſcendent abilities could convey, or longing ears experience, they heard GARRICK repeat that Ode. Yet, being diſappointed of the Pageant—being wet through at the Maſquerade*—they were certainly very much diſcontented; which diſſatisfaction would more than ſilently have manifeſted itſelf, had not "The Warwickſhire Lads, &c." brought them into good humour:—yet was that very ſong privately ſet by Mr. AYLWARD, and the "Mulberry Tree" by Dr. BOYCE, and had not my kind friend, Mr. GARRICK, been told at a rehearſal, where I was *not preſent*, that mine were ſet the beſt for effect, he would have waved all delicacy to me, and have had theirs performed. GEORGE GARRICK, who, where DAVID's immediate intereſt did not claſh, could be juſt to all the world, informed me of

* The booth being built on a ſwamp cloſe to the river, and nobody having conſidered that ſometimes in the month of September it rains, the company had ſcarcely aſſembled, when the wet began to ooze through the crevices; in five minutes after they were paddling in the wet; five minutes after that it was over their ſhoes, and preſently they were obliged to take to the benches, then to the orcheſtra, and then to the windows—thus there was not a creature out of about four hundred people that eſcaped being wet through.

of this fact.* In ſhort, GARRICK, in relation to the *Jubilee*, manœuvred every where, and with every body. He procured abuſe to be inſerted in the papers, which he got all his friends to anſwer. He enliſted a prodigious number of volunteers, whoſe exertions he pretty liberally extracted, at their expence; and at length performed the ſame entertainment ninety-five times, in one ſeaſon, at *Drury-Lane*, which he ſent people an hundred miles *not* to ſee. The muſic of the *Jubilee*, having ſold it, previous to the performance, at STRATFORD—except ſome trifling part of it—yielded altogether about forty-three pounds.

8 *Damon and Phillida*—the ſame ſeaſon. This piece I was deſired, by Mr. GARRICK, to alter and new ſet. I was told that there was no ſettled price for ſuch a job, but I might make out a bill. I conceived this a good opportunity to make me amends for the trouble I had with the *Jubilee*, and did it cheerfully. The piece was not often performed, but before the time arrived to talk of ſettling for it, Mr. GARRICK propoſed to enter into an article for ſeven years, at ſix pounds a week for the three firſt years, and ſeven pounds for the other four; and in making the agreement he contrived—or LACY, inſtructed by him, as I mentioned before—to include every thing that was yet unaccounted for; ſo *Damon and Phillida* went for nothing, except fifteen pounds, for which I ſold the copyright of the muſic.

9 *The*

* GEORGE GARRICK, who I have ſaid before was warmly attached to his brother, was remarkably attentive to all his little whims and caprices upon this great occaſion. Indeed he had ſo many admirable traits of real goodneſs that it is no wonder, partly from gratitude, partly from the amiable worthineſs of his heart, he ſhould conſider DAVID as a being who had a right to exact an extraordinary degree of attention from every body, but particularly from him. The other, who never failed to encourage adulation wherever he found it, improved the influence he had over GEORGE, till he brought it to ſomething ſo very like meanneſs, that it could not be palliated but by the real motives to which I have aſcribed it. In conſequence of this ſlaviſh attention, GEORGE was always in anxiety leſt in his abſence his brother ſhould have wanted him, and the firſt queſtion he conſtantly aſked on his return was, "Did "DAVID want me?" GEORGE GARRICK died about three months after his brother, which circumſtance being mentioned in the green-room, and marked as ſomething extraordinary—"Extraordinary!" ſaid BANNISTER, "not at all—DAVID *wanted him!*"

9 *The Epheſian Matron*—written by Mr. BICKERSTAFF. The ſame article went over to a ſecond ſeaſon at *Ranelagh*, where this piece was performed, and under this article I compoſed it. The publication of this muſic was ſold on ſome eventual agreement, and I think yielded me only a few pounds—but I cannot at this moment ſay what. This piece was performed about thirty times.

10 *The Brickduſt-man*, a little muſical piece, performed at *Sadler's Wells*, written by Mr. BICKERSTAFF. This trifle had great ſucceſs, and introduced an engagement which I entered into with Mr. KING, which though no great matter as to emolument, was as good as *Sadlers Wells* could afford, and one of the pleaſanteſt I ever made. Indeed I am happy to have this opportunity of acknowledging my great regard and reſpect for this gentleman, which I hold from principle, and the reſult of many years experience of his manly, liberal, and uniform conduct; and he muſt forgive me if, feeling thus, I here make a public acknowledgment of the letter I received from him at MANCHESTER, wherein he ſubſcribed to this book, and gave as a reaſon, that "he ſhould be "ſorry to be left out of the liſt of my well-wiſhers." This friendſhip, dear ſir, is of the complexion of yours—for which, give me leave to ſay,

I remain your kind friend,

And obliged humble ſervant,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 23, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

FURTHER STATEMENT.

"*Why he deals them by the ſcore.*"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

WE now return to *Drury-lane.*

11. *The Pigmy Revels*—a pantomime which was performed in the ſeaſon of 1770 and 1771, with conſiderable ſucceſs. I know not who wrote the words, I only ſet the muſic, and it produced me no emolument, as it came under my article.

12 *The Wedding Ring*—the ſeaſon of 1771 and 1772. This piece I wrote and compoſed—but foreſeeing the difficulties I was likely to encounter, had no intention of making myſelf known as the author. The world recollects the ignominy with which Mr. BICKERSTAFF left this kingdom, and an invidious public print had the audacity to attribute this piece to him. Finding the attack a very ſerious one, I immediately made an affidavit that Mr. BICKERSTAFF was *not* the author, and publiſhed it. This oath was called a prevaricating one, becauſe it did not ſay *who was* the author, and a whole ſtring of paragraphs of a moſt abuſive kind were immediately levelled at me, in the ſame paper. I did not wait for the tedious forms of law, but endeavoured to take that ſort of revenge which men perhaps imprudently endeavour to do, when the offence is beyond legal reparation. The printer however had as little

courage to meet my anger as he had principle in ſeeking to wound my character. He left town to avoid me, and for ſome time was not to be ſeen. I therefore moved the Court of King's Bench for him to ſhew cauſe why an information ſhould not lodge againſt him for printing a libel. The rule was *granted*, and afterwards *made abſolute*; and there is no doubt but the gentleman would have been publicly exhibited, had not my attorney taken it into his head, to decamp to FRANCE with the money, which, to the great credit of the *Drury-lane* performers—who inſiſted upon taking up this attrocious matter as a public cauſe—was raiſed by a ſubſcription among themſelves to defend the action. On the firſt night of this piece, I was called on the ſtage, and required to declare the author, which I did without heſitation; and the matter taking this turn, I reſolved, inſtead of concealing my name, always in future to announce it, and rely on the public for the event. I had a benefit for this piece over and above my article, which yielded me upwards of an hundred pounds. The publication of the muſic I undertook myſelf, and got nothing by it. Indeed I have always made this remark, that the muſic I have ſold has yielded but very little, except to the publiſhers; and that I have publiſhed on my own account has conſtantly brought me in debt.

13 *The Inſtallation*—the ſame ſeaſon—written by Mr. GARRICK, and compoſed under my article. This I ſold, with a ſet of harpſichord leſſons, for a conditional ſixty-five pounds. The conditions were fulfilled, and I received the money.

14 *The Ladle*—a little piece for *Sadler's Wells*, in the ſeaſon of 1772, written and compoſed by me.

15 *The Miſchance*—the ſame place, and alſo written and compoſed by me. For the publication of this piece, *The Ladle*, and *The Brickduſt-man*, I received thirty guineas.

16 & 17 Two pantomimes—the names I cannot recollect. The publication of one of theſe I ſold for ten guineas.

18 *The*

18 *The Grenadier*—written for *Sadler's Wells*, the ſame ſeaſon, by Mr. GARRICK.

19 *The Widow of Abingdon*—written alſo for *Sadler's Wells*, the ſame ſeaſon, by Mr. HULL. All theſe were compoſed under my article. They made up the entertainment of the whole ſeaſon.

20 *Trip to Portſmouth*—written by G. A. STEVENS, and performed at the *Haymarket* with good ſucceſs. I received for the compoſition and the publication of the muſic nearly fifty pounds.

21 *The Deſerter*—altered from the French, and performed at *Drury-lane* in the years 1772 and 1773—the muſic partly retained, partly ſupplied from *Philidor*, and partly mine. For this piece I had a benefit, which yielded me about ninety pounds—the muſic turned out a very trifle—I got by the publication of the words about thirty pounds.

22 *The Chriſtmas Tale*—written by Mr. GARRICK, and performed the ſame ſeaſon. The intrinſic value of this compoſition being equal to my whole ſalary, I expoſtulated with Mr. GARRICK—who ſaid he conſidered it in the ſame light, and I ſhould have no reaſon to complain. My trouble on this occaſion was inconceivable, and I expected my extra reward would be proportionable; but when the end of the ſeaſon arrived, in the office were found two promiſſory notes of ten pounds each, which I had given by way of memorandums at two different ſettlements, and theſe were ſent me by GEORGE GARRICK, as a valuable conſideration for my additional trouble. The publication of the muſic I ſold for twenty-five pounds down, twenty-five pounds on the twelfth night, twenty-five pounds on the eighteenth night, and twenty-five pounds on the twenty-*fifth*. The piece was performed twenty-*four* times.

24, 25, 26, 27, 28 & 29 Two pantomimes, and four little pieces for *Sadler's Wells*, under my article.

30 A ſhort maſque in *Amphytrion*, in the ſeaſon 1773 & 1774, under my article of courſe. I ſold this muſic for ſome trifling ſum.

31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 Two pantomimes, and four little pieces for *Sadler's Wells*. Two of theſe I wrote, but though I recollect the ſubjects, I really do not the titles—'tis however no great matter, theſe ſix performances made up the entertainment of the ſeaſon. I had nothing of conſequence bid for the muſic, and I did not chuſe to venture the publication of it on my own account.

37 *The Waterman*—performed the ſame ſummer, 1774, at the *Haymarket*. The ſucceſs of this piece is well known. The benefit yielded me but thirty-five pounds. The publication of the words about forty-eight, and the muſic I believe about thirty pounds.

38 *The Cobler*—performed in the ſeaſon 1774 and 1775. Mr. GARRICK would inſiſt upon having this piece. I had taken to him *The Seraglio*, which was afterwards performed at *Covent Garden*—and which if I had been on the ſpot I am convinced would have had better ſucceſs—but he had conceived great diſpleaſure at my bringing out *The Waterman* at the *Haymarket*, though under different pretences he refuſed to perform it himſelf, and therefore I muſt write, he ſaid, a direct *farce*, and nothing elſe, which the more I altered the leſs I liked, though the alterations were to pleaſe him. At length, I underſtood he did not intend to perform any thing; but having urged him pretty ſtrenuouſly, he ſaid it ſhould be done if I would get it up in a week. This I did to his aſtoniſhment; and the next news was that the Lord Chamberlain would not licenſe it. Upon my talking of waiting on Lord HERTFORD about it, as there was nothing immoral in it, all of a ſudden a licenſe arrived, and the piece came out. It was not greatly received, but after the fourth night it went on very well till the *tenth*, when—like *Liberty Hall*—it was *damned by a party*. I got from firſt to laſt by it about an hundred and twenty pounds.

I am afraid this matter of fact buſineſs tires you. I'll pleaſe you however with another matter of fact, which is, that I am

Yours very ſincerely.

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 24, 1788.

LETTER LXXII.

MANAGEMENT.

"A man who can write, can draw petitions—therefore, I ſay, diſcharge him!"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

FOR BRERETON's benefit in 1775, I brought out

39 *The Quaker.* This piece meeting with ſucceſs, he bought it of me for ſeventy pounds, and ſold it afterwards to GARRICK for an hundred. Had I not parted with it in this way, however, I might have kept it by me, for GARRICK had for ſome time determined not to produce any thing of my writing,- if he could poſſibly avoid it. He had no idea that I intended to dabble in this way, when he ſigned the article, and therefore conceived my whole employ would be to ſet words of his writing; and a bleſſed time I ſhould have had on't, if I had never done any thing elſe. For this purpoſe, he was ſcheming to get rid of Mr. BICKERSTAFF as faſt as he could, and the very particular civilities he juſt then ſhewed that pretty gentleman, to cover his intention, probably procured him that ſcandalous and undeſerved poem from Dr. KENRICK—his wiſhes however were anticipated, as the world knows. When I produced him the *Wedding Ring*, and afterwards the *Deſerter*, he found I could make ſome ſtand in this way, and his diſcontent from that moment was evident to every body. He was like *Captain Plume*, he would not have a man who could write in his company. Indeed, the moſt tremendous weapon in

the world to GARRICK—was *a pen.* *The Waterman* following up the *Deſerter*, and becoming alſo very popular, my buſineſs was done. I have ſhewn how he behaved in the affair of the *Cobler*; and as to the *Quaker*, he would not have ſuffered it to be got up at BRERETON's benefit had not the latter inſiſted upon it as his right. Even then, the copy was ſubmitted to his inſpection, and he returned it with a ſneer, ſaying, "he wiſhed him ſucceſs, but he was "rather afraid the ſpirit would move the audience to damn it." BRERETON took fire at this, and ſhewed it to his friend Mr. SHERIDAN, who ſpoke of it in terms of commendation. All difficulties were now at an end, Mr. SHERIDAN's pen was more to be feared than mine. The next ſeaſon Mr. GARRICK purchaſed it, as I mentioned before, but not with a view of performing it, for this piece did not make its ſecond appearance till the management of *Drury-lane* fell into other hands. Added to the ſeventy pounds, I received forty pounds for the publication of the words, and about the ſame ſum for the muſic. It will be ſeen that I did nothing of conſequence under my article, ſince the *Chriſtmas Tale*, which was entirely owing to this jealouſy of GARRICK's—in conſequence of which he gave the *Maid of the Oaks* to Mr. BARTHELEMON, and *Alfred* to THEODORE SMITH—in both of which pieces, by the bye, I received *orders* to make alterations, and ſet additional ſongs. Alterations I peremptorily refuſed to make, thinking it ſcandalouſly indelicate to thoſe gentlemen; nor would I compoſe an additional ſong for *Alfred*—which Mr. BLANCHARD, of *Covent Garden*, then a child, may remember was intended for him—but, menaced with an action for the penalty of my article, rather than incur the forfeiture of five hundred pounds, I reluctantly ſet the ſong beginning, "What cannot beauty, lovely beauty do?" in the *Maid of the Oaks.*

40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45 My uſual quantity of buſineſs for *Sadlers Wells*, in the ſeaſon 1775.

46 *The Metamorphoſes*—an after-piece, brought out at the *Haymarket* in the ſummer of 1776. When this piece had been performed four nights, I left

left the care of it to Mr. FOOTE, who promiſed to do every thing handſome in it, and went to FRANCE. The moment my back was turned, however, he forgot his promiſe—for he only performed it once more, and I reaped no manner of emolument from it whatever. Indeed, every thing, about this time, went at ſixes and ſevens with him, for he never "joyed himſelf," after the buſineſs of the coachman.* On the words I had a loſs, and the muſic was never publiſhed.

47, 48, 49, 50 Buſineſs for *Sadlers Wells*. Mr. KING did not call on me for more work this year.

51 *The Seraglio*. This piece was accepted by Mr. HARRIS, previous to my departure for FRANCE, and performed in the ſeaſon 1776 and 1777. I ſhould mention alſo that I then left my affairs in the hands of Dr. ARNOLD, who ſuperintended them till my return, and common juſtice bids me ſay, that he diſcharged his truſt with great honour and fidelity, for which kindneſs I now give him my public thanks. I have yet every letter he wrote me, and really there are manyof the kindeſt and moſt diſintereſted ſentimentsof friendſhip I ever read. To ſay the truth, he had trouble enough on my account; for the firſt ſtipulation Mr. HARRIS made was to alter the pieces in whatever way he pleaſed. In conſequence of this, when I came to read in the paper the plot of the *Seraglio*, at CALAIS, I found it totally different from that which I had ſent, and I remember the doctor's letter that accompanied the account of its reception, ſays, that if I were to ſee it I ſhould ſcarcely know my own piece. Mr. HARRIS alſo obliged him to new ſet ſome of the ſongs, which he aſſures me was a moſt irkſome taſk, but he rather undertook it than that the

* At the end of this ſeaſon, as every body knows, FOOTE was adviſed to go to FRANCE, to diſſipate his chagrin. The morning he left NORTH END, going into his parlour, he fixed his eyes for ſome time on the print taken from that picture, ſo admirably painted by ZOFFANI, of FOOTE and WESTON in the *Devil* and *Dr. Laſt*. At laſt, heaving a deep ſigh, he exclaimed, "Alas! poor WESTON!—"very ſoon it will be, alas! poor FOOTE!" He died about three weeks after.

the piece ſhould not be performed. The benefit for this yielded me forty-eight pounds, the words fifty, and I ſold the muſic for an eventual ſixty pounds—forty-five of which became due.

52, 53, 54, 55 *The Razor Grinder—Yo, Yea, or the Friendly Tars—Old Woman of Eighty*—and *The Mad Doctor*—four pieces which I ſent Mr. KING from FRANCE. Theſe pieces were ſold out and out at a very reaſonable price. But I again repeat that all my engagements with Mr. KING were pleaſurable ones, and had I made him a preſent of half I have done for him, I ſhould ſtill be under obligations to him.

56 *Poor Vulcan*—a burletta, performed in the ſeaſon 1777 and 1778, at *Covent Garden*, and which I boldly pronounce, had it been given to the public in the ſtate I ſent it, would have had much greater ſucceſs. It is uniformly ſaid that the firſt act of this piece is remarkably complete; and it muſt be confeſſed that from the beginning of the ſecond act to *Vulcan's* ſoliloquy is as dull as any thing poſſibly can be, and the reaſon is, the burleſque is totally dropt, and *Adonis*—by the aſſiſtance of Mr. HULL's ſomniferous muſe—converted into a ſighing, dying, ſleeping ſwain; whereas I had made him a burleſque character, as well as the reſt.

I am glad of this opportunity of ſhewing how authors are treated by managers and their privy counſellors; and am ready to ſtand or fall by the deciſion of the public on the merits of what has been taken away, and what ſubſtituted. This ſhall be conſidered in the next letter. In the mean time, rejoice with me, that at the end of two more, we ſhall have waded together through this rubbiſh.

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 24, 1788.

LETTER LXXIII.

THE THEATRICAL PRUNING KNIFE.

" The king's a good poet—with a little of my help."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

MY idea of making *Adonis*, a *burleſque ſhepherd*, I thought perfectly a new one.*

I

* His firſt ſong was a parody on " When forc'd from dear Hebe to go." The firſt verſe ran thus :

When forc'd from dear MAUDLIN to go,
Of a large humming glaſs ſhe drank part,
And I thought—but it might not be ſo,
That the poor creature took it to heart.

We guzzled, till tipſy we grew,
For my path I could ſcarcely diſcern ;
And, for her, ſtead of ſaying, adieu,
She hiccup'd out—" Prithee return."

His ſecond ſong was a parody on " Dear Chloe, come give me ſweet kiſſes." I ſhall not have room for it at length, but I'll give you the laſt verſe.

Count the coin at the mint they are weighing,
Count the caſh at the bank that's conceal'd,
Count the rouleaus at BROOKES's they're paying,
And what Pharoah and Quince nightly yield.

Count the Exchequer tallies ſo even,
Go number the Treaſury's ſtore,

I could not reſiſt the inſertion of theſe ſongs, that it may be ſeen whether either juſtice or judgment is generally exerciſed in mutilations of this ſort.—The benefit for *Poor Vulcan* yielded about ninety-five pounds, the muſic was ſold for fifty pounds, and the words for ſixty pounds. At this time the expence

And when ſo many guineas you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be aſking for more.

But my great favourite is the following imitation of HORACE and LYDIA.

JOE.

When Serjeant BELLSWAGGER, that maſculine brute,
One day had been drinking to ſwear a recruit,
He kiſs'd you, I ſaw him, or elſe may I die,
And you, *cruel* MAUDLIN, ne'er once cried, O fie!

Again, when the ſquire had come home from the chaſe,
You receiv'd him, O Gods, with a ſmile on your face,
Henceforth, then, my ſheep harum ſkarum may run,
For MAUDLIN is faithleſs, and I am undone.

MAUDLIN.

Ah! JOE, you're a good one—one day in my place—
My huſband at home, I was forc'd to ſend GRACE;
I know for a truth, which ye cannot gainſay,
You touzled her well on a cock of new hay.

Nay, ſwore you'd be hers—and what is worſe yet,
That you only lov'd me, juſt for what you could get;
As for charms then, I ne'er will believe I have one,
For JOEY is faithleſs, and I am undone.

JOE.

Will you know then the truth on't—I touz'd her, I own,
Though I rather by half would have let it alone;
But I did it to ſee if you jealous would prove,
For that, people ſay, *is a ſure ſign of love.*

MAUDLIN.

And for me, if the SQUIRE ſaid ſoft things in my ear,
I ſuffer'd it, thinking he'd call for ſtrong beer;
And as to the ſerjeant, 'tis always a rule,
One had better be kiſs'd, than be teaz'd—by a fool.

pence of the benefits was raiſed, by the famous coalition of Mr. SHERIDAN and Mr. HARRIS, to an hundred guineas. I however would not pay it, nor was it, after my poſitive refuſal, inſiſted on.

57 *The Gypſies*—an after-piece, written by me, and compoſed by Dr. ARNOLD. It was performed at the *Haymarket* in the ſummer of 1778, but was rather a loſing game. The profits—had there been any—were to have been divided.

58 *The Touchſtone*—performed in the ſeaſon 1778 and 1779, a pantomime, written and compoſed by me, under a verbal agreement with Mr. HARRIS, at the rate of three hundred pounds for the quantity of three after-pieces, and every thing over and above to be paid for in proportion. This piece has been attributed to Mr. PILON, and to Mrs. COWLEY. The fact is, that in ſpite of all I could do, Mr. HARRIS would be trying to foiſt in alterations, which had very nearly parted us before this entertainment came out. I conſented however to none but a few that were made by Mr. GARRICK. After the piece was out however, and fairly Mr. HARRIS's property, it was not in my power to prevent his doing what he pleaſed with it; and by this means that contemptible ſcene got into it of the *rout*, which I with particular pleaſure acknowledge is *not* mine: the emoluments however *were*, and they conſiſted of an hundred pounds for the piece, as a performance, an hundred pounds by Mr. HARRIS for the copy-right of the words, and twenty pounds for the muſic.

59 *Roſe and Colin*—a piece of one act, performed very frequently, and with great applauſe.

60 *Annette and Lubin*—of the ſame deſcription, and performed as ſucceſsfully.

61 *The*

61 *The Wives revenged*—rather longer, but of the ſame deſcription. Theſe pieces—together with the *Saloon*, the *Graces*, and the *Statue*, afterwards performed with great ſucceſs at the *Circus*—are what I allude to in my letter to Mr. HARRIS. I received fifty pounds for each of them, and ſixty pounds for the muſic of the three from Mr. HARRIS—the words I kept, which, according to cuſtom, were unproductive.

62 A pantomime—the name of which I do not recollect. In it was introduced that ſong, "Give round the word diſmount, diſmount." It was only a revived thing, and together with the ſong ſung ſo well by Mrs. KENNEDY, in the *Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other matters, eſtimated at fifty pounds.

63 *The Chelſea Penſioner*—ſame ſeaſon. This piece came out with Miſs MORE's *Percy*—which tragedy, though it is by no means devoid of merit, was not well received; and my opera had like to have ſuffered by being in company with it. The ſucceſs of the *Chelſea Penſioner*, however, afterwards was very flattering; yet it was done but three nights in all—owing to the lateneſs of the ſeaſon. Why Mr. HARRIS has not repeated it ſince, he knows beſt, as there were four ſongs encored on the laſt night it was performed. This piece was an overplus charge of an hundred pounds. The words I publiſhed according to cuſtom at a loſs, and the muſic—except a few ſongs which were introduced into a periodical work—never was made public.

Yours,

Moſt faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 24, 1788.

LETTER LXXIV.

THE STATEMENT FINISHED.

"*Othello's occupation is no more.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I Shall not have room particularly to mention how much my pieces have ſuffered from mutilation; however what I neglect in *detail*, I muſt make up in *point*.

64 *Mirror*—a pantomime burletta, performed with conſiderable ſucceſs at *Covent Garden*, in the ſeaſon of 1779 and 1780. This piece was ſtrong ſatire, and therefore "*caviar* to the multitude," who, however, were charmed with the ſcenery. One circumſtance marks this performance very ſtrongly. The character of *Punch*, whoſe *bibbery bino* begot all the *fal de rals* and *te de rees*, which have ſo largely contributed to make up the reputation of Mr. EDWIN, and which was a ſatire upon *nonſenſe*, is now forgotten for nonſenſe itſelf. For this piece, I received a ſixth of the ſix firſt nights, amounting to about an hundred and thirty pounds. The words yielded me about twenty pounds, and the muſic ten pounds.

65 *The Shepherdeſs of the Alps*—an opera in three acts. This piece fell for want of ſupport. I remember VERNON's ſaying, when he was aſked why he did not get perfect, and play his beſt, "that he ſaw it was the general wiſh

" the piece ſhould be damned, and, as in duty bound, he lent it a hand." My agreement for this piece was, to have a third of the nine firſt nights. It was performed but three. I received about ſeventeen pounds.

66 *Plymouth in an Uproar*—a piece brought to me by a ſeafaring gentleman. I made ſome alterations in it at his deſire, and it ſucceeded pretty well, being performed about twelve nights. My ſhare of the profits came to about ſixty-five pounds.

67 *The Iſlanders*—an opera of three acts, performed in the ſeaſon of 1780 and 1781. This piece had very good ſucceſs, and is remembered to have contained ſome of Mrs. KENNEDY's moſt favourite ſongs, and many other very popular things. I was to have had for it a third of the nine firſt nights; but the KING coming to the performance on the ſixth, I was obliged to ſubmit to take in the tenth, which made a difference to me of more than fifty pounds. I however, from firſt to laſt, got by this piece about three hundred and fifty pounds. Inſtead of coming out in the courſe of the buſineſs in the ſecond ſeaſon—which it might have done with conſiderable reputation—Mr. HARRIS made me cut it down into a farce, and call it *The Marriage Act*. The alterations this piece underwent, previous to its coming out, were innumerable. Some few of them were ſuggeſted by Mr. HARRIS, but I'll venture to ſay it gained nothing by that. Mr. WOODFALL ſaw a ſketch of the firſt act, in a rough ſtate, and in a letter which I have by me, declared it bid the faireſt for popularity of any thing he had ſeen. It was certainly a very great favourite with Mr. HARRIS, who adviſed me not to confeſs myſelf the author, urging me with words " more than belonged to ſuch a trifle;" for he ſaid JUNIUS was not yet known—and therefore he would not adviſe me to declare myſelf. To be ſure there were ſome flying reports that Mr. HARRIS wrote it himſelf—but it will hardly be thought he wiſhed thoſe to be credited.

68 *Harlequin Free Maſon*—ſame ſeaſon. This piece had a prodigious run. I wrote the words and compoſed the muſic. My emoluments were ſeventy pounds from the theatre, I ſold about 2700 books, which yielded me —for ſo well are theſe things managed—about thirty-five pounds, and the muſic was diſtributed in a work called the *Lyriſt*, which publication yielded me nearly fifty pounds.

69 *Amphytrion*—performed in the ſeaſon of 1781 and 1782. This piece was the only inſtance in which I made a point of *ſecuring myſelf*. Mr. HARRIS and I parted, as I have before mentioned. I had nothing to do with conducting it, and it was performed but two nights. I received for it two hundred and eighty-five pounds.

70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84 *The Barrier of Parnaſſus, The Graces, The Saloon, The Milkmaid, The Refuſal of Harlequin, The Land of Simplicity, The Paſſions, The Statue, Clump and Cudden, The Benevolent Tar, The Regions of Accompliſhment, Lancaſhire Witches, The Ceſtus, Pandora, The Long Odds.* Theſe, two or three other pantomimes, four or five *intermezzos* of a more trifling kind, and at leaſt fifteen ballads, each taking twelve or fourteen airs and an overture, with a variety of other matter, make up what I did for the *Circus*; where, in the firſt ſeaſon, I cleared upwards of nine hundred pounds—but from that moment, my connexion with this place has been a ſeries of trouble, loſs, and vexation, which, to enumerate, would make up as long a work as this. I ſhall ſay a few words on this head however in a future letter.

85 *Liberty Hall*—performed with the ſucceſs I have already ſtated, at *Drury-lane*, in the ſeaſon of 1785 and 1786. The benefit yielded forty-eight pounds, the words *nothing*, and the muſic—by which if it had been performed oftener I ſhould have received a conſiderable ſum—brought, though handſomely bargained for, no great matter.

86 *Harveſt*

86 *Harveſt Home*—performed at the *Haymarket*, 1787. I was nine pounds in debt on the benefit, the words I ſold for forty pounds, and the muſic did about as much as *Liberty Hall.*

Theſe pieces, were I to go over every ground, would come up to very near an hundred, but *Richmond*, *Marybone*, *Exeter Change*, and ſome other places where I have produced performances, ſhall be given in to heap up the meaſure. What I have done will aſtoniſh the reader ſufficiently—for he will ſee that, in twenty-three years, I have received only about five thouſand five hundred pounds, even when I add my different ſalaries and annual benefits.

Think of this, and all my drudgery, and tell me if you do not wiſh ſafe in CALCUTTA

Your very obliged friend,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 25, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

READINGS AND MUSIC.

"What have we here, players!—that is to ſay, ſtrollers?"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

IT now remains to add to my TOUR and the ſtatement of pieces already given—the entertainment which I have ſo often delivered, and frequently to very little purpoſe, under the title of READINGS and MUSIC. This I ſhall follow up with ſome finiſhing obſervations, a very brief recapitulation of all I have advanced—placed by way of critique on myſelf in every poſſible point of view—and, at length, a farewel to that country which I hope I have ſhewn that I quit not upon ſlaviſh and narrow, but liberal and laudable principles.

You have ſeen, but others will pleaſe to ſuppoſe me upon my platform, with a piano forte before me, muſtering up either a patient, contented, or delighted ſmile—but never a contemptuous one—according to the number either ſcattered about or crowded in the room—and beginning, by way of

EXORDIUM,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The introduction to my entertainment ought to explain its nature and tendency. The firſt would be no very eaſy matter to accompliſh, for it is of

ſo eccentric a kind that it will not in any reſpect tally with whatever may be meaſured by the ſtandard of regularity. But as to its drift, I believe it may have as legitimate pretenſions to public favour as any other amuſement.—Matters of this kind in general aim at ſatisfying the auditors, with an eye to the advantage of their fabricators; like the phyſician, who, as he held out his hand for a fee, and was profeſſing how diſintereſted he gave his advice—ſaying 'I take all this pains for you'—was anſwered by the ſick Iriſhman, as he put the guinea into his hand—'true, true, *all* for me, and a little for yourſelf, 'doctor.'

Were I kept to the letter of my promiſe, it would be my indiſpenſible duty to improve and amuſe. This text, however, I ſhall divide; leaving it to others to inſtruct, while I try the utmoſt of my poor endeavour to entertain. The beſt regulated underſtandings may pant for relaxation, at which time, trifles light as air are the welcomeſt pleaſures. The mind unbent from its ſeverer duty, ſhall find a very nothing full of charms. An *anecdote*, a *bon mot*, a *jeux d' eſprit*, ſhall be delicious. Theſe will be my moments of triumph. Beſides, I have a reſource to which many have reſorted with wonderful ſucceſs. Sound has often proved a fortunate ſuccedaneum for ſenſe—for muſic, like charity, covers a multitude of faults. How often has the rickety deformity of a hobbling line been wrought into ſymmetry by the elegance of a beautiful paſſage—an uncouth rhime rendered as ſmooth as the honey of Hybla by the force of modulation—and a whole mouthful of expletives gracefully ſwallowed by the operation only of a few chromatics.

Various friends, however, have ſuggeſted various improvements on my own ideas. One of theſe you would have taken for a cook, for he ſaid he would undertake to ſupply my mental banquet with a curious and plentiful collection of diſhes, ſuitable to all palates. He told me he had *roaſted* NABOBS, and *ſtewed* PATRIOTS—*ſurprized* GENERALS, and *devilled* LAWYERS. For needy gentlemen, become gamblers in their own defence, he had a choice quantity of *pigeons*. He had *ducks* and *drakes* for ſpeculators in the alley. Then for

for fiſh, he had a *plaiſe* for *ſycophants* who choſe to apply for it. He had *good ſoles* for the promoters of *conviviality*—and he had *gudgeons* for political and phyſical quacks. That to be ſure he could not brag much upon the article of *maids*; but then, to make amends, he had a liquoriſh *old wife* in high ſeaſon for a ruined *ſpendthrift*. Then for a deſert—he had *ſugar plums* for the *conſcientious*; *trifles* for *fops*; *whip ſyllabubs* for *orators*; *ice* for *young widows*; and *hard cruſts* and *bitter almonds* for—*critics*. But what he moſt of all recommended was his *flummery*, which he ſaid was made of ſuch delicious materials, that it would be greedily ſwallowed by all diſtinctions, from a *biſhop* to a *beggar*.

A Frenchman adviſed me to fill my entertainment with dances, which he aſſured me was not only the very eſſence of all public amuſement, but contained every requiſite accompliſhment for the completion of a fine gentleman. But I will endeavour to give you his own words. '*Monſieur—Sare*—'look all over de varld, every ting depend pon larn to *danſe*. *Sans cela* 'vidout larn to *danſe* you cannot vat you call ſee life—you cannot know 'noting. De younk chentelmen *danſe* away vid dere money before dey 'come to dere eſtate; de loſer *danſe* away vid de laty to Scotland; de *mar-*'*chand* clerk *danſe* away vid de Engliſh bank note. Ven de houſband find 'chentelman little too kind to his wife, he don't quarrel, make no noiſe, 'he make one very low bo—*ſerviture Madame*. Vat de devil you call dis 'but larn to *danſe*. If you would do any ting vid great man, begar you 'muſt *danſe* attendance. *C'eſt encore*—larn to *danſe*. *Enfin*—in ſhort, if you 'vould go vit great *eclat* troo de varld, you muſt do *comme en France*—vare 'de *pauvre danſe* avay dare *miſere*, de *riche danſe* avay dare *conſcience*, de '*general dance* avay from de *enemy*, and all the reſt of de varld *danſe* away 'from dare friend, *ma foi*.'

I referred the gentleman to the Opera houſe, telling him, if he ſhould chance to get paid, he might perhaps dance away with Engliſh bank note too.

An

An Italian let me into the ſecret of all that has been done in the way of taking people by the ears ſince this country could boaſt an opera houſe. He told me it was as eaſy to make muſic by receipt as macaroni. But as an Italian never explains himſelf ſo well at when he ſings, I will endeavour to give you his idea of a recipe for a *bravura* ſong to muſic—and to muſic in the next page follows the very ſong I introduced upon this occaſion. I therefore finiſh this letter with recommending it to your attention, and myſelf to a continuation of your good wiſhes, being,

Very ſincerely,

Your thankful and humble ſervant,

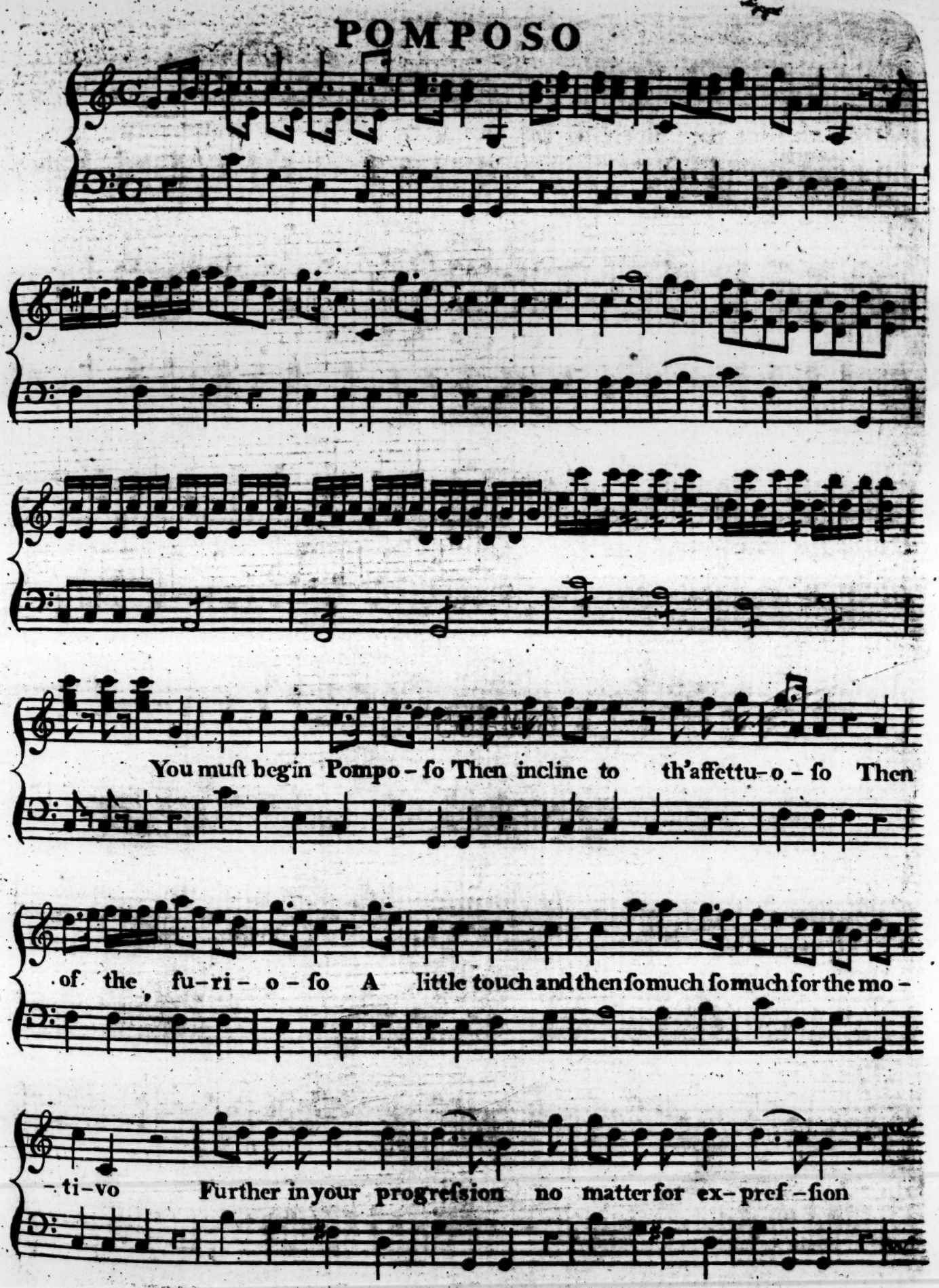
C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 6, 1788.

6 MA65

Dibdin (C.)

POMPOSO



fo that for re- -lie- -vo you ha- - and he

and la- - and mi- - and

fink and break and fink and break and wtrib wand

tril and tril and ſhake thenonalongdi- -vi- - fion

foar

twil

6 MA 65

set the audience in a roar in a

roar in a roar And

now have done with that key and get in-to a flat key now give us that once

more and take it a note low-er the flutes ob-bli-ga-to the

fiddles pizzi-ca-to the flutes ob-li-ga-to the

flutes pizzi-ca-to and now along fer-mato

Then to the ſub-ject come again and af-ter the mo-ti-vo and

af-ter the mo--ti-vo be ſure repeat that hum again be

ſure re-peat that hum again of ha_ _ _ _ _ _ and he_ _ _ _

_ _ _ and la_ _ _ _ _ _ _ and mi_ _ _ _ _ _ _ and

ſink and break and ſink and break and tril and

tril and tril and ſhake Then you muſt go low that the

6 MA 55

horns may have a Solo then you muft go low that the horns may

have a Solo then on a long di - vi - - - fion foar - - - - - -

twill fet the Au - dience in a roar - in a

roar - - in a roar - -

in a roar

6 MA 55

LETTER LXXVI.

THE EXORDIUM FINISHED AND THE ENTERTAINMENT BEGUN.

"*So proceed you*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE ſong over, I thus went on.

I could not help confeſſing there was certainly ſome ingenuity in this mode of ſpinning muſic; but I thought it too much like the labours of the ſpider, which—though curious—have neither *beauty* nor *durability*, I conſequently determined to rely on my own judgment. You will, therefore—proceeded I—ſuppoſe me a painter, with my canvaſs upon an eiſel and my whole apparatus lying before me, preparing to preſent you with a faint ſketch of human nature; not as I have ſometimes ſeen it deſcribed, with the virtues riſing on each other like the Alps and Apenines, altogether as STUPENDOUS, and altogether as *cold:* nor again, as a thing ſo fraught with depravity, ſo pitiably contemptible that a man would rather be an *oyſter* than an *emperor*—but as we ſee it every day, without making it either a flattering likeneſs or a *caricature*; for, though I ſhall throw the human mind—if I may be allowed the figure—into every poſſible ſituation, yet I ſhall not place it where I have not actually ſeen it. It may ſometimes be *ludicrous*, but it ſhall be always *like*.

Imagine, then, that I have now filled my canvaſs with a number of lines, curves, parallels, perpendiculars, and dots; faintly to repreſent a large groupe of characters—one projecting a leg, another an arm, and another a head; and then ſuppoſe me—like the man who ſhews the tombs in Weſtminſter abbey—about to explain their good, bad, and indifferent qualities—juſt as it may ſuit to illuſtrate my poſition; and to this man I may be aptly compared—for, like him, I have all the talk to myſelf, and, like him, am paid before I ſhew any thing.

Very poor, however, would be my reward if it was only derived from pecuniary gratification. A warmer and more thankful ſentiment fires my breaſt, no leſs than that as I am impelled alone by gratitude to appear before you, I may hope for your kind and gentle wiſhes for my ſafety, health and proſperity.*

This

* When I did not finiſh the exordium in this manner, it ran as follows—from the words "my "own judgment." I ſhall therefore preſent you with a melange; which I truſt will be found to be neither regularly dull, nor ridiculouſly eccentric, but a ſort of medium between theſe extremes; tending ſometimes to provoke an involuntary ſigh, but much oftener a ſpontaneous ſmile; and though I profeſs it to be out of all rule, claſs, or diſtinction, yet I am ſanguine enough to hope it will have as regular a beginning, middle, and end, as an epic poem; that it will commence with *curioſity*, be followed up with *attention*, and conclude with—APPROBATION.

6 MA 65

6 MA 65

Dibdin (C)

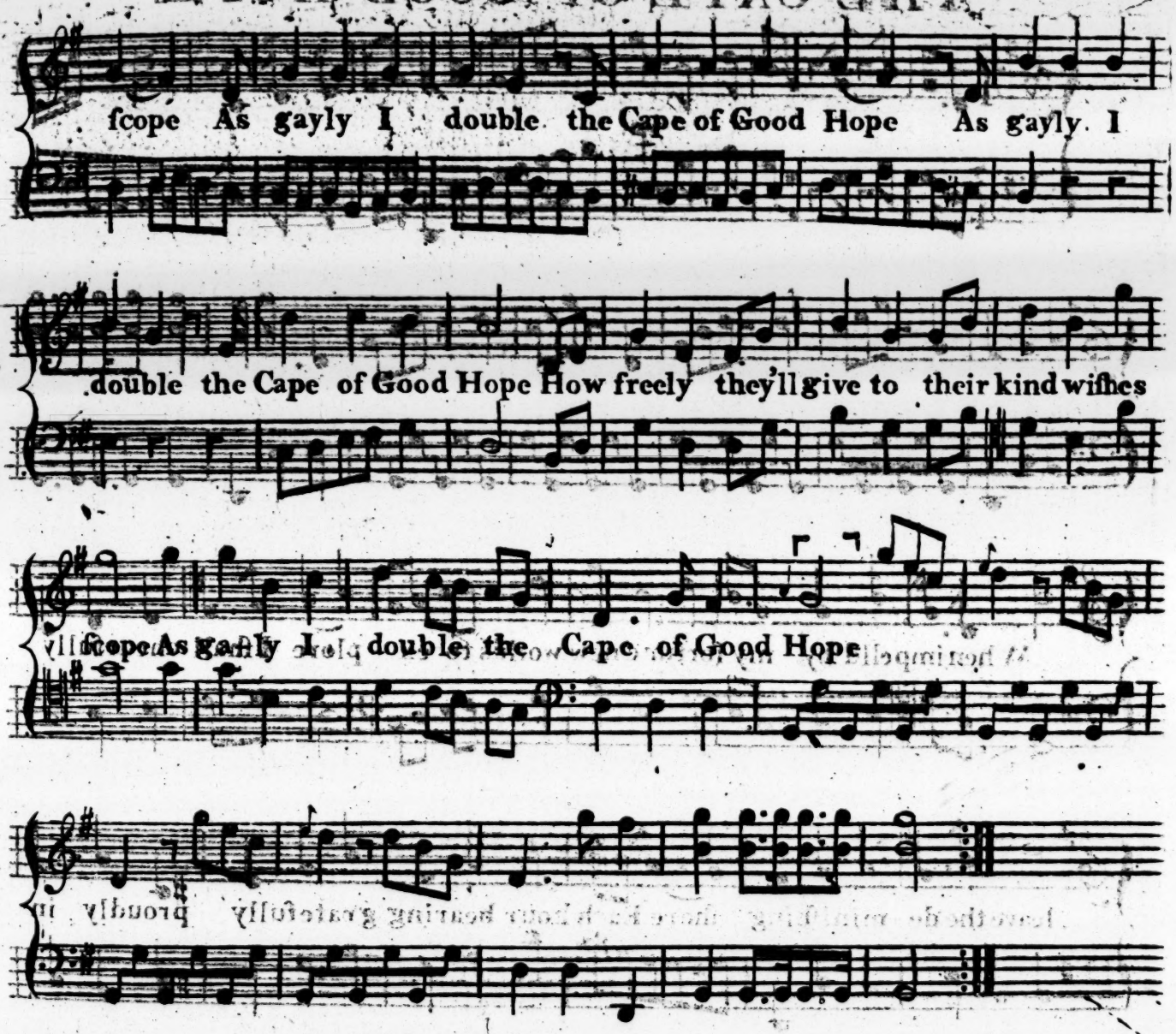
THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

When impelld by my fortune new worlds to ex - plore I shall chearfully

. leave the de - miniſhing ſhore Each hour bearing gratefully proudly in

. mind How nobly a - ge - nerous Public was kind How no - bly a

ge - nerous Public was kind How freely they'll give to their kind wiſh - es


ſcope As gayly I double the Cape of Good Hope As gayly I
double the Cape of Good Hope How freely they'll give to their kind wiſhes
ſcope As gayly I double the Cape of Good Hope

2

When from perils of dangerous Neptune ſet free,
Trade winds and monſoons left behind me at ſea,
I make Rajahs, and Nabobs in harmony chime,
And gay palanquins march in regular time;
Through the wiſhes to which you ſhall then give a ſcope
I ſhall double with eaſe fortune's Cape of Good Hope.

3

When by dint of my crotchets my catches and glees,
I have chang'd current notes into ſterling rupees;
Sighing ſtill for that pow'r of attraction ſweet home,
I'm no longer impell'd by a motive to roam;
I ſhall ſtill to my ſtrong grateful feelings give ſcope,
That through you I firſt doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

6 MA 65

This ſong finiſhed the exordium—I then began as follows:

PART I.

CASSANDER, cut to the ſoul at being torn—through the avarice of her father—from the arms of his SOPHRONIA, retired to a remote part of the kingdom, to contemplate on her virtues.

HORTENSIA, the beautiful and envied wife of the gallant FERDINAND, had been married but a little month, when, provoked by the inſolence of a ſaucy calumniator, her huſband fell defending her honour. Grief induced her to retire, and chance directed her to where CASSANDER ſighed in ſecret for the loſs of his SOPHRONIA. Accident brought them together—when, urged by the congeniality of their ſentiments, they vowed on the ſpot an eternal friendſhip, and agreed to meet every morning in the ſame place to recite ſuch ſtories of private miſery as had fallen within their notice, occaſioned either by falſe honour or the inſatiable cruelty of avaricious parents.

CASSANDER, on his return, ranſacked his library to find food for new friendſhip, which at its birth demanded to be nouriſhed. HORTENSIA came home—ſat down to her harpſichord—ſighed and ſung

AIR.

Who to my wounds a balm adviſes
But little knows what I endure—
The patient's pain to torture riſes
When med'cine's try'd—and fails to cure.

What

What can the wiſeſt counſel teach me
But ſad remembrance of my grief?
Alas! his counſel cannot reach me,
It gives but words—I aſk relief!

After this the ſubject changes—I ſhall therefore ſtop ſhort for the preſent, with a freſh aſſurance—and as true as the reſt—that I am,

Moſt ſincerely,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 6, 1788.

LETTER LXXVII.

A JOVIAL MEETING.

"Mirth admit me of thy crew."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

TO chequer the entertainment, and render it a little more lively, I thus went on.

I ſhall now introduce you to a ſet of gentlemen whoſe evenings were *jovially* employed in the ſame degree, as the mornings of CASSANDER and HORTENSIA were devoted to deſpondency.

This company conſiſted of a PROJECTOR, who had tired the royal ſociety and impaired his fortune by ſchemes that had every thing to *perfect* them but *practicability*. A SPECULATOR who had invented an inſtrument which was to foretel the coming change of the ſtocks, upon the principle of a barometer, but who—unfortunately truſting too far to the infallibility of his project—was obliged to *waddle out*. A COMMODORE, who had riſen by his merit from the forecaſtle, and had retired in diſguſt. A POET, who had never been able to get a play heard to the end of the firſt act. A wild IRISHMAN, who had blundered through a large patrimony till he had nothing left—to uſe his own words—but the *purſe* of a *beggar* and the *heart* of a *prince*. And a LEVEE HUNTER, who, in the courſe of *thirteen years*, was *once* within *five minutes* of ſeeing the *great man himſelf*.

Theſe ſix, grown wiſe from their diſappointments, had gathered together the ſcattered remains of their broken fortunes, and determined to laugh away the reſt of their lives. Health followed them to the chace; pleaſure filled the teeming bowl; and the only contention at their meetings—where ANACREON might have been proud to ſit preſident—was—who ſhould be forwardeſt to promote harmleſs mirth and inoffenſive hilarity.

The board being met, and a few toaſts drank, the poet was called upon for a ſong. He ſaid he would give them a little ſatirical touch, which he had that morning written againſt a lady, who had been cruel to him. He confeſſed it was malicious—or ſo—but he ſincerely believed exactly in point for all that.

AIR,

That all the world is up in arms,
And talks of nought but CELIA's charms;
That crowds of lovers, near and far,
Come all to ſee this blazing ſtar,
Is true—who has not heard on't?

But that ſhe all at diſtance keeps,
And that her virtue never ſleeps—
I don't believe a word on't.

II.

That for one lover had ſhe ten,
In ſhort, did ſhe from all the men
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good ſenſe, and I believe
Would never grow abſurd on't:

But for ſoft dalliance ſhe'd refuſe
Some favourite from the crowd to chuſe—
I don't believe a word on't.

That

III.

That in the face of ſtanders-by
She's modeſty itſelf's no lie;
That then were men rude things to ſay,
'Twould anger her—oh I would lay
A bottle and a bird on't—

But to her bedchamber d'ye ſee
That BETTY has no private key—
I don't believe a word on't.

The converſation next turned on the law—and one of the company had mentioned the frequency of executions in this country. From this the PROJECTOR, who was a bit of a wag, took occaſion to relate the following anecdote.

A carpenter, who could not get his money for two gibbets that had been beſpoke, refuſed to make a third; and an execution having been in conſequence delayed—the jailor being called to account—blamed the carpenter, who was at length ſummoned before the judge. The judge told him he had ordered the gibbet, and demanded in a very preremptory way the reaſon it had not been made. The carpenter, with the greateſt ſimplicity in nature, excuſed himſelf by telling the truth—ſaying—'I refuſed the hangman and the 'jailor to make a *third* gibbet, becauſe I had not been paid for the *two firſt*; 'but if I had known the gallows had been for your LORDSHIP—why lord 'love you it ſhould have been *done out of hand*.'

The POET was noticing how ſometimes the moſt trivial and unforeſeen accident overturns an author's hopes. 'A thing,' ſaid he, 'once happened to me 'which was enough to make a man forſwear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a 'tragedy—GARRICK performed in it—I muſt confeſs the principal incident was 'a little ſimilar to LEAR's abdication of the throne in favour of his daughters. 'Mine were two daughters; and the king—after giving them a leſſon, fraught

'with

'with legiſlative advantages that might have done honour to SOLON or LY-
'CURGUS—finiſhed his harangue with ſaying "and now I divide this crown
"between you"—Sir, a malicious ſcoundrel peeping over the ſpikes of the
'orcheſtra, and ſtaring GARRICK full the face, cried out—"Ah, that's juſt
"*half a-crown a-piece.*" Sir, an inceſſant laugh immediately prevailed,
'and if it had been to ſave your ſoul, another ſyllable was not to be heard;
'and thus the world loſt for ever four acts and a half of the fineſt writing—'
"I am glad on't," ſaid the COMMODORE, "if you had not been diſabled
"in giving chace to the public, you would never have come to ſafe moorings
"in grog harbour. Here," ſaid he—taking the bowl—"is the only ſheet
"anchor a ſeaman can truſt to. Blow high, blow low, let the ſtorm tear
"the cable from the cat-head, or the ſhrouds from the cat-harpin, *grog* will
"bring us through all weathers, and ſhew a ſmiling face in the bowl when
"clouds and billows are in the maddeſt contention."

The COMMODORE's ſong of *grog* ſhall begin my next letter; in the interim I finiſh this as uſual, with aſſuring you that I am

Ever yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 7, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

A SEA SONG, AND AN IRISH ONE.

"*Drink, drink, and defy*
"*The mad ſpirits that fly.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

NOW for the COMMODORE's ſong.

AIR.

A plague of thoſe muſty old lubbers
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.

A can of good ſtuff—had they twigg'd it—
'Twould have ſet them for pleaſure agog,
And ſpite of the rules
Of the ſchools,
The old fools
Would have all of 'em ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like *grog*.

II.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd, with abundance of wealth,
Cried Jack never be ſuch a ninny
To drink—ſaid I—father, your health.

So I ſhew'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like *grog*.

III.

'Tother day, as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk;

I ſhew'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog,
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like *grog*.

IV.

Then truſt me there's nothing like drinking
So pleaſant, on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.

As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And—damme—there's nothing like *grog*.

The COMMODORE then gave, May our ſea of delight never ebb! The POET ſaid it was impoſſible—for they drew their mirth from the follies of mankind, which ſource was inexhauſtible. This gave riſe to a mixed converſation, in which ſcarcely any ſubject eſcaped them. Impoſtors of all denominations were ſeverely handled, and particularly pretenders to courage. This naturally brought up duelling; and one of them ſaid, in a country like this, where there are ſuch admirable laws, he wondered it was not put a ſtop to. Laws! exclaimed the Iriſhman—

AIR,

Fait, honey, in Ireland, I'd find out a flaw
In each capias, each batt'ry and action;
For dere—Oh my ſoul—ſatisfaction is law,
And what's better—fait, law's ſatisfaction.

When to cut your friend's trote dat affronts you's the word,
From dat argument none will be ſhrinking;
For we clear *knotty points* by the *point of the ſword*,
And make *flaws* large enough with our *pinking*.

And great is the pleaſure it yield,
While our ſeconds are hard at our back,
And boldly we both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—ſa, ſa—whack!

Arrah

II.

Arrah troth were a jolmon purſu'd at his heel
By a conſtable, ſait, or a baily,
To be ſure in three minutes the taef would not feel,
O'er his ſconce a tight bit of *ſhelaly*.

Then for actions and bonds, and that charming long liſt
Of returns dat in law cut a figure,
Oh we make out *returns* by a *turn of the wriſt*,
And draw *bonds* by the *pull of a trigger*.

And great are the pleaſures it yield,
And our ſeconds are hard at our back,
When boldly we both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—ſa, ſa—whack!

Oh, my ſoul, cried the Iriſhman, a little pinking is the only way to bring a jolman to good manners. Why, Sir, a friend of mine has made a book, where he has ſet down all manner of inſults and reparations, poſſible and impoſſible. Ah! twenty fine fellows that he ſtretched, but for dat book would have been alive and merry; but then their honour will never die, you know: what the devil would they have!

I ſhall reſerve his further remarks and other matters; and having here written about my uſual quantum, ſay adieu for the preſent, profeſſing myſelf what I truly am,

Yours,

Moſt ſincerely,

C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 7, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

BRAGGING REPROVED.

" *Thou art as errant a Jack in the wood as any in* ITALY—
" *If there were* two *ſuch we ſhould be* none *preſently.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

THE COMMODORE, in anſwer to the IRISHMAN's remarks, ſaid, 'Well, but ſurely you don't mean to countenance thoſe pre-'tenders to courage—thoſe petulent waſps, who'—" Ah now do ſtop a mi-" nute," retorted the IRISHMAN—" I countenance!—be my ſoul, I'll tell you " how I ſerved one of theſe ſpalpeons. The gentleman, d'ye ſee, was telling " a long, roundabout rhodomontade ſtory about fighting, which he finiſhed " the concluſion of by ſaying he had killed three men. I told him that his three " men was nothing at all at all, a jolman in my country would kill thirteen, " and eat them afterwards. I myſelf, ſaid I, have had eleven duels, and kilt " my man every time, and in a twelft—But, ſaid I to the company, you ſhall " hear gentlemen. I was a ſad, wicked, rakehelly, young dog—played deep " —dranked hard. Well Sir, I had a quarrel wid a box-lobby beau—called " him out—kilt him. I did not fly, you ſee—I knew I had pinked a puppy, " and ſhould be thanked for it. This affair, however, being wid a fly, a " gnat, a muſkito, my courage was only tought a flaſh in the pan, and I " was preſently inſulted by five of the moſt reſolute among them, dat wanted " to *quarrel* with me. Oh to be ſure I was not a ſcoundrel, paltroon, and a

" puppy. Oh it would have done your heart good to ſee me rouſe from my " lethargy of paſſive endurance. I appointed them all at different times and " places on the ſame morning—kilt 'em, and retired to the Continent. About " a month afterwards, I was in a coffee-houſe in France, where a great, big " Swiſs officer, who was poring over the papers, ſeemed extremely offended " at the vacant ſillineſs of a young Frenchman, who—as SHAKESPEARE ſays " of *Gratiano*—was talking a great deal about nothing at all at all. Ah— " ſaid old cruſty—*le diable ſoit le petit jean foutre.* The youngſter, in a *hop* " *ſtep* and *minuet jump* ſkipt up to him, and demanded, in the civileſt manner, " who he had thought proper to honour with ſo elegant an appellation? He " was anſwered, *Vous—Moi!—Vous—vous etes un petit jean foutre.*—They " went out, and in ten minutes the Swiſs returned, in all the eaſy tranquillity " imaginable, having killed the Frenchman. The affair became preſently the " talk of the coffee-room—*c'etois bien dommage mais comment faire*—Monſieur " *avois le humeur noir.* I could not help ſaying that *Monſieur's humeur noir* " was but a poor excuſe for having kilt the young man. I was aſked to ex- " plain myſelf. To be ſure I did not civilly comply with his requeſt, by " knocking his Ramilee wig about. Out we went, and by as pretty a little, " genteel, cunning lunge as ever made an eyelet hole—I cured Monſieur of " his *humeur noir*, and, fait, every other care. This was my ſeventh man; " my eighth was a Dutchman, whom I was obliged to fight with knives over " a table, for nothing in life only becauſe I happened to ſay by accident that " their women, their ſhips, and their pugs dogs were all caſt in the ſame " mould. My affair in ENGLAND being now pretty well blown over, I ven- " tured to return; but that I might be ſure every thing was ſnug, I got a " friend to look out for me while I lay quiet at a lodging in DEAL."

" In the family, you ſee, dere was an old gentleman, who out of four " children had three ſons and a daughter. I had not been there a week before " the daughter fell in love with me. Dat you know was natural enough. 'Tis " a dillycate affair—but a pregnancy was the conſequence. What was to be " done!

" done! The brothers—Oh they watched me with the eyes of a cat or a rat-
" tle ſnake. They were determined, it ſeems, to maſſacre me. I had an in-
" timation of their deſign from the dear girl herſelf—a charming, lovely, dear,
" tender, delicious creature. I appeared before them, and deſired I might be
" permitted to defend myſelf. My requeſt was generouſly granted. Oh it
" cut me to the ſoul, but I performed my part as nobly as *Horatius* with *Cu-*
" *riatii*—I kilt 'em all three. The father was now determined to have a touch
" with me—a fine, ſtately, vinnerable parſon—about ſixty-ſeven—aquiline
" noſe—ſilver hair. Oh if I was to explain myſelf ever ſo, it would be im-
" poſſible to tell you what I felt. Well, Sir, we met. After a genteel ſa-
" lute—which you know good breeding always allows—he made a lunge in
" tierce—I in flanconade. To make ſhort of my ſtory, after an ineffectual
" attempt to diſarm him—taking advantage of my confuſion, and whipping in
" a well imagined lunge in carte over arm—*arrah ſait*—HE KILT ME!"

The ſolmon would not believe a ſingle word of all I had uttered; at which I told him, that as I had not diſcredited his ſtory, I ſhould inſiſt on his not doubting mine. At this the laugh became general, and the poor devil of a duelliſt was glad enough to ſneak out of the room.

And ſerve him right too—ſaid the COMMODORE. There are three occaſions, and only three, that juſtify a man's riſking his life—his country, his wife, and his friend; for life, d'ye ſee, is a ſhip that providence has given us to command, and he who runs her on the rocks of folly, goes beyond his inſtructions, and may be ſure to be called to a ſevere court martial for it.—Give me a fellow like JACK RATLIN.

AIR.

JACK RATLIN was the ableſt ſeaman,
None like him could hand reef and ſteer;
No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
With ſkill, and in contempt of fear.

In

In fight, a lion—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus JACK had manners, courage, merit,
Yet would he figh—*and all for love.*

II.

The ſong, the jeſt, the flowing liquor—
For none of theſe had JACK regard;
He—while his meſſmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on the pendant yard—

Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Sweat never from ſuch charms to rove,
That truly he'd adore them living,
And dying—figh, *to end his love.*

III.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Among the reſt, brought JACK ſome tidings—
Would it had been his love's fair hand!

Oh fate!—her *death* defac'd the letter,
Inſtant his pulſe forgot to move,
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh—*and dy'd for love!*

As I never ſung this ſong but I was obliged to pauſe a little till the buz of the company ceaſed, I will now make a pauſe to tell you that I am as much and as warmly yours as ever.

C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 8, 1788.

LETTER LXXX.

MORE OF THE WONDERFUL, AND OTHER MATTERS.

"*Twenty more—kill them too.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

YOU may remember, after the ſong—I ſaid

Neither the COMMODORE's remarks nor his ſong could do away the vein of converſation that had before taken place. Every notorious lie that could be thought of was related. One ſaid he had heard a lawyer aver his buſineſs was of ſo vaſt and extenſive a nature, that he cleared two hundred a year by only melting the wax of the chancery and other ſeals, in the courſe of his practice. This gentleman, however, was outdone by another, who ſaid he had ſuch a counting-houſe full of clerks, that he ſaved double that ſum, in ink and expedition, by only leaving out tittles and daſhes. But the thing that ſeemed to be beſt reliſhed was an account of a man who undertook to jump off the monument. 'The fact,' ſaid the ſpeculator who told the ſtory, 'was as follows. One PETER WILKINS, a biſcuit maker by 'trade, undertook to jump off the monument. He was to mount on the 'rails when St. PAUL's clock ſhould ſtrike twelve, and he was to jump off 'at the laſt ſtroke. Every precaution was of courſe taken to keep the poor 'devil from breaking his neck. Feather beds, loads of ſtraw, and woolpacks 'were piled upon each other to an immenſe height. The day came—the

'ſtreets ſeemed to be paved with faces, and the houſes roofed with people. 'The uſual accidents happened. Broken limbs, diſlocations, fractures, and 'contuſions were plenty. Women with children in their arms were thrown 'down and trod upon; while old chimney ſtacks, tiles, and brick-bats flew 'about like hail. Well Sir, the moment arrived—the clock ſtruck—and 'honeſt PETER, true to his truſt, mounted upon the baluſtrades. At the 'laſt ſtroke—off he went. Icod Sir—when he was half way down—his 'heart failed him—*and*—HE JUMPED BACK AGAIN.'

The company getting a little into diſorder, ſilence was commanded, and a hunting ſong called for, which was given them by the POET.

AIR,

At the ſound of the horn,
We riſe in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along—
Yoix, yoix, tally-ho!
After reynard we go!
While echo on echo redoubles the ſong.

II.

Not the ſteeds of the ſun
Our brave courſers outrun,
O'er the mound, horſe and hound, ſee us bound, in full cry.
Like Phœbus, we riſe
To the heights of the ſkies,
And careleſs of danger, five bars we defy.

III.

At eve, Sir, we ruſh,
And are cloſe to his bruſh,

Already

Already he dies, ſee him panting for breath!
Each feat and defeat
We renew and repeat,
Regardleſs of life, ſo we're in at the death.

IV.

With a bottle, at night,
We prolong the delight;
Much Trimbruſh we praiſe, and the deeds that were done:
And, yoix tally-ho!
The next morning we go!
With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the ſun.

I then returned to my deſponding lovers; but—leſt the matter ſhould grow too grave—I gave it the following turn.

CASSANDER met his friend HORTENSIA as uſual, and while they were moralizing on the uncertainty of ſublunary felicity, a converſation on the other ſide of the hedge attracted their attention. I ſhould have told you that ROBIN, CASSANDER's confidential ſervant, retired from a diſappointment in love, as well as his maſter; nor was JENNY, the handmaid of HORTENSIA, behind hand with her miſtreſs in heroic ſentiments. Theſe two it ſeems—profitting by the leſſons of their ſuperiors—had ſought alſo for conſolation in each others friendſhips. 'And ſo Mr. ROBIN,' ſaid JENNY, 'you really 'ſay you have a pleaſure in my company?' "So much, Mrs. JENNY," ſaid ROBIN, "that I almoſt begin to forget PEG already. But if this is the caſe, "what ſort of things we lovers muſt be! I certainly did love that jade, elſe "what need had I to run two hundred miles to ſhut myſelf up among woods "and grottos, dripping fountains and murmuring brooks. I'll tell you how "the thing is—" 'No, no,' ſaid JENNY, 'let me tell you how it is. You

'men

'men are a ſet of eaſy, credulous, fooliſh creatures, and the ſimpleſt of us 'women can wind the cunningeſt of you about her finger.'

AIR.

Oh men what ſilly things you are,
To women thus to humble,
Who—fowler like—but ſpreads her ſnare,
Or, at the timid game
Takes aim,
Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down—fly where you will,
To hedge, or meed, or ſtubble,
Can wing you, feather you, or kill—
Juſt as ſhe takes the trouble.
Oh men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
We know the art of ſetting,
As well as ſhooting—and can chain
The ſlyeſt man our net in.
Oh men, &c.

Before I return to the company, I will juſt take leave to ſay that I am

Yours,
Moſt ſincerely,
C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 8, 1788.

LETTER LXXXI.

SUPEREROGATE VIRTUE, AND RULES TO WRITE MECHANICALLY.

"Why every fool can play upon the word."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

WE are going to viſit the club again, who being ſtill very loud on the ſubject of braggadocias, are ſtopped ſhort by one of the company, who ſings the following ſong.

AIR.

CURTIS was old HODGE's wife—
For vartue none was ever ſuch
She led ſo pure ſo chaſte a life,
HODGE ſaid 'twas vartue over much.

For ſays ſly old HODGE, ſays he,
Great talkers do the leaſt, d'ye ſee.

II.

CURTIS ſaid if men were rude
She'd ſcratch their eyes out, tear their hair—
Cry'd HODGE—I believe thour't wond'rous good;
However, let us nothing ſwear.

For ſays, &c.

III.

One night ſhe dreamt a drunken fool
Be rude with her in ſpite would fain;
She makes no more, but with joint ſtool
Falls on her huſband might and main.
Still ſays, &c.

IV.

By that time ſhe had broke his noſe,
HODGE made a ſhift to wake his wife;
Dear HODGE, ſaid ſhe, judge by theſe blows,
I prize my vartue as my life.
Still ſays, &c.

V.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell;
However, I his project marr'd:—
Dear wife, cried HODGE, 'tis mighty well,
But next time do'nt hit *quite* ſo hard.
For ſays, &c.

VI.

At break of day HODGE croſs'd a ſtyle,
Near to a field of new-mown hay,
And ſaw—and curſt his ſtars the while—
CURTIS and NUMPS in am'rous play.

Was not I right, ſays HODGE, ſays he,
Great talkers do the leaſt d'ye ſee.

They then talked of authors. The PROJECTOR, who once had an idea of inventing a windmill to grind poetry, maintained—throughout the whole time

time he was bit with this ſcheme—fourteen authors. The company being very deſirous of hearing ſomething of the project and theſe ſcribbling dependants, he gratified them by ſaying that his plan was in *idea* ſo conſtructed as to grind poetry according to the degree of violence or ſerenity with which the wind blew. Zephyrs were to make paſtorals—an unequal ſqually wind was to write pindaric odes—May breezes were to fabricate love ſongs—and thunder ſtorms were to give a faithful deſcription of warlike exploits. Then, proceeding to ſpeak of his poets—what was the moſt extraordinary, ſaid he, no two of them ſeemed to know each others profeſſion any more than if they were of different profeſſions. Upon inquiring how this came about, I found that poetry, no more than phyſic, is ever done in the *lump*; for that one is employed to write tragedies and another dying ſpeeches, juſt as you have one doctor for the *teeth* and another for the *corns*. Thus, of one I learnt punning by rule. "By rule?" ſaid the POET. Yes—thus. A man ſays 'Mr. LOCKE 'was a great *metaphyſician*.' "Oh Lord!" ſays you, "that's nothing at "all—I *met a phyſician* myſelf yeſterday." The next rule is to lay a trap for a pun, by a previous queſtion: Says you 'do you think the dinner is 'ready?' "I really don't know," ſays one of the company, "I am going "to *ſee*." 'Oh, to *ſea* are you!' ſays you, 'I wiſh you *a good voyage*.'—Or thus—ſays you 'what do you think of this buſineſs of the EMPEROR and 'the TURKS?' "Think!" ſays one, "why that the EMPEROR will play "the very devil with them. Why, Sir, in another twelvemonth there will "be *no Turkey* in EUROPE." 'Upon my word,' ſays you, 'I am very 'ſorry for that—it is a very charming diſh, eſpecially with a pudding in its 'belly.' Thus when you have learned to pun with facility, you may do what you pleaſe. One ſays—"Come, pun away." '*Away!*' ſays you—'I had better pun *here* had not I?' "Icod," ſays another, "he is in for "it, *ſtop* him who can." 'Nay,' ſays you, 'what the devil ſhould they '*ſtop* me for, I have *ſtolen nothing*.' "Well, upon my word," ſays the firſt, "that is *beyond* every thing." 'Oh,' ſays you, 'if that is the caſe, you 'know I can *go no farther*.' So much for punning. Another ſets up for ſuperficial

perficial learning—that is to ſay—teaching you to lard your converſation with quotations, which if you cannot do off hand, you muſt *invent*. 'Arrah is 'it *invent* you mean?' ſaid the IRISHMAN, 'to be ſure that is not as natural 'a bull as if I had made it myſelf.' I am perfectly right for all that, ſaid the PROJECTOR. A man aſks your opinion of a work, which, though you know nothing at all about, you muſt pretend to be critically acquainted with. 'Why,' ſays you, 'TULLY ſays—' It does not ſignify a halfpenny whether he ever ſaid it or not. But if your man ſeems to know any thing about TULLY, you muſt add—'*ſomewhere*.' Says you 'TULLY ſays—'*ſomewhere*'—ſo then you may ſay any think out of your own head. "Well, "upon my word," ſaid the POET, "that is all mighty well, but ſuppoſe "it ſhould not be a very *bright* thing." 'Oh, why then you know that is 'TULLY's fault—*not yours*.' "Oh, but upon my ſoul this is treating poor "TULLY very ill." 'Oh Sir,' ſaid the PROJECTOR, 'theſe poets care not 'three-pence who they treat ill, ſo they are but clever themſelves; but I 'am too ſore when I think of my follies—therefore let us talk of ſomething 'elſe.'—"With all my heart," ſaid the COMMODORE—"come POET give us a "ſong." 'I'll give you,' ſaid the POET, the 'muſicians lamentation for the 'loſs of his miſtreſs.'

This ſong with the muſic immediately follows, I ſhall therefore finiſh my letter aſſuring you, with no leſs truth than pleaſure, that I am

Yours, very faithfully,

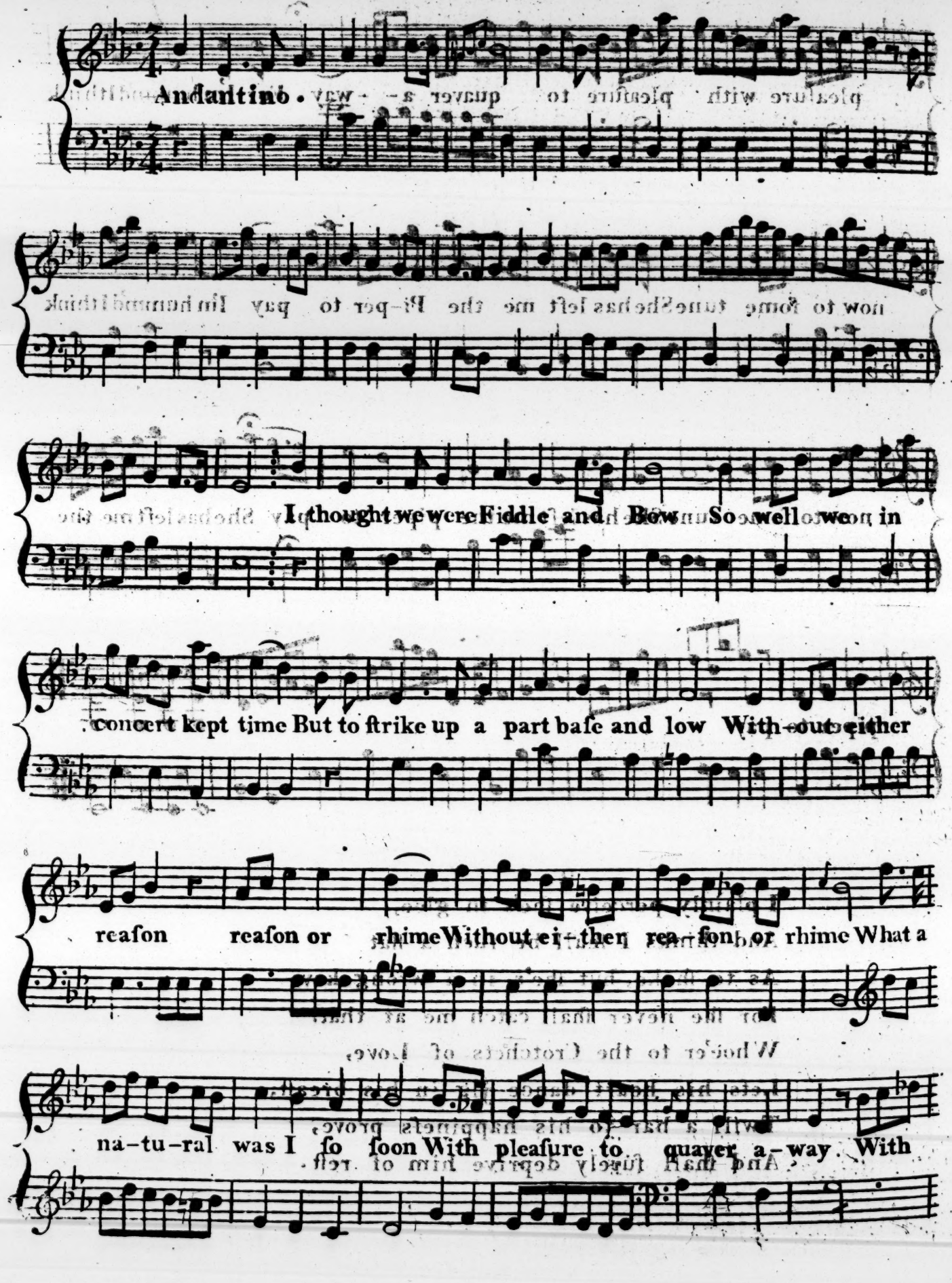
C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 9, 1788.

LETTER

6 MA 65

The Muſicians lamentation for the loſs of his Miſtreſs



pleaſure with pleaſure to quaver a- -way . For I'm hummd I think

now to ſome tune She has left me the Pi-per to pay I'm hummd I think

now to ſome tune She has left me the piper to pay She has left me the

piper to pay

2

I plainly perceive ſhe's in glee,
And thinks I ſhall be ſuch a flat
As to ſhake, but ſhe's in a wrong key,
For ſhe never ſhall catch me at that.
Whoe'er to the Crotchets of Love,
Lets his heart dance jig in his breaſt,
Twill a bar to his happineſs prove,
And ſhall ſurely deprive him of reſt.

6 MA 65

LETTER LXXXII.

HOMER IN A NUT SHELL.

"Oh what a charming thing's a battle!"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I ſometimes, inſtead of this ſong, introduced a ballad—the hint of which I took from the origin of the patten in GAY's *Trivia*. I ſuppoſe a *blackſmith* ſings it to a *milkmaid*.

AIR.

Sweet ditties would my PATTY ſing,
Old chevy chace—God ſave the king—
Fair Roſemy—and *Sawny Scot—*
Lilebularo—The Iriſh trot—
All theſe would ſing my *blue-ey'd* PATTY,

As with her pail ſhe'd trudge along,
While ſtill the burden of her ſong
My hammer beat—to *blue-ey'd* PATTY.

II.

But nipping froſts and chilling rain
Too ſoon, alas! chok'd every ſtrain;

Too ſoon, alas! the miry way
Her wet-ſhod feet did ſore diſmay,
And hoarſe was heard my *blue-ey'd* PATTY:

While I for very mad did cry—
Ah could I but again, ſaid I,
Hear the ſweet voice of *blue-ey'd* PATTY!

III.

Love taught me how—I work'd, I ſung,
My anvil glow'd, my hammer rung,
Till I had form'd from out the fire,
To bear her feet above the mire,
An engine for my *blue-ey'd* PATTY.

Again was heard each tuneful cloſe;
My fair one on the *patten* roſe,
Which takes its name from *blue-ey'd*—PATTY.

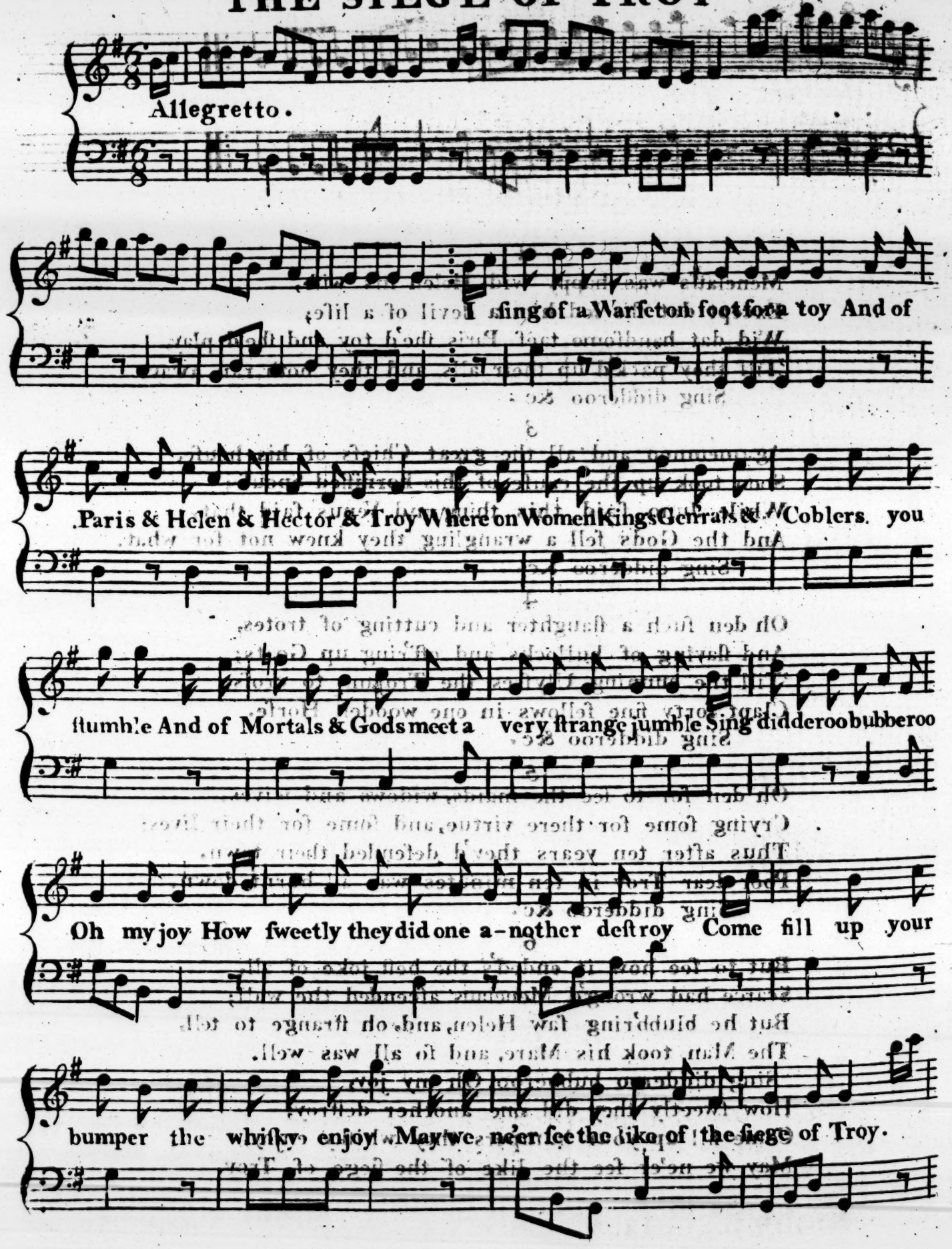
'Now you have been after giving us a ſong,' ſaid the IRISHMAN, 'to 'be ſure I have not a pretty little bit of a chaunt for you myſelf. Do you 'know I have been all this week tranſlating HOMER!' "Tranſlating Ho-"MER!" ſaid the POET. 'Why yes ſure—*out of* POPE. And my head 'has been ever ſince ſo full of flaming chariots and ſpeaking horſes, that I 'have turned poet for the firſt time in my life, and ſet the whole ſiege of TROY 'to an *Iriſh tune*.' "Oh pray let us have it," ſaid the POET. 'Oh to be 'ſure you ſhan't,' anſwered the IRISHMAN, 'but pray now don't be laugh-'ing at my brogue.'

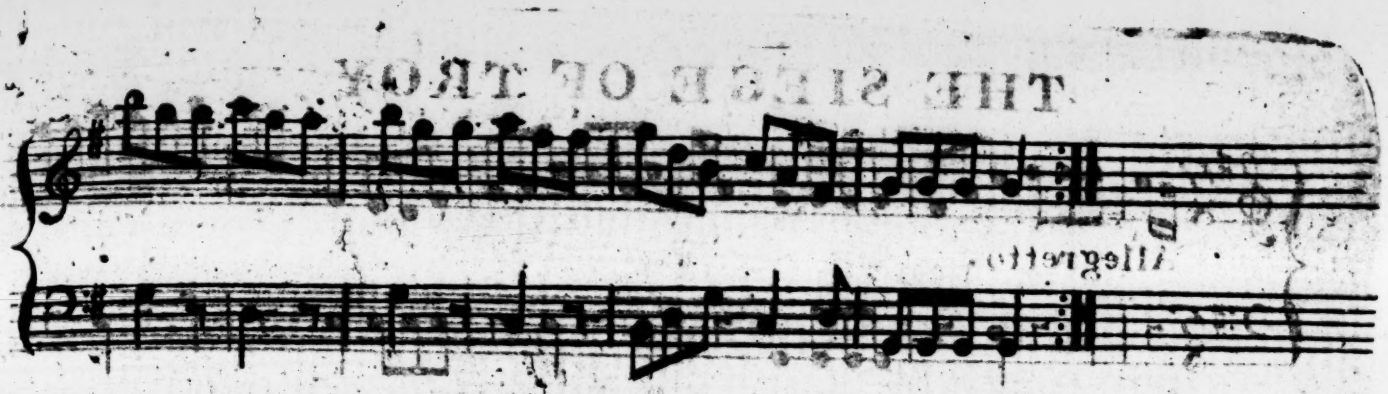
After

6 MA 65

Dublin (C.)

THE SIEGE OF TROY


Allegretto.
I sing of a Warfet on foot for a toy And of
Paris & Helen & Hector & Troy Where on Women Kings Genrals & Coblers. you
stumble And of Mortals & Gods meet a very strange jumble Sing didderoo bubberoo
Oh my joy How sweetly they did one a-nother destroy Come fill up your
bumper the whisky enjoy May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy.



2

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
Except dat ſhe led him a devil of a life;
Wid dat handſome taef Paris ſhe'd toy and ſhe'd play,
Till they pack'd up their alls and they both ran aways
Sing didderoo &c.

3

Agamemnon and all the great Chiefs of his houſe,
Soon took up the cauſe of this hornified Spouſe;
While Juno ſaid this thing and Venus ſaid that,
And the Gods fell a wrangling they knew not for what.
Sing didderoo &c.

4

Oh den ſuch a ſlaughter and cutting of trotes,
And ſlaying of bullocks and off'ring up Goats;
'Till the cunning Ulyſſes the Trojans to croſs,
Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden Horſe.
Sing didderoo &c.

5

Oh den for to ſee the maids, widows and wives,
Crying ſome for there virtue, and ſome for their lives;
Thus after ten years they'd defended their town,
Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt down.
Sing didderoo &c.

6

But to ſee how it ended's the beſt joke of all,
Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus aſcended the wall;
But he blubb'ring ſaw Helen, and, oh ſtrange to tell,
The Man took his Mare, and ſo all was well.
Sing didderoo hubberoo, Oh my joy,
How ſweetly they did one another deſtroy;
Come fill up your bumpers they whisky enjoy,
May we ne'er ſee the like of the ſiege of Troy.

6 MA 65

After the *Siege of Troy*, I again adverted to the lovers—the better to reliſh the ſociety's mirth when I ſhould return to them. I ſaid—

To follow CASSANDER and HORTENSIA through all their meetings would conſiderably exceed my plan. They continued ſomething more than a fortnight, during which time ſo remarkable a parity of ſentiment manifeſted itſelf, that they ſeemed animated with one ſoul. Every look—every ſigh—every wiſh was the ſame; and they neither of them believed—though nothing could be more certain—that *friendſhip* had long ſince ſoftened into *love*.—About this time—as CASSANDER was preparing to entertain HORTENSIA with a ſtory calculated to awaken the whole force of her ſenſibility—a ſhower of rain obliged them to take ſhelter in the houſe, where the firſt object that preſented itſelf was a portrait of SOPHRONIA. It is wonderful to what advantage the little ſubtel god turned this accident. CASSANDER could not find a feature that was not imcomparably outdone in the face of HORTENSIA.—One was *pretty*, the other BEAUTIFUL—one *eaſy*, the other GRACEFUL. In ſhort, I am afraid one was *abſent*, and the other PRESENT. His heart outwent his reaſon, and he finiſhed a rhapſody—which, not to conceal his weakneſs, was a plain declaration of love—with a ſong, which he intended ſhould ſhew HORTENSIA the ſuperiority of her charms to thoſe of SOPHRONIA.

AIR,

Bright gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and every leſſer ſtar,
Which, darting each a cheering ray,
Conſole us for the loſs of day,

Begone!—e'en Venus, who ſo bright
Reflects her viſions pure and white,
Quick diſappear, and quit the ſkies—
For, lo! the MOON begins to riſe.

Ye

II.

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chaunt ſuch artleſs tales of love,
The *Throſtle*, gurgling in his throat,
The *Linnet*, with his ſilver note,

The ſoaring *Lark*—the whiſtling *Thruſh*—
The mellow *Blackbird*—*Goldfinch*—huſh!
Fly!—vaniſh!—diſappear!—take wing!
The NIGHTINGALE begins to ſing.

Adieu. In my next we will return to the company. Mean time, accept my ſincere aſſurance

That I am

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 9, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

A RETURN TO THE SOCIETY.

"*Sport that wrinkled care derides,*
"*And laughter holding both his ſides.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

TAKING a final leave of the lovers, we will now viſit the club, for the laſt time. Their topic was that noble animal, the horſe: and the viciſſitudes of fortune that mark that creatures different ſtages of life, naturally introduced a ſong, which it ſeems was a favourite of the company.

AIR.

See the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun,
The confuſion but hear—I bet you Sir—done, done—
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies aſſail the tir'd ear;
While—with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd—his head touching his breaſt—
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate—
The high-mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

II.

Now reynard's turn'd out—and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh
Dogs, horſes, and huntſmen, all hard at his bruſh;

Through marſh, fen, and brier, led by their ſly prey,
They, by ſcent and by view, cheat a long tedious way:
While—alike born for ſports of the field and the courſe—
Always ſure to come thorough—a ſtaunch and fleet horſe—
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

III.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd, and wind-gall'd—but yet with ſome blood—
While knowing poſtillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtakes, his ſire gain'd that race,
And what matches he won to the oſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge alehouſe door,
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

IV.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand, till the ſand of his hourglaſs ſtands ſtill:
And now, cold and lifeleſs, expos'd to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his ſad relicks ſurrounds,
The high-mettled racer is ſold for the hounds.

A whimſical extract from an entertainment was next produced—where a magician had confined two unfortunate lovers, who were tormented with the ſevereſt and moſt ingenious rigour. This duty ſometimes fell on a journey-

man

man conjurer, who not being exactly *au fait* to this diabolical buſineſs, did not always execute it ſo as to operate to his maſter's wiſhes. In the extract I mentioned, he is left with an injunction to conjure up every ſpirit of diſtreſs he can think of, to terrify theſe lovers. Poor TYCHO is horribly put to it to conceive how he can poſſibly find out theſe *ſpirits of diſtreſs*. Having, however determined to make the beſt of it, he thus begins his incantation.

AIR.

Spirits of diſtreſs, of ev'ry occupation,
Perſuaſion, mode, complexion, temper, climate, inclination,
Come here! come here!
Spirit of a friar oblig'd to go to maſs,
Spirit of a ſailor who leaves his pretty laſs,
Spirit of a drunkard deprived of his glaſs,
Appear! appear!

II.

Spirit of a virgin old and antiquated,
Who forty long winters has ſigh'd out unmated,
Come here! come here!
Spirit of a quaker deceiv'd in pretty RUTH,
Spirit of an old man who apes the tricks of youth,
Spirit of an hypocrite oblig'd to ſpeak the truth,
Appear! appear!

III.

Spirit of a BRITON juſt arriv'd gay FRANCE in,
Who, 'ſtead of beef and fighting, meets with nought but frogs and dancing,
Come here! come here!
Spirit of an alderman the dinner thrown down,
Spirit of a lover who has juſt receiv'd a frown,
Spirit of a beauty diſappointed of her gown,
Appear! appear!

Our

Our TYCHO did not conceive there could be greater ſpirits of diſtreſs than theſe. The poet, however, could not get his piece on the ſtage. The hiſtory of its refuſal brought up the ſubject of the theatre, and this introduced ſeveral theatrical anecdotes, among which the following one, relative to THE. CIBBER, gave the company ſome pleaſure.

THE.—who all the world knows to have been a great voluptuary—and who would give his laſt guinea for an ortolan, and confiſcate ſomething to get it dreſſed—had dined in the city at a public entertainment, and rendered himſelf very agreeable by relating a number of anecdotes, and ſporting other ſallies of wit. A few nights afterwards, being in the boxes of the theatre, he ſaw there one of the citizens he had dined with. He ſpoke to him with great familiarity, but was aſtoniſhed to find his ſalute ſcarcely returned. A ſecond and a third attempt were as unſucceſsful. He, therefore, went into another box, where ſat one of his boon companions, who had noticed the tranſaction. The *bon vivant* began upon THE. immediately. 'What,' ſaid he, 'the old gentleman would not ſpeak to you.' "No," anſwered THE. "and "I cannot, for the life of me divine the reaſon. It was but three days ago we "were as intimate as gormandizing and hilarity could make us. Why, Sir, "I made him chuckle and ſhake his fat ſides and roſy gills as often as there "was a pauſe between a glaſs of *burgundy* and a mammoc of *green fat*. Now "he affects not to recollect me." 'And you pretend you don't know why,' ſaid the other. "I have not the ſmalleſt conception," ſaid THE. 'I'll ſet 'you right then,' ſaid his companion. 'Your intimate friend over a bottle 'chuſes to diſclaim you in the face of the world, that's all. He is a merchant 'of the city of LONDON—a man of credit and reputation—pays twenty ſhillings 'in the pound—' "Oh that's it, is it!" ſaid THE.—"why then damme if "I ſpeak to him, for *I pay* FIFTY." I ſhall let the company enjoy their laugh, and take that opportunity to give myſelf pleaſure, by aſſuring you once more that I am, with great truth, yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 12, 1788.

LETTER LXXXIV.

MORE VIVACITY AT THE EXPENCE OF ACTORS.

" *For they are the abſtract*
" *And brief chronicle of the times.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

AS one anecdote naturally produces another, I at different times took the opportunity, while the club were on the ſubject of the theatre, to introduce thoſe which follow.

An actor who had been uſed to perform *tragedy* and *comedy* indiſcriminately, was ſent on for BUCKINGHAM, in *Richard the Third*, but not being very perfect, he floundered through the part with great heſitation, and in much confuſion. When he came to that ſoliloquy where RICHARD leaves him with theſe words—" I'm buſy—thou troubleſt me—I am not in the vein" he was quite at a loſs—and ſo intimidated, that he could not catch the word from the prompter. The audience began to hiſs, and poor BUCKINGHAM—after the loſs of the " Earldom of HEREFORD"—had very nearly been pelted with rotten apples. At length he recollected that he had played HODGE in *Love in a Village* the night before, and feeling the ſituation to be exactly the ſame as that of BUCKINGHAM, he hollowed out—" I thought it would come " to this, I'll be ſhot if I did not."

Another related an anecdote of Mrs. CHARKE, the daughter of COLLEY CIBBER. She was playing IAGO in a barn, and they were in great confuſion about the difficulty of managing the buſineſs of the quarrel between CASSIO and RODERIGO—for which they wanted *three* ſwords, whereas they had among them but *two*. It was agreed, however, that one of them ſhould ſtagger into the corner, and ſo let his ſword fall, as if by accident, between the ſcenes, that thus ſhe might find it, and come on to wound CASSIO.—This, however, was neglected—and ſeeing it was impoſſible to get a ſword—'What the devil ſhall I do?' ſaid ſhe, 'I muſt knock the fellow down.' Saying theſe words, ſhe ran into the dreſſing room—which was alſo a bed-chamber—and catched up an old bedpoſt, with which ſhe ran furiouſly at CASSIO, and not to be worſe than her promiſe, laid on him pretty ſeverely. He ſpeaking mechanically, when he heard his cue—which was accompanied by a blow on the *head*—cried out in the words of his part—"Oh my LEG "is cut in two.

The company being all lovers of theatrical merit, theſe anecdotes induced them ſeparately to hold forth in praiſe of thoſe actors or actreſſes who had been their greateſt favourites, and having arrived to that pitch of tenacity when no one of them would cede his opinion, the poet ſet them to rights by ſaying—'Gentlemen, we have all our prejudicies. I once illuſ-'trated this poſition pretty ſtrongly in a fable.'

A large company went to ſee a collection of various animals. A *ſoldier* admired the *lion*, a *ſailor* the *nautilus*, a *fine lady* the *oſtrich*, a *courtier* the *jackall*, and an *hypocrite* the *hyena*. A *hump-backed man* declared they were all fools; each, he ſaid, might have its particular merits, but he would venture to prove, beyond contradiction, that for beauty and ſymmetry no *animal* upon the face of creation could equal the—CAMEL.

This reproach ſet them all into good humour, and produced the following ſong from the COMMODORE.

A

AIR.

A ſailor's love is void of art,
Plain ſailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly:
'Twere hard enough at ſea to war
With boiſterous elements that jar—
All's peace with *lovely Polly*.

II.

Enough that far from ſight of ſhore,
Clouds frown and angry billows roar,
Still is he briſk and jolly:
And while carouſing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The ſmiles of—*lovely Polly*.

III.

Should thunder on the horizon preſs,
Mocking our ſignals of diſtreſs,
E'en then dull melancholy
Dares not intrude:—he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The ſnowy arms of *Polly*.

The COMMODORE now cried out 'POET I ſhall call upon you—what 'will you give us?' "Why," ſaid the POET, "you may remember Mr. "O'SHOCKNESY, the other night, favoured us with the whole *ſiege of Troy* "to an *Iriſh tune*—for my part, I felt my conſequence as a poet a little touched "at it—and ſo, not to be outdone, I have brought ULYSSES back to ITHACA "ſafely through all his perils, to the tune of—*Yankee doodle*. You muſt "ſuppoſe

" ſuppoſe him unknown to PENELOPE, in the character of an OLD BEGGAR,
" giving her an account of his adventures. It is preceded by a few lines of
" recitation—in which you'll ſee how poetically PENELOPE interrupts him.

He ſays

Madam, I've ſeen the Ganges, Nile, and Eiſſel,
I've ſeen St. George's Channel, and the Weiſel,
I've ſeen, indeed I have, and 'tis not long ſince,
I've ſeen—

Now for her.

Thou ſtupid fellow hold thy nonſenſe—
Hadſt thou o'er all creation ta'en a look,
And voyag'd with ANSON, and with CAPTAIN COOK;
And been ſtrange places—more by half than both—in,
If thou ſaw'ſt not ULYSSES—thou ſaw'ſt nothing.

To which he replies with great complaiſance.

I have—and when, and where, but have the kindneſs
To curb your anger, I'll inform your highneſs.

Here will follow the ſong and its muſic; as, therefore, it is a favourite of yours, I'll leave you to hum it, firſt telling you that I am

Yours, very faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

Liverpool, March 13, 1788.

6 MA 65

Dibdin (C.)

The return of ULYSSES to ITHACA

Allegretto.

I sing U-lyf-fes and thofe chiefs who out of near a

. mil-lion So luck-i-ly their ba-con fav'd be--fore the walls of

. Il-ion Yankee doodle doodle doo black Negro he get

fum-bo And when you come to our town well make you drink with

2

Who having taken ſackd and burnt that very firſt of Cities,
Returnd in triumph while the Bards, all ſtruck up amorous ditties.
Such a Yankee doodle &c.

3

The Cyclops firſt we viſited, Ulyſſes made him cry out,
For he eat his mutton, drank his wine, and then he pokd his eye out.
Yankee doodle &c.

4

From thence we went to Circe's land, who faith a girl of ſpunk is,
For ſhe made us drunk, an changd us all to aſses goats and monkies.
Yankee doodle &c.

5

And then to hell and back again, then where the Syrens Cara
Swell cadence, trill and ſhake, almoſt as well as Madam Mara.
Yankee doodle &c.

6

To fell Charybdis next, and then where yawning Scylla grapples,
Six men at once and eats them all, juſt like ſo many apples.
Yankee doodle &c.

7

From thence to where Appollo's bulls and ſheep all play and ſkip ſo,
From whence Ulyſſes went alone to the Iſland of Calypſo.
Yankee doodle &c.

8

And there he kiſsd and toyd and playd, tis true upon my life Sir,
'Till having turnd his miſtreſs off he's coming to his wife Sir.
Yankee doodle doodle doo black Negro he get fumbo,
And when you come to our town, we'll make you drunk with bumbo.

6 MA 65

LETTER LXXXV.

THE FIRST PART CONCLUDED.

"Fore heaven, that's a more exquiſite ſong than t'other!"

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

THE SPECULATOR, before the company broke up, entreated the POET to favour them with a ſong, for which he had a great partiality. It was a deſcription of the confuſion that about two years ago happened at Weſtminſter-hall, when an officious maid ſervant was waſhing the leads of the houſe of commons, upon which a general panic enſued, and in two minutes the court of king's bench exhibited the moſt ludicrous ſcene of whimſical conſternation that ever was beheld.

AIR,

I'll tell you a ſtory—a ſtory that's true—
A ſtory that's tragic and comical too—
'Tis of a miſchance that was ready to fall
On this *realm* through the *ſkylight of Weſtminſter-hall.*

Sing bags and briefs, bands, gowns, and other like rigs,
Queues, bags, ties, and full-bottom wigs, wigs, wigs.

II.

The court was juſt open'd, and each learned brother
Preparing which readieſt could puzzle the other,
When on top of the houſe a poor ignorant wench
Puzzl'd judge, jury, counſel, and all the whole bench.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

III.

Some ſay they a knotty diſpute were upon,
Of ſome trifle like perjury, bail, or *crim con*,
When this maid, with goodnature alone for her object,
Waſh'd the windows to let in ſome light on the ſubject.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

IV.

Others ſay, and that boldly, this ſly little quean
Was determined to waſh all their conſciences clean—
But that would have taken, ſo wrong was her notion,
Inſtead of *ſome drops*, more than all the WHOLE OCEAN!
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

V.

But the lawyers, with conſciences ever awake,
Did the poor girl's civility ſtrangely miſtake,
And augmenting this mouſe to a mountain of evil,
Took her mop for a *pitch-fork*, and her for the DEVIL.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

VI.

One appearing, however, leſs ſcar'd than the reſt,
Their abſurd apprehenſions ſoon turn'd to a jeſt;

Crying

Crying, courage! old NICK will not take you this bout—
He'll be punctual ne'er fear—but your time is not out.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

VII.

And now, leſt the roof on their noddles ſhould fall,
In two minutes deſerted was Weſtminſter-hall,
Pris'ner, judge, and jew-bail, 'gainſt each other did ſqueeze,
And the counſel bags, wigs, and all loſt—*but their fees.*
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

VIII.

No longer let FRANCE then her JOAN of ARC boaſt,
Of her country's ſtout foes who ſubdu'd a whole hoſt,
On the maid of the ſkylight more honour ſhall fall,
For ſhe routed the *lawyers* from—*Weſtminſter-hall.*
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

After this, I have ſometimes introduced the following glee.

GLEE.

We, on the preſent hour relying,
Think not of future nor of paſt,
But ſeize each moment as 'tis flying—
Perhaps the next may be our laſt.

Perhaps old CHARON, at his ferry,
This moment waits to waft us o'er;
Then charge your glaſſes, and be merry,
For fear we ne'er ſhould charge them more.

With

With brow auſtere, and head reclining,
Let envy, age, and haggard care
Grow ſour, and at our joy repining,
Blame pleaſures which they cannot *ſhare*.

Put round the glaſſes, and be jolly,
In ſpite of all ſuch idle ſtuff—
Whether 'tis *wiſdom* or 'tis *folly*,
'Tis PLEASURE boys—*and that's enough*.

Here I begged leave to pauſe, and I particularly well remember—the firſt time I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you—you ſaid it was high time I ſhould do ſo. I ſhall, therefore, take the ſame liberty now, aſſuring you, in the old tone or key—which I am ſure is a natural one, becauſe it is truth—that I am,

Moſt heartily,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Newcaſtle-under-line, March 14, 1788.

LETTER LXXXVI.

EXTRANEOUS MATTER.

"*About it, goddeſs, and about it.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

AT this place you may remember I pauſed—during which interval I never failed to receive much kind attention from ſome part or other of my auditory: to go into which would be, in a degree, to recapitulate *briefly* all thoſe public remarks that I have already given AT LARGE. I ſhall, however, though the harveſt is over, look through the field, and pick up the gleanings. For—as I ſet out with remarking that by means of taking my hearers at the moment I made them feel, I became poſſeſſed of their fair, unadulterated ſentiments, in a purer and more ingenuous manner, than I ſhould otherwiſe have been competent to do—ſo you and my readers in general may not be diſpleaſed to get the eſſence of theſe curſory converſations.

They conſiſted of kind enquiries whether I was not fatigued? congratulations on a full room; condolence on a thin one—which laſt was nine times out of ten the caſe; the ſolicitations that *never* failed to be made on a firſt night for a repetition of the performance; all the inſinuating cunning of aſking whether I *really* meant to go to INDIA? ſolicitude to know how I came to leave the *Theatres?* queſtions concerning the preſent ſtate of them;

wiſhes to know why MALLET, MURPHY, and other ingenious men do not write for the ſtage? how the town, formerly ſo fond of trite ſentiment, is now become altogether as mad after puns and jeſts? if Mr. SHERIDAN has really given up the management of Drury-lane theatre? what can be the poſſible reaſon why *ladies* who write for the ſtage always introduce more balderdaſh than *men*?* why I always cut harder at the *law* than any other profeſſion? how much I am more than thirty years of age? and whether the *Padlock* was not performed five and twenty years ago?—thus endeavouring to

* A gentleman, who I am ſure would not care if I mentioned his name, aſſured me he took ſome pains to get acquainted with one of theſe *ſoi diſant* FEMALE SHAKESPEARES, and very gravely recommended the following anecdote—which I ſhall tell as decently as I can—to be introduced as a monſtrous good thing in one of her *comedies*. He ſaid it was in the ſtile of FOOTE, only a little *fatter*. A juryman, who was troubled with the ſtrangury, entreated one of the gentlemen of the bar, ſitting near him, to repreſent his ſituation, and beg that he might be permitted for a ſhort time to go out of court. The judge having heard the requeſt, interrupted the trial by ſaying he had a new queſtion for their obſervation, and on which indeed he ſhould be remiſs in taking any ſtep till he had ſubmitted his reaſons for ſo doing to the court. Said he—"one of the jury hath craved leave to retire for a few minutes "only—for an urgent purpoſe, procured and cauſed by a grievous malady with which the poor man "had the misfortune to be greatly afflicted. The malady I allude to is the ſtrangury—and it is a "diſorder which has ſome ſimilitude to the ſtone, or gravel; or indeed both, inaſmuch as ſome learned "phyſicians are of opinion"—'Indeed my lord,' ſaid the juryman, making a wry face, 'it is very 'painful, I wiſh your lordſhip would permit me to go out of court.' "Patience, my good friend, "patience," replied his lordſhip. "I greatly wiſh to oblige you, but every thing here muſt be done "according to form. There are, if I miſtake not, ſome caſes on record, and I believe on a cauſe "folio B. Yes, I am right, it was on an action brought for the recovery"—'Indeed, my lord, if 'you will let me go out of court,' cried the tortured juryman, 'it will be the kindeſt *action* your lord-'ſhip ever did in your life.' "Pray," ſaid his lordſhip, "don't interrupt me when I am expounding "the law. Yes, yes, it *was* ſo; and then in another caſe HOGES *verſus* WATKINS"—'Oh dear!' cried the juryman—"Where," continued the judge, "a juryman, as in the preſent caſe, had, with "modeſt and becoming demeanour"—'Oh!' cried the juryman, ſcrewing up his muſcles—"preferred "to the bench, upon the ſame emergent occaſion, a ſimilar requeſt"—'What ſhall I do!' bellowed out the juryman—"and if my memory fails me not, there are two or three other caſes, which I could "cite at length." After reiterated pain, which he was no longer able to endure, the juryman cried "out—'My lord you need not cite any more caſes, for I have p——d my breeches.' If this elegant anecdote ſhould grace the *lady's* next play, I hope ſhe will have gratitude enough to acknowledge to what patron ſhe is indebted for it.

to make it appear that I was on the ſtage before I was born, and compoſed muſic before I could ſpeak. How I ſhould have acted if ever I had been hiſſed ?* whether every thing I had given them was my own ? and in particular whether I wrote the words of the race horſe ? which was the proper way to learn *muſic ?* whether it were better to begin with *thorough baſs*, the *gamut*, or *by ear ?* and if a ſcholar ſhould touch the inſtrument *at firſt*, or a *year and a half afterwards ?* Theſe, together with many tenders of civility, particularly letters to INDIA—which I always took the freedom to accept—made up the interval between the firſt and ſecond parts of my entertainment ; and theſe having looſely ſet down, in this letter, as it were by way of act-tune, I ſhall in my next call your attention to the performance, firſt pauſing to tell you how very ſincerely I am

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Birmingham, March 16, 1788.

* I had made up my mind upon this. Had it ever happened, I was determined to relate the following circumſtance, which really occured at EDINBURGH. LEE and LOVE were mutually concerned in that theatre, and they diſputed as to the mode of conducting their different departments, till at length the controverſy aroſe to ſuch a pitch that the town took part in it. Thus, whenever LOVE appeared LEE's friends hiſſed him, and *vice verſa*. That part of the town that came merely to be amuſed, and had too much good ſenſe to interfere in ſo ridiculous a buſineſs, by this means deſerted the theatre, and left it wholly occupied by the hiſſers—who, alſo getting tired, muſtered thinner and thinner, till the houſe exhibited very little more than empty benches. LOVE, finding his intereſt materially injured, came to his ſenſes firſt, and determined if poſſible to put a finiſh to the matter. For this purpoſe, the firſt time he was hiſſed he came forward, and having obtained a hearing, ſaid—"Ladies and gentlemen—the next time you come to *hiſs* I ſhould be much obliged to you if you would "bring *a few more with you.*" The conſequence was inevitable—not only the audience, but LEE himſelf felt the propriety of the reproof, and the quarrel was made up from that moment.

LETTER LXXXVII.

A LEGAL ARGUMENT.

"Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
"To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
"That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
"Into the trunks of men."—

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

YOU may remember I began my performance,

PART II,

With ſaying—I ſhall now diverſify my entertainment by running ſtill further into eccentricity; adhering to no ſettled plan, but merely taking up detached ſubjects, uſhered in only by a few explanatory words.

The following is an extract from a piece which conveys a ſtrong general ſatire. Tired with each other's ſociety, ULYSSES and CIRCE agreed to part. He entreats her, however, as the laſt proof of her kindneſs, to diſenchant his companions, and ſuffer them to accompany him to ITHACA. To this ſhe has not the ſmalleſt objection, provided they themſelves will conſent. ULYSSES thinks he ſhall not find the ſmalleſt difficulty to perſuade ASSES, BULLS, and BEARS to reſume their original forms of MEN. He is, however, miſtaken;

miſtaken; and cannot prevail on even *one* of his companions to exchange *inſtinct* for *reaſon*. His converſations with a WOLF who had been a LAWYER, a HOG who had been an ALDERMAN, and a BULL who had been an IRISH FORTUNE HUNTER, will elucidate this matter better.

The WOLF comes on in *recitative*.

RECITATIVE.

ULY. What beaſt art thou, my good friend hard-phiz?
WOLF. I am a WOLF, Sir, at your ſervice.
ULY. Poor devil!—
WOLF. Pray friend how art
Sure I'm a poorer devil than thou art.
ULY. I am a man.
WOLF. Which thou art vain of.
ULY. Why is't a matter to complain of?
WOLF. This ſame conceit is out of ſeaſon;
Think'ſt thou, vile *biped*, with thy reaſon,
Or folly rather—thou ſhalt not droop head,
Truckle, and bow to me, a *quadruped?*
ULY. But this is matter of ſuggeſtion.
What man waſt thou?—anſwer that queſtion.
WOLF. Why, Sir, I was a man deſtroyer.
ULY. Ah!—what a general?
WOLF. No—a lawyer.
I kept a coach, liv'd in a palace—
ULY. What could'ſt thou fear then wolf?
WOLF. The gallows.
Lawyer, or WOLF, I do not alter—
But here hangs no impending halter:

For members of the WOLF community
Ranſack the fold, Sir, with impunity.

ULY. Suppoſe, with power for the ſconce, I wiſh you
To become man.

WOLF. I'll not join iſſue.
To conſcience or remorſe a ſtranger,
Here will I pillage out of danger.

AIR.

By roguery 'tis true
I opulent grew,
Juſt like any other profeſſional ſinner:
An orphan, d'ye ſee,
Would juſt waſh down my tea,
And a poor friendleſs widow would ſerve me for dinner.

I was, to be ſure,
Of the helpleſs and poor
A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well—
But how?—ſays you—tell.
Why I let them all ſtarve, to take care of myſelf.

II.

With theſe tricks I went on
Till, faith Sir, anon
A parcel of ſtupid, mean-ſpirited ſouls,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me,
And—in their own words—haul'd me over the coals.

In

In the pillory—that fate
For rogues, ſoon or late—
I ſtood, for the ſport of a diſſolute mob;
Till my neck Maſter Ketch
Was ſo eager to ſtretch,
That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job.

III.

Now a WOLF, from their dams
I ſteal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and well fed—an inſatiable glutton—
In much the ſame ſphere
When a man, I move here;
Make and break laws at pleaſure, and kill my own mutton.

Then ſince, for their ſport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to an employer—
I ſhall ever prefer,
With your leave, my good Sir,
The life of a WOLF—to the life of a *lawyer*.

The lawyer's argument being ſo clear and decided, ULYSSES begins to tremble for his ſucceſs:—he takes comfort, however, in hopes of better ſucceſs in his next experiment. He is interrupted in the midſt of his cogitations by a HOG, who you ſhall have in the next letter. In the mean time, like ULYSSES, ponder upon the lawyer's ingenious reaſoning, and believe me to be

Yours,
Moſt heartily,
C. DIBDIN.

Birmingham, March 16, 1788.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

A HOG AND A BULL.

"Once in a ſeaſon too they taſte of love—
"Only the beaſt of reaſon is its ſlave."

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

PLEASE to liſten to the Hog.

RECITATIVE.

HOG. This aſthma gives me ſuch a dizzineſs.
ULY. Hear me friend HOG!
HOG. What is thy buſineſs?
ULY. I'd know, ere on all fours you crawled here man,
Your human form.
HOG. A Grecian alderman.
ULY. Heavens what a change! it moves my pity.
HOG. What change!—I ſtill ſeem in the city.
ULY. Why you've your paunch, if I peruſe you well.
HOG. Why yes—I eat and drink as uſual.
ULY. Yet ſtill live in my court.
HOG. Not I.
I'd rather wallow in my ſty.

ULY.

ULY. Hear reaſon.
HOG. I've no inclination.
I'll die in this my firſt vocation.
ULY. If thou haſt in thee ought ambitious,
I'll tempt thee with all things delicious;
All dainties that the ſenſes ſteal—
HOG. I'd rather eat my barley meal.
Appetite's all.—In MAN's array
I made but *three* poor meals *a-day*;
But ſince of HOGS I've join'd the throng,
I eat and guzzle—*all day long*.

AIR,

For dainties I've had of them all,
At Taverns, *Lord Mayor's* and Guildhall,
Where the purveyors nothing ſtingy,
To fill the wallet,
And pamper the palate,
Have rarities brought from INDIA.

Then what ſignifies what one takes in,
For when one's cramm'd up to the chin,
Why, really, good friend, to my thinking—
If on veniſon and wines,
Or on hogwaſh one dines—
At laſt—'tis but—*eating and drinking*.

Beſides, I've no books I arrange,
Nor at two need I e'er go to change;

Have no buſineſs with note, bond, or tally:
Nor need I, from any ill luck,
Either bull, or a bear, or lame duck
Ever fear waddling out of the alley.

ULYSSES does not wonder that ſo ſenſual a creature as a HOG ſhould pant ſo little to repoſſeſs his former reaſon:—his hopes are, however, revived at the ſight of a BULL, and he exclaims—

RECITATIVE.

ULY. What's this a BULL! by the ghoſt of PRIAM
This is too much!—Know'ſt thou who I am?
BULL. Arrah not I.
ULY. What a diſaſter!
I am thy king, my friend, and maſter;
Who can relieve thee from thy diſtreſſes.
BULL. Honey, my maſters are all miſtreſſes,
And all my kings are queens, d'ye ſee.
ULY. Bull, wilt thou go along with me,
And become man?
BULL. Fait I will nat.
ULY. I muſt perſuade thee, and that's flat.
Thy life ſhall be a life ſaturnian.
What Greek art thou?
BULL. Me!—an Hibernian.
ULY. Well, ſince man's form thou once did'ſt wear,
Thy country's neither here nor there.
What's thy employment?
BULL Fait my trade is
Juſt what it was—to court the ladies.

Air

AIR.

Is't my ſtory you'd know?—I was PATRIC MULROONEY,
A jolmon, and IRELAND my nation:
To be ſure I was not a tight fellow too honey,
Before my tranſmogrification.

I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair—the dear jewels!
And wid huſbands—becauſe why I won the wives hearts—
I did not fight plenty of duels.

Then arrah, bodder how you can,
You'll never perſuade me, honey—
For I ſhall always—BULL or MAN—
Be PATRIC MULROONEY.

II.

When at ALMACK's, or WHITE's, or at BROOKE's or BOODLE's,
I've ſat up all night in the morning;
'Mongſt *black legs*, and *coggers*, and *pigeons*, and *noodles*,
The calling to uſe I was born in.

To be ſure many *honeſt* gold guineas it yields,
But ſince 'tis a ſervice of danger,
I'm a better MAN now I'm a BULL in the fields—
To popping and tilting a ſtranger.

Then arrah, bodder, &c.

I ſhall finiſh this article in the next letter, and begin a freſh one.—In the mean time adieu.

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Birmingham, March 16, 1788.

LETTER LXXXIX.

A SKETCH OF CRUDE VIRTUE AND VICE.

"Nature's nature every where."

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

WHILE ULYSSES is lamenting his bad ſucceſs, he is ſurrounded by an APE who had been a COXCOMB—a SPARROW who had been a COQUETTE—a BEAR who had been a PLAIN DEALER—a HEN who had been a WIDOW—and ſeveral others, who wondering at his impudence in attempting to ſet up the blind and uncertain dictates of REASON againſt the ſure and unerring impulſe of INSTINCT, fairly hoot him off the iſland.

This *extract* was then ſucceeded by the following ſketch—which I thus introduced.

I ſhall now proceed to ſhew that the paſſions of *envy* and *reſentment* are as *implacable* and as full of *ſubtile refinement* in the hearts of the moſt *uninformed* as the moſt *poliſhed*. CUDGO was a NEGRO, and QUACO a MULATTO. See how QUACO ridicules CUDGO for being further degenerated only in *one* degree from the European complexion than himſelf. "Ah damn you," ſays QUACO, "you a black dog—you a *Jenny Neger*—you don't tan like a 'me." He then ſings—

Common

" Common NEGER go down the road ſide,
" UUCLE BEN walk up in the high road,
" Tan yanda you black *Jenny* raſcal.
" Common NEGER drink out of *wooden bowl*,
" UNCLE BEN drink out of *china baſon*."

Can there be more pointed ſatire than this? Does it not convey all the conſcious force of pride, pre-eminence, place, and precedence, as ſtrongly as words can expreſs? He then goes on upbraiding him with his ignorance. " Ah you black dog, do'nt you know bout the rum, when you ſavee put " letter under a tone." CUDGO, it ſeems, was carrying a jug of rum and a letter to a friend of his maſter, but meeting with another negro on the road, he accoſted—" Ah how you do buddy." 'Ah,' replied the other, 'what buddy 'CUDGO! wat a divle you carry one ſometing dere.' " Oh dis—he da buckra " rum maſter ſavee ſend um to anudder buckra lib in great houſe yonder." 'Ah buddy—let us all two take a lilly ſup.' " Ah dam," ſays CUDGO, " you no ſee paper? Paper la talk—he ſavee tell maſſa." 'Ah buddy—'appoſe we put paper under a tone—den he no ſee.' Charmed with this idea, they agreed to hide the letter under a ſtone. 'Ah buddy, dis be good ſtuff! 'ſavee make a heart jump!' Having drank pretty heartily, they begin to think of the conſequence. " Ah dam—jug no full now." 'Buddy, buddy,' ſays the other, 'come to the ribbor, put lilly wee drop water.' This executed, CUDGO takes the letter and jogs on with the jug to his maſter's friend, who not finding the rum above proof, exclaims—'Why what is all this, you 'ſcoundrel? You have been drinking the *rum* and filled the jug with *water*. " Ah maſſa," ſays CUDGO, " do'nt you vex—indeed I no do nothing."—'Nothing!—what do you think I can't read? " Ah, maſſa, if I no tell " buddy Tom ſo—dat dam paper ſavee talk very wicked for poor neger man."

Theſe and other taunts and reproaches, which have in them all the ridiculous pride and contemptible folly of ſelf-conſequence, at length rouſes the NEGRO—who falls foul of the MULATTO with equal ſucceſs, and in ſuch

terms, that had JUVENAL been a NEGRO he would have written in the language of CUDGO. "Why now," ſays CUDGO, "you tink you dam creber "fella too I appoſe—you no NEGER—no BUCKRA—no *any ting*. You dam "*yellow copper kin*—you *no nation*—you a *mule*—I make a ſing upon you.

SONG.

QUACO BUNGY go about,
Ca'nt tell him nation—
BUCKRA make him foot ball,
JENNY NEGER hate him,
MUSTER won't own him,
So he ca'nt tell him nation.

Now I make a ſing upon your ſiſſy.

II.

FANNY BUNGY have *pickiny*,
No know him fader,
Some ſay the ſoldier man,
Some ſay the ſailor man,
Some ſay the fiſherman,
But he no know him daddy.

The MULATTO, who bore with great patience the ſatire on *himſelf*, is rouſed to the higheſt pitch of indignation at the lampoon on his ſiſter—at which moment the gentle ORRA—a real Indian, who had imbibed nothing beyond the uncontaminated ſimplicity of her native wilds, and conſequently approached nearer to primitive virtue—ORRA, who had for the firſt time left her home in ſearch of her YANKO, whoſe abſence, though compelled by duty, ſhe could no longer bear—this ORRA ſurprized the uplifted arm of the

MULATTO

MULATTO, juſt when his inſidious revenge impelled him to aim a death blow at the heart of CUDGO. ORRA, though a *woman*, ſeized QUACO like a *lioneſs*—crying out 'Ah ſhame, kill your buddy.' This enraged QUACO the more. He cried out "Buddy!—what dam neger raſcal from Jenny, QUACO "buddy?" 'Yes,' replied ORRA, '*every man* your *buddy*, *every woman* 'my *ſiſſy*:—poor dear YANKO tell ſo—and he honeſt man for true.

AIR.

Poor ORRA tink of YANKO dear,
Do he be gone for ever;
For he no dead, he ſtill live here,
And he from here go never.

Like on a ſand me mark him face,
De wave come roll him over;
De mark he go, but ſtill the place
He eaſy to diſcover.

II.

Me ſee, fore now, de tree de flower
He droop like ORRA ſurely,
And den by'm by dare come one ſhower,
He hold him head up purely.

And ſo ſome time me tink me die,
My heart ſo ſick he grieve me;
But in a lilly time me keiy
Good deal—and dat relieve me.

With ORRA's ſong I ſhall finiſh this letter, aſſuring you with my cuſtomary warmth and truth that I am yours, very truly,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 17, 1788.

LETTER XC.

AN ENGLISH SAILOR AND A WELCH CURATE.

"*Thou nature art my goddeſs.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——,

DEAR SIR,

SOMETIMES inſtead of the foregoing ſong, in the mouth of ORRA, I ſubſtituted the following.

AIR.

When YANKO dear fight far away,
Some token kind me ſend:
One *branch of olive*, for dat ſay
Me wiſh the battle end.

De *poplar* tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care;
Me ſend no *laurel*, for me know
Of dat he find him ſhare.

II.

De *ivy* ſay my heart be true—
Me droop ſay *willow tree*—

De

De *torn* he ſay me ſick for you—
De *ſun flower* tink of me.

Till laſt me go weep wid the *pine*,
For fear poor YANKO dead:
He come, and I the *myrtle* twine
In chaplet *for him head*.

She then relates how many enemies ſhe had forgiven in battle, and ſhews, with wonderful force and energy, the comfort, the convenience, and even the ſtrong political neceſſity of univerſal philanthropy and benevolence, till at length, won by her exemplary virtue, both NEGRO and MULATTO forget their animoſity, and agree in their own language, to take MISSA ORRA to de houſe, and give her *nin yam*. At this moment comes by an Engliſh ſailor, who highly applauding the ſentiments of ORRA, burſts into the following *forecaſtle* ſong.

AIR.

What argufies pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow:
Each bullet has got its commiſſion,
And when our time's come me muſt go.

Then drink and ſing—hang pain and ſorrow—
The halter is made for the neck;
He that's *now* live and luſty—*to-morrow*
Perhaps may be ſtretch'd on the deck.

II.

There was little TOM LINSTOCK of DOVER
Got kill'd, and left POLLY in pain—

POLL cry'd—but her grief was ſoon over,
And then ſhe got marry'd again.
Then drink, &c.

III.

JACK JUNK was ill us'd by BET CROCKER,
And ſo took to guzzling the ſtuff—
Till he tumbl'd in old DAVY's *locker*,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

IV.

For our prize money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argufies calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is apeak.
Then drink, &c.

To this ſketch ſometimes ſucceeded the following cantata.

RECITATIVE.

Curate AP HUGH driving a triple trade,
Who preach'd, drew ale, and on the crowdy play'd—
While, as the gaping ruſtics throng'd around,
To hear their mountain Orpheus' wondrous ſound,
Would ſing the cruelty of that fair maid
Who won his early love—bright WINIFRED.
While, all to make his poignant grief the ſharper,
He join'd the aid of Taffy the blind harper.

AIR.

AIR.

Was WINNY kind to me,
Oh he de nos,
Far plyther than a cote I'd pee,
Oh he de nos.
Leap, ſkip, and pound would poor AP HUGH,
And capriole, and caper too;
And friſk, and jump, and tance look you—
Oh he de nos.

II.

But falſe WINNY cruel is,
Oh he de nos,
With chipes, and cheers, and mockeries,
Oh he de nos.
Which makes to ſigh and ſop AP HUGH,
And whining his ſad fate to rue,
And crieve, and croan, and crunt, look you,
Oh he de nos.

RECITATIVE.

Now changing, the tranſition quick as fire,
Taffy is told to poiſe again the lyre;
Which, as his nimble fingers riſe and fall,
Echoes AP HUGH, who chaunts that madrigal
That erſt he ſung when to the church he led
Not now the coy, but yielding WINIFRED;
Which, as he warbl'd forth in artleſs rhyme,
His neighbours and the merry bells kept time.

AIR

AIR.

Do ſalmons love a lucid ſtream?
Do thirſty ſheep love fountains?
Do Druids love a doleful theme?
Or cotes the craggy mountains?

If it be true theſe things be ſo,
As truly ſhe's my lovey
As os wit i yne carri i,
Rooi fyt dwyn de garie di,
As ein, dai, tree, pedwar, pimp, chweck go
The bells of Aberdovey.

II.

Do keffels love a whiſp of hay?
Do ſprightly kids love prancing?
Do curates crowdies love to play?
Or peaſants morrice dancing?
If it be true, &c.

In my next I ſhall introduce you into theatrical company, mean while am, as truly as ever,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 17, 1788.

LETTER XCI.

A RETURN TO ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

"The play's the thing."

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

HAVING diſpatched Curate AP HUGH—I introduced a ſet of theatrical characters, ſaying—

In a green-room converſation—a ſhort ſketch of which I ſhall next give you—little can be expected but dramatic anecdotes and quotations. We will ſuppoſe the members of the ſock and buſkin aſſembled—one ſays, "Peace to "this meeting wherefore we are met." Another—"Many I ſee are waiting "round about you, and I am come to beg a bleſſing too." "Oh ho!" ſays one, "are you there Mr. PROMPTER?—what a part you have ſent me—"There is no making head or tail of it—I can't find my laſt ſpeech." 'Oh,' ſays the prompter, dryly, 'never mind it—it will be found one day or other 'in the ſeſſion's paper.' "Well ſaid, faith," cried one, "you play upon "the word very well this morning, maſter *catch cue*." "Come here," cried another, "look at this part—a man has written a new *Tom Thumb*, and made "GRIZZLE an *Iriſh general*. Here is a ſong where—to ſpeak in the ſpirit "of the original—the bagpipe plays firſt fiddle all the way. General O'GRIZ-"ZLE ſings it to HUNCAMUNCA, who has juſt ſaid ſhe is determined to marry "TOM THUMB."

AIR.

Is it little TOM THUMB dat you mean, and his battles?
Arrah ſend him for playthings ſome whiſtles and rattles:
At the ſight of a ſword all his nerves would be quaking—
He fight! he kill giants!—is it game you are making?

As well may you tell us that EAGLES fear LARKS,
That MICE eat up LIONS, and SPRATS ſwallow SHARKS:
Then talk not of any ſuch nonſenſe to me—
With your confounded *boderum bumboodle liddle lee.*

II.

TOM THUMB! ſuch a ſhrimp ſure no eyes ever ſaw—
He handles his arms as a fly hugs a ſtraw:
To be ſure in the wars danger's certain to quit him,
For the taef's ſuch a flea dares no bullet can hit him.

And then as to courage, my jewel—hut hut—
Arrah did not I find him chin deep in my boot?
Then talk not of any ſuch nonſenſe to me,
With your confounded *boderum bumboodle liddle lee.*

III.

TOM TUHMB marry you! muſha honey be eaſy,
Were it not for your ſinſe I ſhould think you gone crazy:
Shall a fine ſtately OSTRICH thus wed a COCK SPARROW?
'Twere a HALBARD ſtuck up by the ſide of an arrow—

Or a FLY on a CHURCH, or a MOUNTAIN and MOUSE,
Or a PISMIRE that crawls by the ſide of a HOUSE—
Then talk not of any ſuch nonſenſe to me,
With your confounded *boderum bumboodle liddle lee.*

What

" What are we called here for ?" ſaid one. ' For the new piece,' ſays a ſecond—' I have five and twenty lengths in it, and not a ſingle good thing ' from beginning to end.' " Oh," cries another, " you have a good right " to complain—you fag a great deal to be ſure—but what is that in compa- " riſon with my walk of characters ? Why during the laſt fortnight I played " *Hamlet*, *Richard*, *Oroonoko*, the *Earl of Warwick*, *Petruchio*, *Chamont*, " and the *Drunken Colonel*—and make *nothing* of them." Here enters the carpenter, with " Gentlemen, if you pleaſe, you that act in tragedy, I " wiſh you'd be ſo good to liſten to the new thunder—it is ſpick and ſpan." ' Stop a minute,' ſays one, ' before you go any further, let me tell you a ' ſtory about thunder. LEE, when he was manager at EDINBURGH, was ' determined to improve upon thunder, and ſo having procured a parcel of ' nine pound ſhot, they were put into a wheelbarrow, to which he affixed an ' octagon wheel. This done, there were ridges placed at the back of the ' ſtage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow, ' ſo filled and accoutred, backwards and forwards over theſe ridges'—" And I " hope," ſays the carpenter, " he would not get any of them to do it for " him." ' Not one,' ſaid the actor, ' they had too much partiality for ' their old friend the thunder trunk.' " And they were right too," ſaid the carpenter. " The beſt feather in your wing Maſter *Tragedy*. You may " rant *gemmen*—but if the thunder did not come for the *corps de reſarve*, and " introduce the *handy climax*, as a body may ſay, your lungs I believe would " cut but a pooriſh figure." ' Well,' ſaid the actor, ' what was to be done ? ' LEE was reſolved to have his thunder, and employed an *Elve* of his, an ' actor of all work, to turn carpenter on the occaſion. The play was *Lear*, ' and really, in the two firſt efforts, the thunder had a good effect. At length ' the poor bald-pated king was braving " the pitileſs pelting of the ſtorm," ' when the thunderer's foot ſlipt, and down he came, wheelbarrow and all. ' The ſtage being of courſe on a declivity, the balls made their way towards ' the *orcheſtra*, and meeting with but a feeble reſiſtance from the ſcene, pre- ' ſently laid it flat on its face. LEAR was now to be encountered by a ſtorm

' much

'much more difficult to ſtem than that which he had before complained of. 'The balls taking every kind of direction, he was under the neceſſity of 'ſkipping about to avoid them, exactly like the man who dances the *egg* '*hornpipe*; nor was this all—the fiddlers, fearing a demolition of their *catgut*, 'catched up their inſtruments and ſkuttled out of the *orcheſtra* as hard as they 'could drive, while, to crown this glorious ſcene of confuſion, the ſprawling 'actor, in the ſight of the audience, lay proſtrate like another SALMONEUS.'

The actors being gone to hear the new thunder, a female ſinger took that opportunity of trying a ſong, with which I ſhall begin my next letter, and conclude this the old way, by telling you that I am,

Very truly,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 18, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XCII.

THE GREEN-ROOM CONTINUED.

"The beſt players in the world."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

PLEASE to liſten to the lady's ſong.

AIR.

When fairies are lighted by night's ſilver queen,
And feaſt in the meadow, or dance on the green,
My CLUMP leaves his *harrow*, his *plow*, and his *flail*,
By yon *oak* to ſit near me, and tell his ſoft tail.

And though I'm aſſur'd the ſame vows were believ'd,
By PATTY and RUTH, he forſook and deceiv'd—
Yet his words are ſo ſweet, and like truth ſo appear,
I *pardon* the *treaſon*—the TRAITOR'S SO DEAR.

II.

I ſaw the *ſtraw bonnet* he bought at the fair,
The *roſe-coloured ribbon* to deck JENNY's hair,
The *ſhoe-ties* of BRIDGET, and ſtill worſe than this,
The *gloves* he gave PEGGY for ſtealing a kiſs.

All theſe did I ſee, and with heart-rending pain,
Swore to part—yet I know, when I ſee him again,
His words and his looks will like truth ſo appear,
I ſhall *pardon* the *treaſon*—the TRAITOR'S SO DEAR.

The ſong over, and the actors returned from making an experiment of the new thunder, the converſation became general again, and the ſtory of LEE and his thunder inſenſibly produced another anecdote of LEE. When this ſtrange man—who would have been a good MANAGER but for his *pride*, and ſecond to but very few as an ACTOR but for his *particularity*—had the *management* of the theatre at BATH, one of the actreſſes wanted to get up *Tamerlane* for her benefit. LEE was determined not to oblige her—indeed he had done nothing but thwart her the whole ſeaſon—but he found it difficult to find a *reaſonable* excuſe. She got the better of every obſtacle—and at length, being driven fairly into a corner, he cried out "Why zounds, Madam, "what would you have?—I tell you I can't nor I won't get up the play—"I have no *turkiſh habits*." 'Oh,' ſaid the Lady, 'if that be all, I am ſure 'of having the play performed, for I don't believe any man in the kingdom 'has SO MANY.'

THRUM was now deſired to try over another Iriſh ſong.

AIR.

As DERMOT toil'd one ſummer's day,
Young SHELAH, as ſhe ſat beſide him,
Fairly ſtole his pipe away—
Oh den to hear how ſhe'd deride him.

Where, poor DERMOT, is it gone,
Your lilly lilly loodle?

The've

The've left you nothing but the drone—
And dat's yourſelf, you noodle.

Beum bum boodle loodle loo,
Poor DERMOT's pipe is loſt and gone,
And what will the poor devil do.

II.

Fait now I am undone and more,
Cry'd DERMOT—ah will you be eaſy!
Did not you ſtale my heart before?
Is it you'd have a man run crazy?

I've nothing left me now to moan,
My lilly lilly loodle,
That us'd to cheer me ſo, is gone—
Ah DERMOT thou'rt a noodle.

Beum bum boodle loodle loo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone—
What next will cruel SHELAH do?

III.

But SHELAH hearing DERMOT vex,
Cry'd ſhe, 'twas little CUPID mov'd me,
Ye fool, to ſteal it out of tricks,
Only to ſee how much you lov'd me.

Come cheer thee DERMOT, never moan,
But take your lilly loodle,
And for the *heart* of you that's gone,
You ſhall have *mine*, ye noodle.

Beum bum boodle loodle loo,
SHELAH's to church with DERMOT gone,
And for the reſt what's dat to you.

Talking of LEE, they went over the old matter of his being a ſtrong object of GARRICK's *envy*. This brought up GEORGE GARRICK, and his attachment to his brother. 'Have not you obſerved,' ſaid one, 'how anxiouſly 'he always attended to the minuteſt matters that he conceived would give 'pleaſure to DAVID—in particular the nights he performed all muſt be as 'ſtill as death—not a mouſe muſt ſtir—while through *affection* to the BROTHER 'and *gratitude* to the FRIEND, the worthy GEORGE was every where en-'treating, perſuading, and threatening, to induce all thoſe who were behind 'the ſcenes to be ſilent. Huſh—huſh—was he every minute heard to ſay.' "Why if this be the caſe," ſaid another, "it is not wonderful DAVID ſhould "allow him ſo handſome a ſalary, for it is plain he received it for *huſh money*."

'His attachment to DAVID,' ſaid another, 'was exemplary; what trou-'ble he had in the buſineſs of KENRICK. Do you know the ſtory of the 'challenge?' "Not exactly," ſaid the firſt. 'I will tell it you then,' ſaid the other. 'KENRICK wrote an infamous poem, for which the world very 'juſtly held him in deteſtation. GARRICK's firſt feelings in this buſineſs were 'pretty *vif*, and he ſent, by *his brother*, a meſſage, which he called a chal-'lenge. GEORGE perhaps, out of tenderneſs, delivered it rather delicately, 'and KENRICK, taking advantage of this ambiguity, made an equivocal reply 'to it. GARRICK, after this, ſaid he had challenged KENRICK, and he would 'not meet him. This, being the general talk, came to KENRICK's ears, 'who ſent GARRICK the following letter.' "Sir—As I find you report that "you ſent me a challenge, and that I have not ſpirit enough to meet you—"I now inform you that I received no ſort of meſſage from you but through "YOUR BROTHER, which was worded ſo doubtfully, that added to his being

an

" an *improper perſon* for the tranſaction of ſuch a buſineſs, I did not feel my-
" ſelf obliged to underſtand it in the light you *now* ſay it was meant. To
" ſhew you, however, you have miſtaken me, I will finiſh the matter in
" two words: You have a large fortune and no family—I have a large family
" and no fortune—If therefore you will ſettle only three hundred a year on
" thoſe I leave behind—provided you kill me—I will not only fight YOU, but
" your brother GEORGE into the bargain."

I did not always, as you well know, introduce ſo much into this part of the entertainment; but I dare ſay, as the theatre is ſo popular a ſubject, every thing I can recollect will be welcome to the public.

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 18, 1788.

LETTER XCIII.

THE CURTAIN DROPT.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THESE anecdotes having received their due ſhare of applauſe, one of the actors run through a ſong which had juſt been put into his hand by the copiſt. It was in the character of pantomine, and ran thus:

AIR,

I've made to *marches* MARS deſcend,
JUSTICE in *jigs* her ſcales ſuſpend,
MAGICIANS in *gavots* portend,
And FURIES black wigs briſtle.

To *preſtos* PALLAS' Ægis blaze,
SNAKES twiſt to *fugues* a thouſand ways,
And JOVE whole towns with lightning raze,
At ſound of the *prompter's whiſtle.*

I've

II.

I've made a SUN of *poliſh'd tin*,
DRAGONS of *wood*, with ghaſtly grin,
A *canvas* SEA, the which within
Did *leather* DOLPHINS caper.

I've ſtrung with *packthread* ORPHEUS' *lyre*,
Made SHEEP and OXEN dance with *wire*,
And have deſtroy'd, with *painted* FIRE,
GRAND TEMPLES of *cartridge paper*.

III.

I've made a SWAIN, his love aſleep,
Chide *warbling* BIRDS and *bleating* SHEEP,
While he himſelf did bawling keep,
Like boatman at a ferry.

I've RACKS made that *no blood could ſpill*,
Foul POISON that could *do no ill*,
And DAGGERS QUEENS and PRINCES kill,
Who are *alive* and *merry*.

In the ſame pantomime was a ſcene of a whimſical nature. PIERROT is left at a tavern to watch out for HARLEQUIN, who is expected there, and told he may call for what he chuſes. If he wants any thing to eat, he has but to ſay *what*, and they will bring it to him. If he would amuſe himſelf, he has only to ſay *how*, and he may take his choice of entertainments. And if he would chuſe any ſorts of wine, he has nothing to do but ſay *which*, and they will be inſtantly brought to him. Having conned his leſſon, and beginning to get ſleepy, he wiſhes for a little dancing and ſinging to keep him

him awake, and hollows out—'*How!*' After he had repeated this word ſeveral times, the waiter comes in, aſks him if he called, and ſays he ſhall be very glad to wait upon him. PIERROT repeats '*How.*' The waiter anſwers in any way he pleaſes. Thus the word *how* is played upon till PIERROT finding it procures him no amuſement, changes it to *what*—which bawling out pretty powerfully, the waiter thinks he is affronted, and begins to apologize, ſaying, he plainly ſees he has miſtaken him, being a foreigner, but that he meant no offence. There are good and bad of all countries. PIERROT by this time tired of calling out *what*, has recourſe to his third expedient, and cries louder than ever—'*Which.*' "Why all countries," replies the waiter. '*Which,*' vociferates PIERROT. At length the waiter—getting nothing from him but *how—what—which*—ſays, "why ſurely this fellow is either mad "or drunk." '*Which,*' ſays PIERROT. "Oh damme if I know *which*," returns the waiter, "but I'll ſwear you are either one or t'other."

A repetition of this ſcene, brought on an account of the plan of the pantomime itſelf. It was conſtructed—in the opinion of the actor who mentioned it, and who had the confidence of the poet—upon a very new and entertaining idea. HARLEQUIN runs away with COLUMBINE, the DOCTOR's wife, and leaves his own wife, HARLEQUINETTE, in the DOCTOR's houſe. Theſe laſt two, with their familiar ſpirits, are, through the whole buſineſs, the purſuers—but, their power being rather inferior to that of HARLEQUIN, they obtain their wiſhes *figuratively*, but not *literally*. Thus HARLEQUINETTE dooms them in one place to *death and deſtruction*, and the ſcene immediately changes to an apothecary's ſhop. In another place ſhe entreats her ſpirits to convey them to where they will be ſurrounded with *voracious animals*, and inſtantly they find themſelves at a LORD MAYOR's feaſt.*

They

* This pantomime I put into the hands of the Drury-lane managers a conſiderable while before *Harlequin Junior* came out at that theatre. That piece has certainly ſome ſmack of mine, and as Mr. SHERIDAN

They finiſhed the ſubject of the pantomime by reading two of HARLEQUINETTE's ſongs, which they found to be a tolerable burleſque of *operatical poetry*. The firſt ran thus:

AIR.

Do but thy recollection jog,
And thou wilt ſoon remember,
That thou haſt ſeen an Engliſh fog,
In the dull month of November.

At firſt 'twas thick—but changing ſoon,
Red tips did clouds *bedizen*,
And ere the clock ſtruck twelve at noon,
All *ſmiling was the horizon*.

The

SHERIDAN ſpoke very handſomely of it to me, in *Great Queen-ſtreet*, without mentioning its having the ſmalleſt ſimilarity to any thing elſe, it is not unfair to conclude that it furniſhed them with a hint, ſince they did not perform my pantomime. However, I will not ſay it was their intention to reject it, for before I knew their poſitive determination—which indeed might poſſibly have remained untold to this moment—I withdrew it myſelf, in conformity to my agreement at the *Circus*, which precluded me from getting any piece performed elſewhere.

I ſhall take this opportunity of mentioning that I ſent a piece to Mr. COLMAN, through the *medium* of Mr. WOODFALL, called *The Wits*, which was returned. From this piece a whole ſcene was taken into the *Managers in Diſtreſs* almoſt literally. Mr. COLMAN may ſay—for no man, as may be ſeen by his works, has read more French authors—that the ſcene in queſtion was borrowed from the FRENCH, and therefore—*fair game*; but it may be retorted, that it was *imitated*, not *tranſlated*; and though the original will furniſh a hint, which any body has a right to take, it is a very curious thing that two men ſhould *imitate* a French author in almoſt the ſame words. Beſides, the ingenuous way would have been, at the time the piece was rejected, to have given for a reaſon, that there was already in his hands ſomething on the ſame ſubject.

The other was as follows.

AIR.

No more of waves and winds the ſport,
Our veſſel is arriv'd in port,
Safely at anchor now ſhe rides,
And gay *red ropes* adorn her ſides.

The SAILS are *furl'd*, the SHEETS *belay'd*,
The *crimſon* PETTICOAT's diſplay'd,
Deſerted are the *uſeleſs* SHROUDS,
And WENCHES come aboard in *crowds*.

Pantomimes in general were now talked about, and one of the actors gave an account of a Dutch one, upon the ſubject of ABRAHAM and ISAAC. ABRAHAM is on the point of offering up his ſon, and having tied him to a ſtake, he very leiſurely takes out an old ruſty horſe piſtol, and meaſuring ſix paces with great deliberation, preſents his piece, when, all of a ſudden, he finds ſome wet deſcend into the pan and damp the powder, when, looking up, he ſees an angel in a certain attitude, who had cauſed what he had miſtaken for rain. In the midſt of ABRAHAM's conſternation, he cries out—*Der traple Abram wilt ta te youncker ſlauken.* In another ſcene there are a number of windmills which HARLEQUIN, in the moſt *delicate* way that can be imagined, *ſets a going*. Getting further into the ſubject of Dutch pieces, they talked of their tragedies. The famous *Cid* of CORNEILLE it ſeems is curiouſly tranſlated for the edification of the *Mynheers*. There is a well-known paſſage in the play where the father of RODORIGO ſtimulates his ſon to revenge, and not ſatisfied with the aſſurance he had before given him, ſtopping him ſhort,

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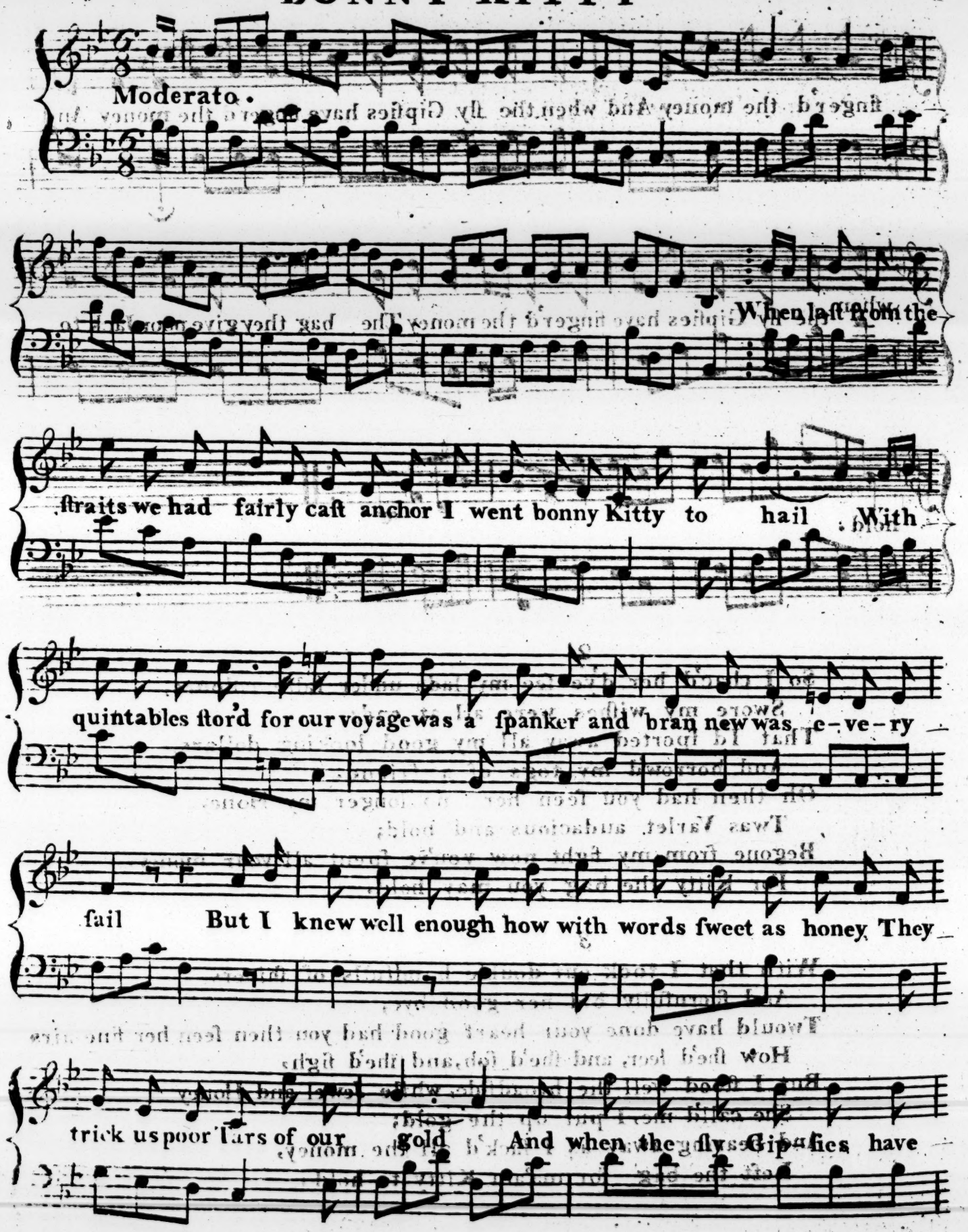
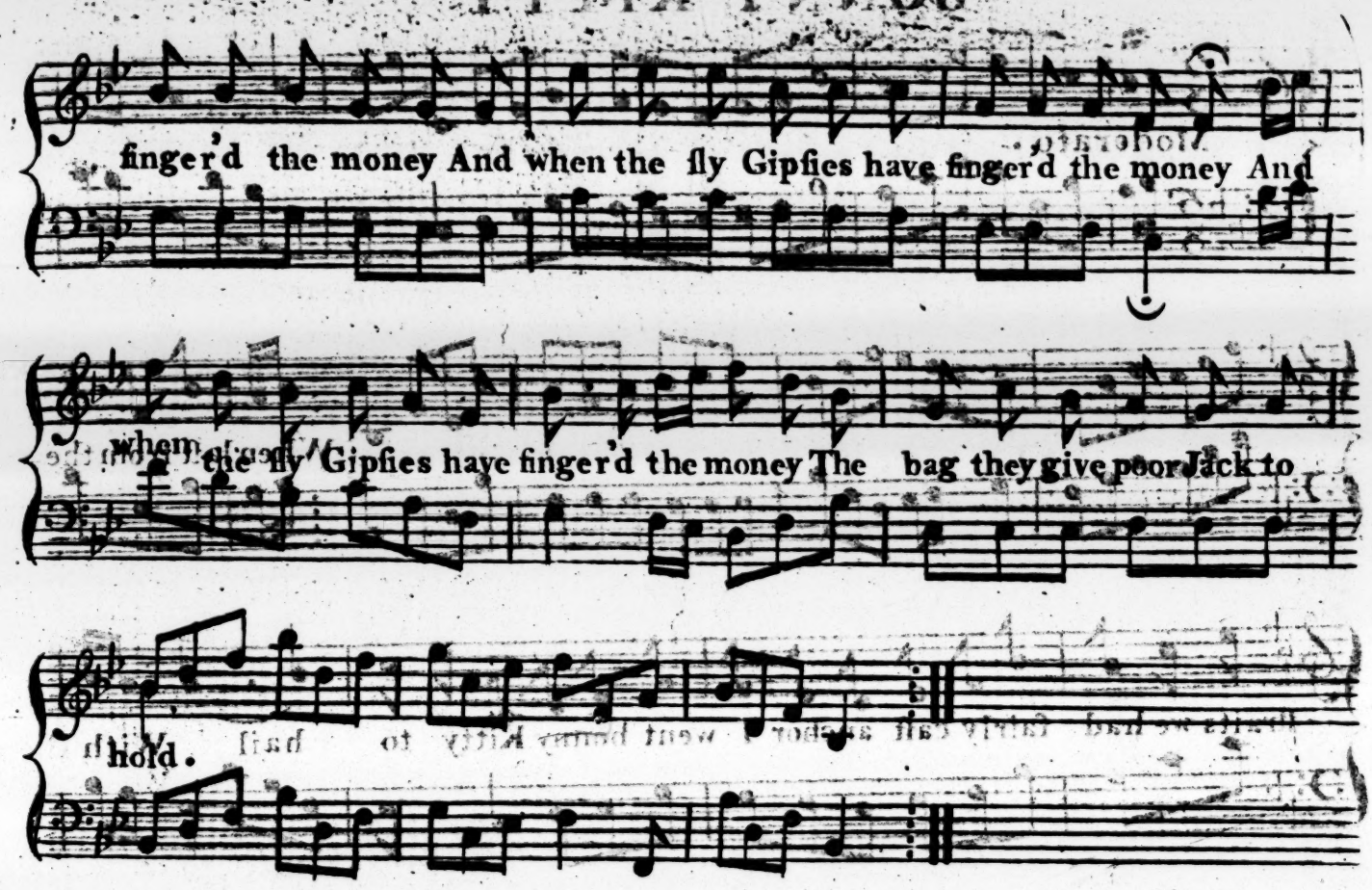
Dibdin (C.)

BONNY KITTY





2

So I chac'd her d'ye see my lads under false colours,
Swore my wishes were all at end;
That I'd sported away all my good looking dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend.
Oh then had you seen her no longer my Honey,
Twas Varlet audacious and bold;
Begone from my sight now you've spent all your money,
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

3

With that I took out double handfulls of shiners,
And scornfully bid her good bye;
Twould have done your heart good had you then seen her fine airs.
How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh,
But I stood well the broadside, while Jewel and Honey
She call'd me, I put up the gold;
And bearing away as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for ma'am Kitty to hold.

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ſhort, he ſays—'*a tu un coeur Rodrigue?*' He replies—which is ſurely very pointed—"*Tout autre che mon Pere—Le trouvera ſur l'heure.* The DUTCHMAN determined to be as *phlegmatic* as the FRENCHMAN was brilliant, has rendered it thus: 'Ap ye un *hart* RODRIGUE?' "*Yaw Papa,*" cries RODRIGUE.

'Come, come, have done,' cried one, 'with Dutch tragedies, and let 'THRUM try this ſong for me—it is in the character of a ſailor—though, 'upon ſecond thoughts, it is a little out of character too, for the author makes 'him too cunning to be duped by his laſs.'

I will frankly own to you that I have introduced more into this green-room ſcene than I ever gave in the READINGS, but I thought it good matter for that ſituation:—beſides, it has given me another opportunity of noticing an inſtance or two of theatrical conduct, which I had before omitted. Indeed, if MANAGERS are to be conſidered as caterers for the PUBLIC, and will buy *refuſe*, the better to ſnack a good handſome *market penny*, it is but common juſtice to ſhew thoſe who ſit down to this *mental ordinary* how they are *crammed*, and if afterwards they chuſe to *ſwallow* it, they have nobody to blame but themſelves.

I ſhall now drop the curtain on the actors and actreſſes, from whoſe theatrical world, in little, we are furniſhed with a ſpecimen of the childiſh purſuits of mankind at large. "Men are but children of a larger growth," ſays DRYDEN—and ſo true is the remark, that whether the TOY be a *crown*, a *ſceptre*, a *ribbon*, or a *rattle*, the motive is the ſame, and the pleaſure proportionably

tionably perfect. One of my greateſt pleaſures, which I will not call a *toy*, becauſe it has *reaſon* torecommendir, is that which I feel when I aſſure you that I am,

Moſt cordially,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 19, 1788.

In the following page you will have the ſailor's ſong to muſic.

LETTER XCIV.

THE WORLD IN CARICATURE.

"*The vizor ſpeaks the art.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

MY laſt vehicle for the conveyance of my entertainment was, as you know, a maſquerade—at which I ſuppoſe my audience preſent. I ſay it is made up of all thoſe characters which generally diſtinguiſh it, and preſents you with a mixture of pertneſs, inſipidity, folly, tinſel, glare, and dulneſs. And firſt the DOMINOS—grave, elegant, genteel, and ſtupid—as vacantly ſolemn as a proceſſion of undertakers. Then KINGS and QUEENS, as little what they repreſent as a ſtraw-crowned monarch in bedlam. Next HARLEQUINS without *heels*, and POETS, LAWYERS, and STATESMEN without *heads*. FOXHUNTERS who were never far enough in the country to *ſee* a five barred gate. SCHOLARS who *decline* ſo well they are obliged to *decline* anſwering any queſtion on the ſubject of grammar. DEVILS as harmleſs as LAMBS, and NUNS as impudent as DEVILS. FRENCHMEN in *boots*, *bob wigs*, and *round hats*, ſhaking hands with ENGLISHMEN in *ſtays*, *ſhoe ſtrings*, and *cheek whiſkers*. QUAKERS, whoſe inward light blazes in their faces, through the ſtrength of the wine they have drank. SAILORS who can hand the bottle, reef the bill, and ſteer the glaſs to their mouths, but no more. In ſhort, all that heterogeneous crew who break their conſtitutions, and run into expence, for no motive upon earth but to expoſe themſelves. And yet,

as pure ſpirits may be drawn from foul dregs, ſo we may, perhaps, gather ſome amuſement from their folly. And ſee! a Punch and the maſter of a puppet ſhew.

'Ah Maſter Punch,' ſays the puppet ſhew man, 'what do you want?' "Want!—why odds *articles* and *arrangements*, I want an engagement." 'An 'engagement,' ſays the other, 'why what can you do?' "Do!—why odds "*whims* and *conceits*, be ſick and receive my ſalary." 'But that will not do 'for me, Maſter Punch—can you do any thing in *tragedy?*' "Odds *bowls* "and *daggers*, in *tragedy!*—why odds *coffins* and *ſhrouds*, *tragedy* is killed! "annihilated! gone dead as it were!" 'Ah! by whom?' "Why odds "*drawcanſers*, by *king critic*." 'In *comedy* then?' "Odds *puns* and *quibbles*, "*comedy* is dead too. *Farce* and *opera*—odds *nonſenſe* and *ſtupidity*—are your "only trade going." 'Why what can you do in the way of *opera?*' "Do! "why ſtun you—odds *bagpipes* and *drones*—with *Iriſh airs*." 'Maſter Punch 'I am afraid you and I ſhall not agree.' "Odds *Jacks in office*, who cares. "I'll go—odds *goods* and *commodities*—and ſet up a trade." 'A trade! where 'will you get a ſtock?' "Odds *dockets* and *Gazettes*, I will turn bankrupt, "and ſo get one." 'Yes, but frauds of that kind are not, now a-days, ſo 'eaſily practicable.' "Why then—odds *ſix and eight-pence*—I will turn "*lawyer*, and then I ſhalI want nothing but a ſtock of braſs." 'Oh yes 'you will—you'll want a ſtock of law, without which you would cut but a 'poor figure in the courts.' "Law! why if that is the caſe—odds *full* "*bottoms*—I'll get upon the bench, and then—odds *Jefferies*—I will make "what I pleaſe paſs for law. Or ſuppoſe—odds *dactyls* and *ſpondees*—I turn "poet, I have a choice ſubject." 'Ay, what is it?' "Why PANDORA." 'An excellent ſubject I dare ſay, as you would handle it.' "Handle it!— "odds *ſarcaſms*, none of your ſneers. I ſuppoſe the dear little heathen EVE— "odds *cogitations*—deliberating about opening the box. Only liſten to her "recitative.

RECITATIVE

RECITATIVE.

To peep, or not to peep's the queſtion—
Whether, from reaſon, each ſuggeſtion
'Twere nobler in the mind to ſuffer,
Or fairly out of doors to cuff her,
And ſay at once my cares are o'er—
To peep—to ſatisfy—no more—
And by this warm impetuoſity,
To gratify my curioſity;
For woman 'twere a conſummation
Devoutly—

'But ſtay, ſtay, Maſter Punch,' cried the puppet ſhew man, 'do you 'think the world will thank you for putting SHAKESPEARE into doggerel 'rhime?' "Odds *particularities*, maſter, what an odd man you are—why "this is nothing at all to *Nity* in the Critic. Odds *attention*, hold your tongue "and let me proceed. Juſt—odds *quandaries*—as PANDORA ſtands undeter- "mined what to do, I come on—odds *ſticks and rags*—in my own character, "and—odds *ſermons*—introduce a lecture of morality into a comic ſong. Odds "*ſemi demis*, open your ears."

AIR.

What a pity 'twill be—odds *babies* and *lambs*—
To poſſeſs the young things by the ſide of their mams,
Not with innocent love, but—odds *pranks* and *curvettings*—
With oglings and learings, and airs and coquettings.

What a pity a widow—odds *prayers* and *religion*—
Who has mourn'd for her huſband like any tame pigeon,
Should all of a ſudden—odds *fruits that are mellow*—
To comfort her find out a ſturdy young fellow.

And

And digadon deer,
Go on her career,
Digadon digadon,
Odds right turn'd to wrong—
Odds *bridewells* and *whipping-poſts*, *pillories* and *ſtocks*—
When Madam PANDORA has open'd her box.

II.

What a pity 'twill be—odds *hearts* and odds *hands*—
That the man whoſe large ſoul generous pity expands,
Should turn quick as thought—odds *per cent* and *per annum*,
A hunter of heirs, with a view to trepan 'em.

What a pity a ſtateſman—odds *good of the nation*—
Who for hours without penſion would make an oration,
Should plump in an inſtant—odds *Januſes faces*—
Shut his mouth up till given half a dozen places.
And digadon deer, &c.

III.

What a pity 'twill be—odds *contuſions* and *ſcars*—
That the world for ambition ſhould plunge into wars;
What a pity young fellows—odds *rakes* and *hard livers*—
Should fall in their youth through conſumptions and fevers.

What a pity 'twill be—odds *priſon* and *palace*—
That a judge ſhould erect, and a thief fear—the gallows;
And what pity—odds *veniſon* and *ſturgeon* and *trout*—
That *eating and drinking* ſhould give us the GOUT.
And digadon deer, &c.

Here

Here I ſhall leave Maſter Punch for the preſent, who—through a very groteſque medium—tells a few truths. "The vizor ſpeaks the heart," ſays the poet, and I believe figuratively it does. I however wear none—nor need I, for there is no equivocation neceſſary—when I aſſure you

That I am,

Faithfully,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 20, 1788.

LETTER XCV.

MORE CARICATURES.

"To hold the mirror up to nature."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

MASTER Punch having made his exit, you will turn your eyes, if you pleaſe, to a lady who is entreating a quaker to mix in the general mirth.

AIR.

Thou man of firmneſs turn this way,
Nor time by abſence meaſure;
The ſportive dance—the ſprightly lay
Shall wake thee into pleaſure.

Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou'rt gay—as we ſhall prove thee—
Then cheer thee, laugh away thy ſpan,
And let the ſpirit move thee.

II.

None are more juſt, more true, more fair,
More upright in their dealings,

Than

Than men of thy perſuaſion are—
But are they without feelings?

E'en now I know thy honeſt heart
Full ſorely doth reprove thee;
Be gay then—in our mirth take part,
And let the ſpirit move thee.

We will leave this lady to make a proſelyte of the quaker, and turn to another who is juſt arrived from PARIS, and entertaining a crowd around her with a whimſical parallel between that city and LONDON.

AIR.

In PARIS, as in LONDON,
Vice thrives, and virtue's undone—
Errors, paſſions, want of truth,
Folly, in age as well as youth,
Are things by no means rare:

But honeſt uſurers, friends ſincere,
And judges with their conſcience clear—
C'eſt qu'on ne voit guere.

II.

In PARIS all things vary,
Sixteen and ſixty marry;
Men preſuming on their purſe,
Heirs with their eſtates at nurſe,
Are things by no means rare:

But doctors who refuſe a fee,
And wives and huſbands who agree—
C'eſt qu'on ne voit guere.

In

III.

In PARIS idle paſſion
And folly lead the faſhion;
Attention paid to ſhew and dreſs,
Modeſt merit in diſtreſs,
Are things by no means rare:

But friendſhip in ſarcaſtic ſneers,
And honeſty in widows' tears—
C'eſt qu'on ne voit guere.

The lady is diſplaced by a troop of fairies, who come on ſinging.

AIR,

Behold the fairies' jocund band,
Who firm—though low of ſtature—
'Gainſt giant vice ſhall make a ſtand,
Portraying human nature.

We've characters of every mould,
All tempers, forms, and ſizes,
The grave, the gay, the young the old,
Hid under quaint diſguiſes.
They hey for the fairies, &c.

We have a prieſt who never ſwears,
But who is always ready
With money, or advice, or prayers,
To help the poor and needy.
They hey for the fairies, &c.

A man and wife who both on crutch
Are now oblig'd to hobble,
Who fifty years, or near as much,
Have never had a ſquabble.
They hey for the fairies, &c.

A magiſtrate upright and wiſe,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
They hey for the fairies, &c.

A learn'd phyſician of great ſkill,
All cures—like GALEN—pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
Take fees, or jabber latin.
They hey for the fairies, &c.

A country ſquire who hates the ſmell
Of Stingo and October;
A modern poet who can ſpell,
And a muſician ſober.
They hey for the fairies, &c.

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Diſplay your ſportful banners,
Strike hard at vice, explore falſe charms,
And catch the living manners.

They hey for the fairies jocund band,
Who firm, though low in ſtature,
'Gainſt giant vice ſhall make a ſtand,
Portraying human nature.

In my next I ſhall vary my characters, but never the ſincerity with which I ſhall aſſure you that I am,

Very truly,

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 20, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XCVI.

ANOTHER CROWD.

"*Oh your motley's the only wear.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

NEXT come a ſet compoſed of different profeſſions, who are talking—*technically* you may be aſſured—for and againſt the preſent adminiſtration. Says a GLOVER—it is true the miniſter is but a *kid*, but then he has ſuch a *ſupple* and *lamb-like* way with him, that he *draws* us *on* and *off* as he pleaſes. Oh Sir, ſays a LAWYER, there are *errors* in all their *proceedings*, their *meaſures* are all made up of *flaws*, *ſham pleas*, *nihils*, and *non eſt inventuſes*. Come, come, ſays a FISH MONGER, you may deal about your *Billingſgate abuſe*, but their meaſures have made us all *leaping alive*; we were as flat as *flounders* before they came into office—but there are ſome men who will *carp* at every thing, and can't ſee their own advantage till, like an *eel*, it has *ſlipt through their fingers*. The *little fry* of *oppoſition* have no more chance with the *adminiſtration*, than a *ſhrimp* would have with a *whale*. In ſhort, the nation's hopes are as firm as a *turbot*, and the conſtitution as ſound a sa *roach*, and none but a parcel of *cod's headed fellows* would ever attempt to ſay any thing to the contrary. I ſay, cries out a CORPORAL, they do'nt know the manœuvre of the thing. If I was a miniſter, d'ye ſee, there ſhould be no *jumping over heads*. I'd *drill em*—I'd *ratan 'em* into the *ranks*. Why I'll tell you what I'd do—I would raiſe the pay of all the *pri-*

vates

vates, and make every *Corporal* a COLONEL. Come, come, ſays a DYER, don't you talk—I ſay the adminiſtration is a *colour in grain*, and will ſtand when *buff* and *blue* ſhall have entirely *flown off*. I am an honeſt man—never ſay *black's white*. I am willing therefore, d'ye ſee, to *die* for my country whenever I am commanded, and they who refuſe to do the ſame ought to be beaten into all *colours of the rainbow*. They have got the *length* of the *nation's foot* to be ſure, ſays a COBLER, where it will *end* is another matter—ſome men's belief is as hard as a *lapſtone*; but then again, nobody knows where the *ſhoe pinches* ſo well as thoſe who wear it. And yet I thinks if as how the people would but *buckle* too a little, every *ſoul* would have reaſon to be contented at *laſt*. Don't tell me, ſays a TALLOW CHANDLER, of the preſent miniſtry, has there been a ſingle *rejoicing night* ſince they came in? Or—or—if there had, ſays a GLAZIER, where the devil would you find *windows* to ſtick the *candles* in. Very true, ſays a BARBER, I thinks the nations affairs are in the *ſuds*, and that we are all *ſhaved* a *little too cloſe*. Don't go for to talk ſuch nonſenſe, ſays a TAYLOR—I ſay they *cut out their work* very prettily. It is not a *button* difference to me who are the *foremen*. So they do but make up plenty of *birthday ſuits*, I ſhall always have a pleaſure in drinking a cup of *three threads* to their health, and ſitting every day *croſs legged* for their proſperity; and that no *gooſe* may be able to *rip up* any thing againſt them, or *tear a hole* in their coats, may they *fine draw* every *rent* in the conſtitution, put all their *work* neatly out of hand, give ſatisfaction to their *cuſtomers*, and ſo *wind up their bottom* in a *workmanlike* manner, till the *remnant* of their lives ſhall be *ſnipt aſunder* by the *ſheers of fate!* *Amen*, cries the PARISH CLERK.

The politicians are interrupted by a recruiting officer, who enters the room with the following military rhapſody.

AIR.

AIR.

This this my lad's a ſoldiers life,
He marches to the ſprightly fife,
And in each town to ſome new wife
Swears he'll be ever true:
He's here—he's there—where is he not?
Variety's his envy'd lot,
He eats, drinks, ſleeps, and pays no ſhot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

II.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domeſtic woes
He kiſſes off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws
Both his are and his country's cauſe—
For theſe, though danger, without pauſe,
He follows the loud tattoo.

III.

And if at laſt, in honour's wars,
He earns his ſhare of dangers,
Still he feels bold, and thanks his ſtars
He's no worſe fate to rue:
At CHELSEA, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the ſlain,
And in fond fancy once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

The politicians were ſometimes interrupted by a man crying old chairs to mend.

AIR.

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend.

Like mine to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation—
One man tinkers up the ſtate,
Another mends the nation:

Your parſons preach to mend the heart;
They cobble heads at college;
Phyſicians patch with terms of art
And latin want of knowledge.

But none for praiſe can more contend
Than I,
Who cry
Old chairs to mend.

II.

Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas;
They manners mend by dancing;
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lover's uſe romancing:

Fortunes are mended up and made,
Too frequently, with places—
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.

But none for praiſe, &c.

Nor any for your friendſhip and attention more than yours,

C. DIBDIN.

Briſtol, March 21, 1788.

LETTER XCVII.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

"Dog and cat then?
"Zounds! that's more like man and wife than t'other."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

AT other times the politicians were interrupted by a tinker, in the following manner:

AIR.

A tinker I am,
My name's NATTY SAM,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate,
My perſonal eſtate
Lies all within this budget.

Work for the tinker, oh good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
'Twere well if you could mend your lives
As I can mend a kettle.

II.

The man of war,
The man of the bar,

Phyſicians,

Phyſicians, prieſts, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down,
Great LONDON town,
What are they all but tinkers.
Work for the tinker, &c.

III.

Thoſe 'mong the great
Who tinker the ſtate,
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority.
Work for the tinker, &c.

IV.

This mends his names
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation;
And thus, had I time,
I could prove, in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

Next comes a man with ballads. Here are four and twenty pretty ſongs in one book for a halfpenny. The firſt ſong in the book is—" Come live with " me and be my love," to the tune of—" Strife ſucceeds the honey moon." The ſecond ſong in the book is—" Virgins are like the fair flower in its " luſtre," to the tune of—" The world, my dear MYRA, is full of deceit." The next ſong in the book is—" Rouſe Britannia, ſhake thy lance," to the tune

tune of—" An old woman clothed in grey." The next ſong in the book is " If you at an office ſolicit your due," to the tune of—" ſing tantara rara " rouges all." The next ſong in the book is—" John and Jean, or the com- " forts of matrimony."

AIR.

Sing the loves of JOHN and JEAN,
Sing the loves of JEAN and JOHN—
He for her would leave a queen,
She for him the nobleſt don;
She's his queen, he's her don,
JOHN *loves* JEAN, and JEAN *loves* JOHN.

II.

Whatever 'tis that pleaſes JEAN,
Is ſure to burſt the ſides of JOHN;
Does ſhe for grief look thin and lean,
He inſtantly is pale and wan:
Thin and lean, pale and wan,
JOHN *loves* JEAN, and JEAN *loves* JOHN.

III.

'Twas the lilly hand of JEAN
Fill'd the glaſs of happy JOHN—
And heavens how joyful was ſhe ſeen
When he was for a licenſe gone!
Joyful ſeen, they'll dance anon,
For JOHN *weds* JEAN, and JEAN *weds* JOHN.

IV.

JOHN has ta'en to wife his JEAN,
JEAN's become the ſpouſe of JOHN,
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don—
No more queen, no more don,
JOHN *hates* JEAN, and JEAN *hates* JOHN.

V.

Whatever 'tis that pleaſes JEAN,
Is certain now to diſpleaſe JOHN—
With ſcolding they're grown thin and lean,
With ſpleen and ſpite their pale and wan:
Thin and lean, pale and wan—
JOHN *hates* JEAN, and JEAN *hates* JOHN.

VI.

JOHN prays heaven to take his JEAN,
JEAN at the devil wiſhes JOHN—
She'll on his grave be dancing ſeen,
He'll laugh when ſhe is dead and gone:
Each wiſhes t'other dead and gone,
For JOHN *hates* JEAN and JEAN *hates* JOHN.

We will leave the audience tittering at JOHN and JEAN, and defer the remainder to the next letter, which will finiſh the READINGS—mean while

Adieu.

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 22, 1788.

LETTER XCVIII.

THE READINGS FINISHED.

"*'Tis nothing unleſs 'tis done in a punto.*"

To the Rev. Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

NEXT comes a moving chronicle of the times. He is dreſſed up in newſpapers—and look at him how you will, he exhibits a view of ſatirical croſs readings!—of which take a ſhort ſpecimen. "Yeſterday the "LORD MAYOR gave a public dinner,"—"And the carnage in this engagement "was too ſhocking to mention." "Laſt Friday a NABOB arrived in EN-"GLAND with his *whole* fortune,"—"The reaſon of his committing this raſh "action is not known." "The *Chancellor of the Exchequer* propoſed, on the "opening of the budget, ſeveral new taxes,"—which he performed with eaſe "in an hour and forty minutes." "Laſt Wedneſday three couple were "married at St. Bride's church."—"They all behaved very penitent, and "ſeemed truly ſenſible of their *unhappy condition.*

The vender of news can no longer be heard for a bawling JEW, to whom, if you pleaſe, we will attend.

AIR.

Ye jobbers, underwriters, ye tribes of pen an ink,
Vid my fa lal dera delara lara la,

Who

Who on te alley's gay parterre your tea and coffee drink,
Vid my fa lal dera delara lara la,
Rattling up your yellow boys, come hither at my call,
I'm puyer, and I'm ſheller, and I can ſherve you all.
Vid my fa lal dera delara lara la.
Vid my fa lal dera delara lara la.

II.

Ye pulls, ye pears, ye lame tucks, and all ye faddling crew,
Vid my fal, &c.
If 'twas not for us ſmouches I don't know fat you'd do;
Vid my fal, &c.
'Tis fee dat kive ſhecurities, 'tis fee dat find good pails,*
Our frients tey lend te moniſh, but ten tey ſhumtimes fails.
Vid my fal, &c.

III.

If noblemen ſhould want rouleaus, and all tare moniſh ſphent,
Vid my fal, &c.
My heart relents, I traw te pont, and lend for ſhent per ſhent.
Vid my fal, &c.
Or if a life you foot enſhure tat's olt and craſhy crown,
Tee fays and means I'll let you know, to get tee buſineſs tone.
Vid my fal, &c.

Ye

* A JEW being examined before LORD MANSFIELD touching his ſituation—firſt ſwore himſelf worth one large ſum, then another, till his Lordſhip got up and ſaid—'I think we have indulged this 'gentleman long enough.' "Why ſho, my Lord?" ſaid the JEW. 'Why,' ſaid my Lord, 'with 'what face can you pretend to ſay you are worth this laſt mentioned ſum of money?' "I'll ſhwear "it, my Lord," anſwered the JEW. 'I know you will,' ſaid LORD MANSFIELD, 'but I won't let 'you.'

IV.

Ye captains and ye colonels, ye chointer'd fidows all,
Vid my fal, &c.
To little ISAAC come when your ſhtocks bekin to fall;
Vid my fal, &c.
If dare be poſhipilities for you I'll raiſe te tuſt,
But ten you moſt excuſe me if I ſherve myſelf the firſt.
Vid my fal, &c.

V.

Ye parſons fit koot livings, ye courtiers fit koot place,
Vid my fal, &c.
Adfice I'll kive you kratiſh, and tink upon your caſe,
Vid my fal, &c.
To blief MOSES and te prophets the church will not refuſe,
And courtiers, all te world knows, are little elſe than chews.
Vid my fal, &c.

VI.

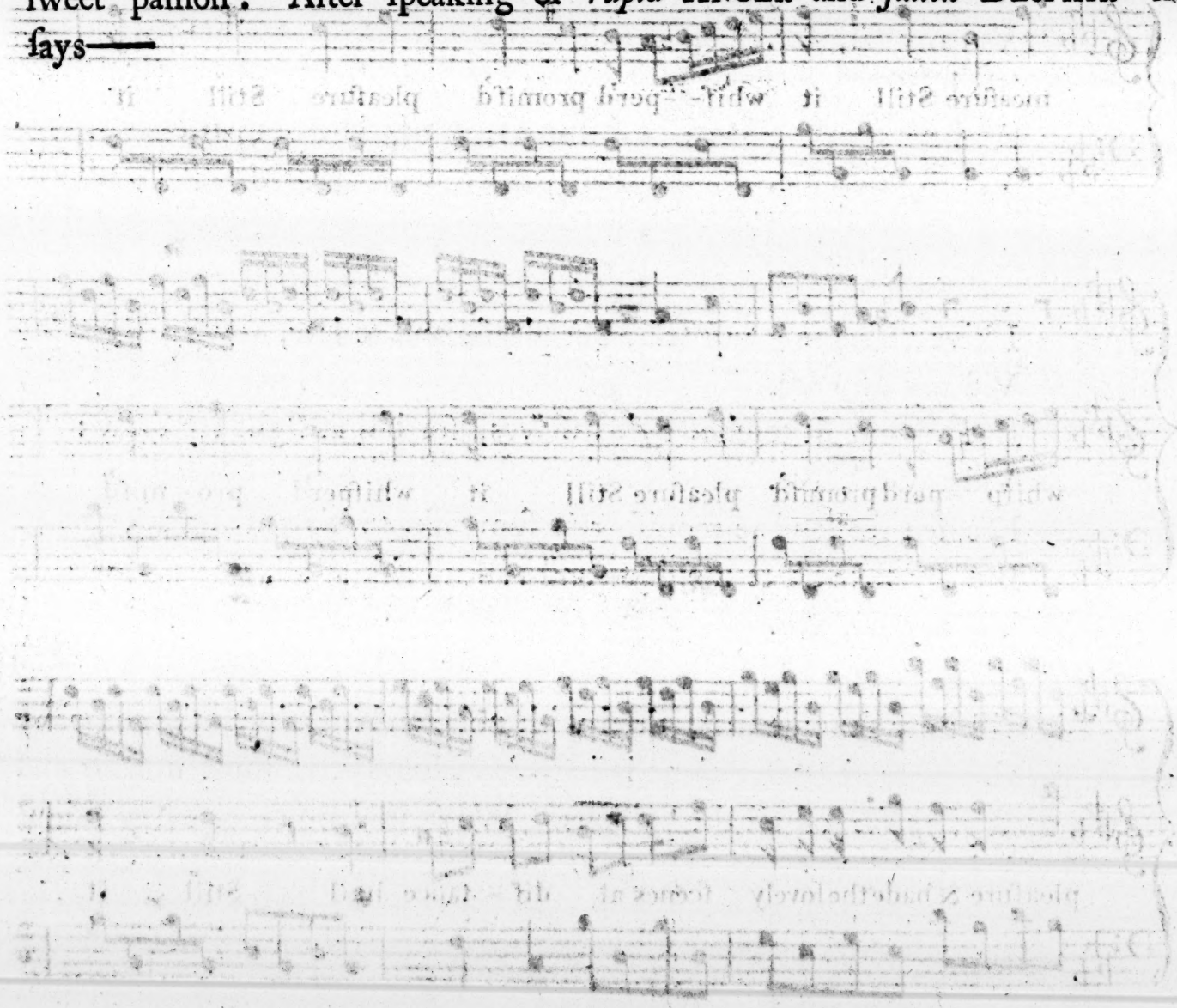
I kive adfice to every tribe but phyſic and te law,
Vid my fal, &c.
But tey out fit te chews themſelves, for bill at ſight tey draw:
Vid my fal, &c.
Fee fen fee lend te moniſh run ſum riſk, to 'tis put ſhmall,
But tey take all te moniſh—and run no riſk at all.
Vid my fal, &c.

We will now ſuppoſe that, tired with noiſe and inebriety, the company are diſperſed. One character alone is left—'tis HOPE—the moſt *delicate* and yet the moſt *ſanguine* of all the paſſions. We ſhould HOPE for every thing,

ſays the poet—for there is nothing that may not be HOPED for, nor that the gods are unable to give us. HOPE is the ſick man's health—the poor man's riches—the courſe on which the lover ſtarts to gain that goal—his wiſhes; the beneficent preſent left us by the gods as an antidote to counteract the malignity of all evils.

"There was a grain of ſand," ſays the fable, "that lamented itſelf as "the moſt unfortunate atom upon the face of the univerſe—but, in proceſs "of time, it became a diamond—and is now the brighteſt jewel in the regal "diadem of PERSIA."

How beautifully has COLLINS, in his incomparable ode, depicted this ſweet paſſion! After ſpeaking of *rapid* ANGER and *ſullen* DESPAIR—he ſays——



Dibdin (C.)

HOPE

Andantino.

But thou Oh Hope with eyes ſo fair What was thy delighted

meaſure But thou Oh Hope with eyes ſo fair What was thy delighted

meaſure Still it whiſ- -per'd promiſ'd pleaſure Still it.

whiſp -per'd promiſ'd pleaſure Still it whiſper'd pro - miſ'd

. pleaſure & bade the lovely ſcenes at diſ - tance hail Still . it

whiſper'd promiſ'd pleaſure & bade the lovely ſcenes at dif- - tance hail

Still wou'd her touch the ſtrain prolong Still wou'd her touch the ſtrain pro-

- long And from the rocks the woods the vale And from the rocks the

Mf. P. Pianiſs? Mf.

woods the vale She call'd on E - cho She call'd on

6 MA 35

P. Pianiſs? Mf. P. Pianiſs?

E – cho She call'd on E–cho

Mf. P. Pianiſs. Mf. P. Pianiſs?

ſtill on Echo ſtill on Echo ſtill through all her ſong

And where her ſweet – eſt theme ſhe choſe And where her ſweet – eſt

theme ſhe choſe A ſoft reſponſive voice re –

Mf.

-ſponſive re- ſponſive Was heard from ev-ry cloſe - -

P. Pianiſs?

- - - - - - - - - - - - - And Hope enchanted ſmil'd And

wav'd her golden hair her golden hair And hope enchanted ſmil'd And wav'd her

golden hair - - And wav'd her golden hair

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Having by this ſong wound up the feelings of my audience to the ſummit of a pretty high climax—I thus went on:

Animated with HOPE, I would fain pay you my acknowledgements for the attention I have received—but in what manner!

AIR.

Lawyers pay you with words, and fair ladies with vapours,
Your parſons with preaching, and dancers with capers;
Soldiers pay you with courage, and ſome with their lives,
Some men with their fortunes, and ſome with their wives:

Some with fame, ſome with conſcience, and many throw both in;
Phyſicians with latin, and great men with—NOTHING:
I—not to be ſingular in ſuch a throng—
For your kindneſs pay you—*with the end of a ſong.*

II.

But pleading, engroſſing, declaring, and vapouring,
And fighting, and hectoring, and dancing, and capering,
And preaching, and ſwearing, and bullying—preſcribing,
And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeing, and bribing,

And every profeſſional art of hum drumming,
Is clearly in ſome ſort a ſpecies of humming.
Humming!—nay, take me with you—the term's very ſtrong—
But I only meant humming—*the end of a ſong.*

III.

For all who this evening have paid me attention,
I would I had language, of ſome new invention,

My

My thanks to return—but where's the expreſſion
Can deſcribe of your kindneſs the grateful impreſſion!

May every deſire of your hearts be propitious—
Be laſting ſucceſs the reſult of your wiſhes—
Unimpaired be your joys—your lives happy and long—
And now I am come to—*the end of my ſong*.

And with all theſe wiſhes with which I finiſhed my READINGS am I, be aſſured,

Your very faithful

Friend and ſervant,

C. DIBDIN.

London, March 22, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER XCIX.

THE CORPS DE RESERVE.

"Let your clowns ſay no more than is ſet down for them."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

HAVING purpoſely reſerved about forty pages for general obſervations, I ſhall methodize them, by recapitulating very briefly thoſe parts of the work which may yet remain for explanation, and others, which at preſent, have probably a contradictory complexion. Alſo, as I have taken leave to ſpeak with ſome freedom, and muſt of courſe expect to be treated as freely in return, I ſhall ſuppoſe what *will* be ſaid of me; and as thoſe ſnarlers, who doubtleſs mean not to ſpare their critical flings, cannot, fortunately for them, *bark* till I am out of hearing, I mean to *muzzle* them before I go—and firſt, as in duty bound, for the muſicians.

I forbid all gentlemen of the *bow*, *reed*, or *finger*, to accuſe me of ignorance or innovation—to aſſert that I am no muſician—to laugh at my feeble efforts to overthrow their long eſtabliſhed impoſitions—to advance *ipſe dixits*, and flatter themſelves that they will be creditted for *facts*—to perſuade the world they have ſilenced my objections, when they have only confuſed themſelves—to hold out terms of art in place of candid argument. I forbid them alſo to publiſh any thing they do not write themſelves—to have recourſe to any but their own orthography—to attempt at wit—to believe they write calmly and in

good humour, at the moment they are burſting with envy; and I require all perſons whatever to pay no attention, nor give credit to any matter or thing that may be ſet down in ſuch criticiſms of the ſaid gentlemen of the *bow*, *reed*, or *finger*, provided they come under the aforeſaid prohibition. But, to ſhew my candour and openneſs of conviction, I hereby ſubſcribe beforehand to all fair, diſpaſſionate argument, which, without ſubterfuge, and in plain language clearly underſtood by readers of all deſcriptions, ſhall be ſo written as to overturn mine.

I deſire all *gentlemen* of the LAW—whether licenſed or unlicenſed—whether they purſue *unjuſt* EQUITY, or *inequitable* JUSTICE—whether their line be *ſwindling* or *bankruptcy*—whether they are *affidavit-makers*, or *information hunters*—whether their favourite inſtrument of ruin be a *bond*, a *cognovit*, a *warrant of attorney*, a *mortgage*, a *poſt obit*, or *an annuity*—whether their nice diſtinctions between *perjury* and *falſe-ſwearing*, go moſt to *hang* the INNOCENT, or *ſave* the GUILTY—or indeed whatever legal infamy they may be moſt expert in—I deſire all ſuch will abuſe, revile, and calumniate me wherever they go; being well convinced that this conduct on their part will operate much more to my advantage, than any thing they can ſay in my favour: the praiſe of ill men being the moſt wounding of all ſatire. And I particularly requeſt all manner of perſons whatſoever, if they hear of any encomiums, panegyrics, or any ſort of commendations paid me by men of the above deſcription, that they will have the liberality to conſider ſuch encomiums, panegyrics, or commendations, as ſo many ſtudied attempts to abuſe and injure me, and that they will, in their charitable goodneſs, treat them accordingly.

At the ſame time I beg leave to recommend myſelf and this work to the kind attention and good wiſhes of the *worthy very few*, who make the laws a benefit and a bleſſing to their fellow creatures—whoſe ſtudy is to ſpare, to mediate, and to conſole—who poiſe the balance of juſtice ſo even, that it may not *incline* in the eſtimation of a ſingle hair while the reclined ſword ſleeps peaceably

peaceably in its ſcabbard—to all ſuch men do I commend myſelf, as the only deſcription of characters competent to guard the lives and property of individuals, and to ſuch I entreat all manner of perſons to attend, as the only court where JUSTICE and EQUITY go hand in hand, and therefore, whoſe competency to determine they and I ought to acknowledge.

I deſire all managers, and their adherents, not to have the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs concerning me, but to ſleep perfectly at eaſe, depending upon their alliances with the newſpapers, to blacken and confound thoſe aſſertions of mine which they cannot controvert. I adviſe them alſo not to put themſelves to any inconvenience concerning the ſtyle and manner of their entertainments; but, ſince genius and judgment are not to be commanded, jog on in the old way, relying upon the goodnature of the Engliſh, and the fecundity of their own imaginations in the art of puffing. In their report of me, I court their reprobation, upon the ſame principle, and for the ſame reaſon I do that of the lawyers. I deſire they will indulge themſelves to the full extent of their wiſhes; and in particular, let them not fail to *cut* a great many JOKES, and *let* a great many PUNS. As to my future intentions, I would wiſh them to believe that I am *not* going to INDIA, but, on the contrary, that I ſhall by and by ſolicit to be received among them; and I recommend them to enjoy, in *contemplation*, the ſlavery, ſubjection, and humiliation which they ſhall hereafter ſee me in; and to meditate the moſt expedient modes of varying and continuing ſuch treatment againſt the time—which I would have them flatter themſelves will arrive upon holding up a finger—when they ſhall have me again in their clutches. And I entreat all and every perſon or perſons to whoſe knowledge this ſubject may come, if it ſo happen that nothing ſhall be advanced by way of anſwer to whatever I may have aſſerted, to believe—in ſpite of the affected indifference ſuch conduct may ſeem to convey—that it will be put on for no other reaſon than becauſe my arguments are unanſwerable, and becauſe an attempt to refute them, would only ſhew the weakneſs of their cauſe, but betray that ſecret envy which would operate equal to a confeſſion of the truth.

My

My next jubject will be the Reviewers, a few twigs of whoſe critical rod at leaſt I ſhall be able to break; and, if every writer had the ſame conſtancy, that tremendous object, that terrific hobgoblin which men of weak minds and ſlender intellects worſhip—as Indians do the devil—out of fear, would very ſoon appear a poor, inoffenſive thing, engendered only by ſplenitive ideas, and a contemplation of cobwebs in libraries. Adieu.

Yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 26, 1788.

LETTER

LETTER C.

CRITICAL ANTICIPATION.

"Yes, and you ſhall hear what I'll ſay to the juſtice of peace."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for your fears, becauſe they ariſe from friendſhip, but be aſſured they ariſe from a falſe view of the matter. Tell me what you think when you have read the following letter.

To the REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

I ſhould be glad to know by what authority you take upon you to pronounce away the good name of thoſe authors who come under the laſh of your criticiſm, or bid others riſe into fame whoſe works have the tranſcendant advantage of your decree in their favour.

If you are a chartered body—though I never heard of any power competent to confirm ſuch eſtabliſhment—and have an excluſive right to exerciſe laws not cognizable by other courts of criticiſm, I have only to lament that, in a country like this, there ſhould be a literary inquiſition; for as no perſuaſion is ſo likely to breed ſchiſms as the ſtudy of letters, ſo every man's opinion may, by the exerciſe of very ſlender abilities, be conſtrued into critical heterodox, for which impiety—ſhould it really appear that he is amenable to your juriſ-

diction—what racks and ſlow fires may not be dreaded on the firſt day of every month, when you regularly celebrate your *aute de fe*..

Being an Engliſhman, therefore, I call upon all others to proteſt—as I do myſelf upon this preſent occaſion—againſt the competency of your power; having no ſcruple to declare that, as wounding the mind is a torture of a much more exquiſite nature than lacerating the body, ſo the cruelties you practiſe are as reprehenſible a violence on erudition, as thoſe of SPAIN or PORTUGAL were on religion. I know your advocates have thrown out to palliate the matter, that you wound with *blunt* arrows, which in my opinion is an aggravation of your inhumanity—for every body knows the *keeneſt* weapon inflicts the leaſt pain.

I have often laughed at the ſuſceptibility of literary men, concerning your criticiſms. Some have gnaſhed their teeth, and imputed all you have ſaid to ENVY, which, as far as my humble judgment ſerves me, does not appear—for, by the little I have ſeen, your temperaments are too frigid to admit of any ſuch tingling paſſion. Others have been ready to burſt, while they ſwore they endured their torture with all the intrepidity and reſolution of primitive Americans. In ſhort, the ſenſibility of all is in ſome degree wounded, and every one threatens you with a cutting anſwer—which he dares not write.

On theſe occaſions, my conſtant advice is, not to read you at all, and then you might as well have not written at all; for if the writer himſelf be not hurt, the reſt of the world find in you only what they expected; and after your reviews have wrapt up ſtuff, black pins, or pectoral lozenges, or been appropriated to other uſes—which, if they were written to mortify unfortunate authors, are at leaſt as worthy as thoſe for which they were deſigned—you are as little regarded as any other temporary caſualty, which excites our wonder to-day, and to-morrow is forgotten.

Some,

Some, however, look into you upon the principle of the man who wants to be taken up—in hopes of being abuſed. COLLEY CIBBER uſed to tell his ſon, that ſo he contrived to let the world ſpeak of him, it did not matter what it ſaid; and, as far as it relates to you, I look upon this maxim of his to be much about the fact. But, leſt you ſhould imagine I affect all this careleſſneſs, in the moment I am under the keeneſt apprehenſions as to what you may chuſe to ſay relative to this TOUR, I'll put the certainty of my enjoying the very tranquillity I deſcribe ſo far—even beyond *your* power to doubt or reaſon away—that you ſhall, in this inſtance at leaſt, confeſs—thoſe who review the imperfections of others do not always appear the moſt perfect, upon a review, themſelves.

When a prejudice has taken root in an early mind, it is pretty difficult to remove it—eſpecially when planted by *reaſon*, and ſtrengthened by *experience*. Eighteen years ago, I wrote a piece called *The Wedding Ring*, and ſo much did I dread the reviewers, that in the moſt irreſolute ſtate, I walked up and down GEORGE's *coffee houſe*, with a review in each hand, for a conſiderable time, without the courage to open either of them. At length, plucking up ſpirits, I ſneaked into the moſt obſcure corner I could find, and was preſently lifted into ecſtacy by reading, as nearly as I can remember, the following words.

"This piece is an imitation of *Il Filoſofo di Campagna*. It is done into "Engliſh by Mr. DIBDIN, who has improved on the original, and rendered "it a very pleaſing entertainment."

Having ſwallowed with avidity theſe "honey words," I began to think if I were ſo fortunate in my firſt ſearch, that probably on a ſecond, I ſhould ſtill have greater reaſon to rejoice; and like a man who, inſtead of quietly pocketing the money for a twenty pound prize in the lottery, leaves it behind for a ticket which comes up a blank, I was determined to ſtand another literary chance, regardleſs of what might be the conſequence.

Upon

Upon opening the other review, I found theſe words, or at leaſt perfectly the ſenſe of them:

" This piece, which is taken from *Il Filoſofo di Campagna*, has very lit-
" tle to recommend it to the notice of the public—'tis much inferior to the
" original, and Mr. DIBDIN has no pretenſions, upon this occaſion, to think
" himſelf capable of furniſhing an agreeable entertainment to the public."

I have already ſaid that this happened eighteen years ago, therefore I will not ſwear to the *letter* of theſe articles, to the *ſpirit* however I do moſt peremptorily. It had as ſtrong an effect upon me, as being introduced behind the curtain of a jugler or a puppetſhew-man, and ſo completely was I in the ſecret, that I made a reſolution, which I have ever ſince religiouſly kept, not to read a ſingle review of any thing I ſhould write from that moment. As therefore I pique myſelf upon acknowledging obligations, I deſire you will accept my ſincereſt thanks for grubbing up by the root, as it were, all thoſe mortifications, which on reading that abuſe ſure to be levelled—deſervedly or undeſervedly—at public characters, I might have felt in common with other men; for to the detection of the inconſiſtency recorded above, I owe my never having anſwered in my whole life a ſingle printed calumny, unleſs it has been of ſo injurious a nature that it could not be paſſed over, and then I have conſtantly ſigned my name. Whatever you ſay therefore of this TOUR will be unread by me—I adviſe you, however, to look to your own conſiſtency; and properly to do ſo, it will not hurt you if you peruſe the following letter to my reverend friend, which will treat wholly of general criticiſm.

I am,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient ſervant,

C. DIBDIN.

And my dear friend, I am,

Yours,

Moſt faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 26, 1788.

LETTER CI.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION.

"*Aſham'd, ſhe marks the paſſage with a blot,*
"*And hates the line where candour was forgot.*"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

IT has often been allowed that the talents for a *writer* and a *critic* are diſtinct and ſeparate. If by this it be meant that the knack of finding fault is eaſier than the capacity to invent and improve, the poſition is a fair one; but this would prove mere cavilling to be true criticiſm, which I will not admit. The truth is, no man can with the proper degree of perſpicuity, feeling, and tenderneſs, analyze the work of a writer, *but a writer*; and all thoſe who poach for errors, and take away imperfections without the ability to leave beauties in their place, are not real judges of what they arrogate a right to decide on, and conſequently, ought not to be entitled critics.

In this light perhaps the matter has not always been ſeen, and yet it is the only one which will give it its true colour. Modern criticiſm, is like looking at the ſun to diſcover only the *ſpots*, while the *fervour* and *brilliancy of his luſtre* are diſregarded: but ought an ingenious and enlightened age to pay the effuſions of ſuch folly a moment's attention? No. Let the deciſions upon works of genius come from men who poſſeſs congenial ſentiments; theſe only are qualified for the taſk, and will be moſt likely to treat with candour and delicacy that which they know the pain and labour of producing, and look with

care and circumſpection before they venture to wound thoſe parts, in others, which, upon fair inſpection, they may find vulnerable in themſelves.

I will not ſay, ſhould perſonal enmity or rooted difference of opinion interfere, that ſeverity in place of lenity will not ſometimes be adopted. Men are fallible, and a bold and flowing pen is a tempting inſtrument to accelerate the dictates of revenge; but even then, they will always remember that their antagoniſts can weild the ſame weapon, and, for the world's improvement, 'tis well ſuch conflicts are: the *loſs of victory* is ſome triumph in a noble conteſt. I know not whether KING JOHN of FRANCE, waited on by the BLACK PRINCE, is not almoſt at that moment as much an object of envy, as his ILLUSTRIOUS CONQUEROR.

I am clearly of opinion that if literary works were to appear only before ſuch a tribunal, the preſs would be more employed, and the amendment have this operation: dawning merit would be foſtered; mature abilities ſtimulated to a repetition of their exertions; and, what would be equally a public benefit, *pretenders* would be at once *ſilenced*—whereas, thanks to *reviews*, *newſpapers*, and *pamphlets*, men of real talents are deterred from ornamenting the world with their productions, and the dull, vapid offspring of inſipidity and ignorance puffed into fame. Let me beſeech, therefore, all thoſe who read, weigh, and approve theſe reaſons, to preſcribe for themſelves the following ſimple and efficient rule.

When any man decries a work of genius, let him be aſked if he can do as well; or, if his opinions be public, let enquiry be made as to his *own productions*, and do not let him be credited, unleſs ſomething be found equal in conſequence, as to every literary requiſite, to the work he undertakes to criticiſe.

As

As to pointing out mere inaccuracies, it is not more invidious and contemptible, than it is an affront to the reader, by whom theſe critical gentlemen chuſe to act in the quality of ſchoolmaſter; beſides, there cannot be a higher compliment to him they would affect to condemn—for it both implies that his FAULTS are *trifles*, and his MERIT *beyond the reach of their capacity*.

The obſervations here made have this drift. I do not know that from any body a volume of this ſize would be more conſidered as a piece of conſummate arrogance than from myſelf; and when it is underſtood that I have preſumed to ſpeak plainly of popular ſubjects, and advanced decided ſentiments which, were they to obtain, would go to the correction at leaſt of ſeveral favourite follies, I know not where the clamour may ſtop. Should it be very loud, however, I ſhall beg leave of the candid and ingenuous to enquire *who* are clamourous, and if it turn out to be the very men whoſe impoſitions on the public are the objects of my reprehenſion, every one whoſe opinion I have a legitimate right to value, will rank on my ſide, and then let us ſee whether an army of critical malecontents will ſtand any chance with ſuch a phalanx.

Nothing in nature is ſo eaſy as to find fault. *Bright geniuſes* as naturally breed *critics* as the *ſun* engenders *flies*. Who has fed more grubs than Dr. JOHNSON*—therefore let the witlings take care, for they may be aſſured, in proportion as they are abuſive ſo they will lift me into conſequence.

Yet will I, by way of caution to the judicious, ſay a few words. If when I am gone it ſhould be advanced that any of my aſſertions are falſe, let the

* One of theſe was congratulating another on ſome recent ſucceſs, when he was anſwered, "Oh 'this is nothing at all—ſtay till I do the Dictionary." "Why, ſurely," ſaid the other, "you would "not have the impudence to attack that—no, no, he's ſafe there." 'Aye! how ſo?' "Why he has "given the real etymology of all words from every authority he could gather." 'God,' ſaid the critic, 'I did not know that, *for I never read it*, bnt if that is the caſe, it won't do, ſure enough—for what '*every body ſays*, MUST BE TRUE.'

the manner of my making them be conſidered, the proofs I adduce examined, and the ground of their probability looked into.

If it be ſaid that while I reprobate criticiſms I arrogate the title of critic myſelf, thereby inſinuating that I have a right to rank with the only deſcription which, according to my idea, are competent to decide on works of literature, I beg to ſay that mine are not *criticiſms*, but mere *obſervations*; and that they do not go to the correction of *errors*, but *abuſes*. For inſtance: What does all I ſay of Mr. SHERIDAN amount to, but that he could have written and invented much better, and probably would have done ſo, had he not conceived that if he had outgone WYCHERLY and CONGREVE, he would have been gazed at as a *comet*, and then loſt; whereas his buſineſs was to move like a *planet* in the regular courſe of periodical revolution?

If it be remarked that I, *irregularly bred*—according to my own confeſſion—in the ſchool of muſic, have preſumed to hold forth a rod for the correction of public taſte—which has been formed by the combined excellence of men whoſe abilities have received univerſal admiration—let it be remembered, that I only wiſh to prune the luxuriant and ſuperfluous branches off this *tree of taſte*, and throw away the *rotten* and *withered fruit*, that ſo it may produce *vigorouſly* that *quantity* it is capable of bearing, giving it *beauty*, *maturity*, and *flavour*.

My next will contain a diſcuſſion of theſe matters in a lighter way; by the end of which, I ſhall have pretty well anticipated all objections in a literary point of view—except my general errata, which I reſerve for the laſt letter but one. Adieu. I ſhall ſoon have done *ſubſcribing myſelf*, but never *being*

Yours,

Moſt faithfully,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 27, 1788.

LETTER CII.

MORE ANTICIPATION.

"Do not be too ſervile neither."

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

IT has been frequently conſidered by authors as a ſufficient apology for the incongruity of their works, that they were written in a hurry—which by the way is the laſt excuſe that ought to be made. Is it done to give an idea that the public will ſwallow any thing, be it ever ſo crude or immature? Or would they ſeem to ſay, See what an excellent compoſition I have given you in ſo ſhort a time—what would it have been if I had taken *pains* about it.

How unfortunate am I then who am obliged to offer this hacknied excuſe for the crudities that are to be found in this book, which has been written in a greater hurry than ever book was. A friend of mine was firmly of opinion that I ſhould be at leaſt a twelvemonth in getting it out from the firſt day I began to print; and I really may venture to affirm that ſo much *ground of argument*, and *Engliſh ground*, have never been gone over together, in ſo ſhort a time; but I will not be ſo unfair, however, as to avail myſelf of this opportunity of getting off, but honeſtly confeſs, that though I have choſen a pretty extenſive field, I do not think I could have explored it to better purpoſe, had I taken ever ſo much time—for I have put up plenty of game, and to have gone

over all the ſhiftings and doublings, would perhaps have rendered the chace tedious, inſtead of amuſing.

To ſpeak literally, I might have expreſſed myſelf with more variety and cloſer accuracy than I have done; but *correctneſs* is with me a *cold word*, and if a reviſion of any thing take away of *ſpirit* more than it add of *elegance*, let me go into the world with whatever faults the critics can point out, ſo that men of ſtrong feeling and candid diſcrimination will but acknowledge in me lively fancy, decent language, poignant remark, apt epithet, and argument ſomething like axiom.

As times go, the art of keeping people awake has its merit; and if I can but accompliſh this, I ſhall have triumphed over many writers, and thoſe—not to ſpeak it profanely—that I have heard praiſed too; who, believing that a man takes up a book to ſhun his thoughts, the more effectually to obliviate them—if they, literati, will admit my expreſſion—ſeem as if they invented a ſort of literary laudanum which ſhould ſet him aſleep without an obligation to the apothecary.

The temperatures of all authors are not alike. Some only muddy and confound their ideas by frequent thinking—like the actor, who reproved by RICH for being imperfect on the *fifty-third* night of the *Beggar's Opera*, cried out, "Good God, ſir, would you have a man remember a thing for "ever!" Others catch hold of ſuperficial ideas which leave no perceptible trace in the mind, any more than a *meteor* in the air: theſe, though beautiful in the conception, come to nothing upon proof. They are as abſurd as would be a ſpecimen of a fine hand writing in vitriol, which would be loſt upon being committed to paper, and deſtroy that which it ſolicited to embelliſh.

I ſhall be blamed by ſome for introducing ſo much figure—but I own I love imagery; and, where deſcription is neceſſary—particularly in the latitude

of

of epiſtolary writing, which it will be pretty difficult I believe to ſquare by any rule as to its mode of language—I ſee no reaſon why this powerful literary auxiliary ſhould not be called in to the aſſiſtance of *proſe* as well as *poetry*.

ADDISON writes on the pleaſures of the imagination as critically exact, and in language as correctly chaſte, as he introduces WILL WHIMBLE or SIR ROGER DE COVERLY's rookery—all which is perfectly laudable as far as it relates to eſtabliſhing a reputation for a juſt and accurate ſtyle; but ſurely if he had been a little more volatile, and ſtretched a point to have given us a glowing deſcription or two, on a ſubject ſo full of inſpiration, it would not have hurt, but rather lent aſſiſtance to that ſober ſolemnity which throughout his whole writings partakes a little too much of his Spectatorial taciturnity.—But it was his way—like the gravity of the BATH audience, or CERVETTO's *yawn*—and this granted, 'tis not impoſſible but that praiſe which POPE thought was meant to *damn*—it was ſo faint—conveyed, or was intended to do ſo, as warm an encomium as the frigid—or rather elegant—conception of the writer was capable of admitting.

For this reaſon, I think DRYDEN's proſe is the beſt in our language—for though yet *proſe* it has all the fire, ſtrength, and imagination of *poetry*.—Yet cannot I quit this ſubject without noticing how much I admire the wonderful eaſe of SWIFT. I would indeed go through a liſt of all thoſe who have delighted me, but that I haſten very faſt to a finiſh of my journey, and cannot ſtay to bait on the road, however agreeable may be the fare provided for me; and becauſe, by the ſide of their ſuperior productions, mine would ſhew like a ſimple *field flower*, compared to the beauty and richneſs of a variegated *parterre*.

You, however, prize it, and for that and a thouſand other reaſons, I remain

Moſt ſincerely yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 27, 1788.

LETTER CIII.

A CURSORY RECAPITULATION.

"*There I gave it her home, brother Bruin.*"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I Have this moment finiſhed reading, for the firſt time in a collected ſtate, all the letters that are at preſent printed; and, inſtead of a general recapitulation of the whole matter, which I thought would be poſitively neceſſary, ſo well is the proper connection preſerved—notwithſtanding the manifeſt diſadvantages I have laboured under—that I ſhall only have occaſion to rub off hardneſſes, and throw in ſome finiſhing touches, to make this picture have a proper roundneſs and harmony in its general effects.

I have ſaid, early in the work, that I expected to leave ENGLAND in the beginning of *April*—which it was certainly my firm determination to accompliſh, had it been eligibly practicable; but I will candidly declare, that when I found, ſhould I do ſo, I muſt have gone abroad in a more unpleaſant way than—I thank my *able* and *willing* friends—I am now likely to do, I thought I might take the liberty of altering my intention—eſpecially as I can now make ſo deſirable an apology to thoſe who wiſh me well, which number I am ſure is in a multiplied ſtate, and by *no mean figure*, ſince I have had it in my power to tell my own ſtory.

It was my intention to have gone into the laws reſpecting the regulations of public entertainments, but as that buſineſs has not only been argued on in every poſſible way, but at length taken the very form I long ago predicted it would, a further inveſtigation of what is paſſed were totally unneceſſary; I ſhall take the liberty, however, to offer a few words as to what may come of it, and mention how in my ſenſe the matter ought to be. And firſt, it would be but common policy to introduce into the new bill, how the amuſements are to be regulated beyond the circle of twenty miles out of LONDON, for I can aſſure Mr. MAINWARING that the proprietors of *Theatres Royal*, in the country, begin to grow very jealous of their privileges, and if they ſhould form a miſtaken zeal, or—what is full as likely—with an eye to their own advantage, put down all the *Unlicenſed Theatres*; or indeed ſhould any indifferent perſon—now the laws are explained—do ſo for the reward, there is not an actor out of LONDON who would not ſtarve; for it is not by the *Theatres Royal*, where they have a large rent, a number of ſervants, and heavy nightly expences to pay, but by the ſnug, comfortable, returns, and reaſonable diſburſements, that a ſcheme of this kind maintains itſelf. YORK is ſure to loſe money, but LEEDS and WAKEFIELD never fail to bring the company up again. In ſhort, let the matter be equalized—let men, without reſpect of perſons, who pay a ſum of money and give ſecurity, have licences, which may be of various prices, according to the nature of the entertainment meant to be given. This would exclude all poſſibility of monopoly, ſtimulate men of talents to exert themſelves, and make the name of *Actor*—and why it ſhould not be ſo no man upon earth can give a ſenſible reaſon—RESPECTABLE. It might alſo ultimately contribute towards the exigencies of the ſtate, and, by a general regulation, be made, like the amuſements in FRANCE, of national conſequence. Mr. SHERIDAN has, I know, held out that it would not be productive, but the matter was not at that time preſſed, otherwiſe there can be no doubt but he would have ſeen to the contrary; for it can be proved, without difficulty, that public amuſements would yield, as a tax, forty thouſand pounds a year. He has alſo talked lately that it would be a hardſhip, were the privileges of the

TWO *Theatres*—as if they were guaranteed by patents to the excluſion of all others—*ſhould be trenched upon*, for they are a property worth little leſs than two hundred thouſand pounds. This is *ſpeculatively* TRUE, but *ſubſtantially* FALSE;—but if it were literally the fact, there is not the ſmalleſt equity in this mode of argument. The *Royalty Theatre*, or the *Circus*, coſt as large a ſum *originally* as either *Drury-Lane* or *Covent Garden Theatre*; and if the *wardrobe*, *ſcenes*, and other articles have ſwelled the property to ſuch an immenſe ſum—which by the bye is a little extraordinary, for the laſt time they were put up to ſale one yielded but ſixty and the other ſeventy thouſand pounds—is it *money* or *ſucceſs* that has produced it?

But to aſk what this boaſted property is worth, ſtript of the patent, is the only way to know its intrinſic value; in which caſe I believe we ſhould find, that the trappings would be about equal to the mock honours of the actor who wears them; that nine-tenths of the ſcenes have been conſidered only as ſo much ſpare wood and canvas ever ſince the tragedy, opera, or pantomime they embelliſhed was damned, or finiſhed its run; and the gilt chariots, plumed caps, ſpears, ſhields, and all that waſte of ſpangles and gilt leather that make proceſſions ſtared at—thrown by to crowd up the flies, or encumber the property-room. In ſhort, to render Mr. SHERIDAN's meaning ſo as to make it conſonant to common ſenſe, is to ſuppoſe he ſays this: We had a large *ideal* property, which you *realized*, by giving us a power to exerciſe our trade of which that property is the *working tools*:—if you give theſe people an equal power, their property will be as large as ours—and this is not fair. Why?—Shall one merchant entreat government to prohibit the commerce of another, leſt he alſo ſhould grow rich? No—let each do his utmoſt, 'tis for the general good. Thus will a laudable emulation ſtimulate them to induſtry, and a watchfulneſs over each other prevent mutual abuſes.

The ſenſible part of the world ſet down public amuſements as ruined when Mr. SHERIDAN and Mr. HARRIS coaleſced, and the ſhort time that monopoly

nopoly went on confirmed this truth ſo ſtrongly, that it was clearly demonſtrable a petition for the emancipation of *theatrical ſlaves* would ſoon have been full as neceſſary as thoſe at preſent preferred in favour of the *Africans*.

I profeſs to be a little *au fait* to this matter, and therefore it muſt not to *me* be objected that more than two public places cannot ſubſiſt in LONDON at the ſame time. Have not houſes, at an immenſe price, been purchaſed to be pulled down?—has not invention been racked to prop the crazy walls and roofs of the *two theatres*, till they have been ſtretched into the ſize of *four*? and has not this expence been repaid, firſt by laying an additional charge on the benefits of authors and actors—which were firſt ſixty guineas, afterwards eighty, and now an hundred—and then ten fold by the receipts of firſt nights; which, as the *theatre* is ſure to fill, muſt of courſe pay all the expence of a firſt performance, whether it ſucceed or not, which clearly proves the manager is ſafe, whatever may be the fate of the poor author. In fact, ten places of public entertainment might, in the metropolis, thrive, ſupported by *real merit* and *proper variety*; for that wonderful place has grown more rich and populous every day ſince the eſtabliſhment of the preſent *theatres*. But were this to obtain, there would be an actual neceſſity for calling in the aſſiſtance of men of real abilities, who will not, after the treatment they have received, lend their help without being properly rewarded—and this would overthrow the whole of the preſent ſyſtem; for it is evident the *theatre* can, as it is, yield money enough without the ſmalleſt aid of genius or ability at all.

There are but two things:—either let the management of *theatres* be conſidered as a traffic that every body has a right to derive a benefit from who chuſes to adventure in it, or let it be underſtood as a grant to the proprietors of *two houſes* in LONDON, and, if you will, one in every other city or opulent town in the kingdom, who are to be conſidered as the purveyors of the public, and obliged, under that idea, to provide the beſt entertainment that can be had. How will it operate? No ſingle *theatre* in the kingdom, except thoſe in LONDON, produces

produces the ſmalleſt novelty—if, therefore, performances void of merit are permitted at the *two theatres*, they go through the whole nation, and are ſure, the ſource being contaminated, to poiſon the general taſte. Thus genius—for whoſe ſupport and encouragement *theatres* were ſurely originally intended—may retire, unknown and neglected, to deplore the ingratitude of the moſt benevolent country upon earth.

Had I time to go over the ground of eſtabliſhing theatres by purchaſeable licences, I ſhould not deſpair of proving that it would anſwer every deſirable end to the managers, the public, and the legiſlature; but ſince at preſent, however, the ſubject does not ſeem likely to take this turn, I ſhall content myſelf with ſaying—as more cannot be meant by veſting partial powers in the hands of individuals than that ſuch men ſhould act in conformity with the wiſh, and properly provide for the *pleaſure* of the public—this law, like any other, ſhould be watched, and managers laid under a reſtriction not to reject works of acknowledged merit. For this purpoſe, a ſort of board of controul might be inſtituted, who ſhould have power to take cognizance of every omiſſion of this kind, and let the authority of that body determine in what way pieces ſhould be produced, ſo as to conduce to the mutual advantage of author and manager. If it be objected that the cure is worſe than the evil, it ſelf-evidently proves, that the meaſure is in itſelf wrong, and that the legiſlature, by giving an unlimitted power to managers, will check that genius it is their duty to encourage, and cheriſh that very licentiouſneſs they are ſo ſolicitous to curb.

In a word, as the laws now are, a manager—either from want of principle or ability—being abſolute, may exerciſe what tyranny he ſhall think proper; I therefore hope, for the ſake of conſiſtency, this power will be in ſome way reſtrained, if it were only for the *propriety* of not countenancing *deſpotiſm* in a LAND OF FREEDOM. Adieu.

Yours, with great truth,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 28, 1788.

LETTER CIV.

MORE ACCOUNT OF MATTER BROUGHT UP.

"Is it in the newſpaper? I don't like that.
"Now I do—for then 'tis likely it mayn't be truth.

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING done with the theatres—to which ſubject I wiſh I could have allotted more room. I proceed to my taſk of looking further over thoſe parts of the work which may need elucidation, and others that may with propriety be revived, in order to be heightened.

I have ſaid that I ſhould be able to point out many errors in Mr. PATERSON's Travelling Dictionary—which is certainly in many places incorrect. I have ſhewn how I calculated falſely, all the way from BURY to WORCESTER, owing to the faith I gave to that book. From HALIFAX to SHEFFIELD, which according to Mr. PATERSON is *forty miles*, is really no more than *thirty-ſix*; from SHEFFIELD to MANCHESTER, ſaid to be *forty* miles, is *forty-two*; from MANCHESTER to LIVERPOOL, ſet down *forty* miles, is but *thirty-ſix*; from LEEDS to HALIFAX, ſaid to be *ſixteen* miles, is *eighteen*; from HALIFAX to MANCHESTER, ſet down *thirty*, is but *twenty-eight*—and indeed there are many other errors of the like kind.

I ſhall next take an opportunity of mentioning, which I look upon as common juſtice, that long after the letter was printed containing an explana-

tion of the buſineſs between Mr. DALY, the Iriſh manager, and myſelf, the note of ten pounds was paid. This however I had no notice of till I received a letter at LIVERPOOL, mentioning it, on the eighth of March laſt—making very nearly a twelvemonth from the time of the original tranſaction; but I do not yet repent of noticing it in the way I have, for the pieces, which are far more valuable, are not to this moment returned.

At the latter end of the *twenty-firſt* letter, I have mentioned leaving my kind friends at COLCHESTER, before I have actually been there—this aroſe from writing the twenty-ſecond letter *firſt*. Or the reader may, if he pleaſe, believe that I purpoſely left myſelf this opportunity of recurring to a circumſtance which will certainly ever furniſh me with grateful reflections: the fact is however as I have ſet it down.

I have to ſpeak of newſpapers; and the firſt thing I ſhall ſay is, that it is aſtoniſhing to ſee how they multiply. I remember when *The Daily Advertiſer*, *The Public Advertiſer*, *The Gazetteer*, *The Ledger*, and two evening papers, made up—except *The Craftsman* on a Saturday—the whole ſtock of public prints in LONDON, and *one*, or at moſt *two* papers *in a county*, contented the people in the country; and really, at that time, there was ſomething like independent principles in the conduct of the public prints. *The Morning Chronicle* even outwent this, and for a few years was conducted—particularly as to theatrical ſtrictures—upon the moſt diſintereſted and impartial plan that ever was characterized by candour and fearleſs truth; but, alas! what force of abilities and integrity can hold out againſt free tickets, countenance, attention, compliments, and, in fact, an anticipation of every little pleaſurable wiſh and convenience! But TROY fell, and ſo did *The Morning Chronicle*—which, having firſt implicitly bowed to the mandate of managers, to finiſh the buſineſs, took a decided part in politics, and is now *decidedly*—NOWHERE. *The Morning Poſt* blazed on us at once—it attacked every thing, and feared nothing—conſequently its popularity was very ſoon confirmed. This paper

is

is memorable for teaching advertiſers how to write; and what *Puff* ſays in the *Critic*, has certainly its origin from the ſuperior ſtyle in which auctions were advertiſed in *The Morning Poſt*, which ſet every body mad for high-flown, paragraphical deſcriptions of trifles; for, as FOOTE has it, they had as much to ſay upon a *ribband* as a RAPHAEL. The dauntleſs attacks, however, were its ſtaple commodity, its ſtamina, through which it preſently grew vigorous and rich. At this time, thinking, I ſuppoſe, that abuſe alone was neceſſary to lift a public print into popularity, a ſet of levelling gentlemen brought out *The General Advertiſer*, which to be ſure did deal about ſheer mud and filth in a moſt liberal—or rather illiberal—way, without regard to ſex, age, or condition. Having, however, forgot that the ſatire in the *Morning Poſt* was written in the ſtyle of a *gentleman*, and, though very ſevere, gave evident marks of genius, and conveyed good ſtrength of argument, they preſently found themſelves decried among all thoſe who had ability to judge, or taſte to diſtinguiſh. Yet, as in this country are to be found plenty of thoſe who love to feaſt now and then on a neighbour's reputation, this worthy paper, though full of nothing but the groſſeſt and moſt ignorant ſcurrility—which accompliſhed quality it retains to this very day—became a great favourite among the lower ſort of people.

I ſhall go through a remainder of this ſubject in my next letter—being the laſt but two on which I ſhall trouble the public, or telling you, except privately, how much I am

Your very obliged friend,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 28, 1788.

LETTER CV.

MORE NEWS.

"How are we ruined!"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THUS did the newſpapers, with all the calmneſs and goodnature imaginable, revile, abuſe, and vilify each other, by mutual agreement, for a conſiderable time, without receiving the ſmalleſt interruption to their laudable endeavours.

At length, ſome of the underlings belonging to the *Morning Poſt*—headed by that renowned veteran, DOCTOR KENRICK—reſolving to have a *Morning Poſt* of their own, without any previous intimation, came out all of a ſudden with a new paper under that title. This ſcheme was as expeditiouſly ſtopt, as it was ridiculouſly put into practice. The malecontents however were continually fomenting diſputes, till thinking themſelves equal to the conduct of the paper without aſſiſtance from their principal, they propoſed terms of ſeparation, which were handſomely and honourably acceded to, and the eſtabliſhment of *The Morning Herald* was the conſequence; which is now, without doubt—except in that virulent and diſgraceful party heat, which ſome have not ſpared to think is a convention with the *Morning Poſt*, to make both popular—is the moſt brilliant paper extant: indeed how ſhould it be otherwiſe when, in addition to the keen and penetrating judgment and ſolid good ſenſe of

of its fabricator, it is notorious that the flower of the oppoſition have at times made it the conveyance of their public ſentiments.

After they had gone on in this manner for a time, gathering ſtrength —like ANTEUS by being abaſed—*The Univerſal Regiſter*, now called *The Times*, was produced, without a ſingle recommendation, but being printed *logographically*; treading however in the ſteps, or rather edging itſelf into the ſituation of the *Ledger*—which paper began now to be on the decline—it circulated pretty well.

Laſt of all came out *The World*—of which paper I ſhall not ſay an unkind word, if it be only for its ſenſible and ſteady attachment to that moſt noble and manly of all ſubjects—the virtues of THE PRINCE OF WALES. Certainly it was ſtimulated to this theme, by an act of public juſtice unparalelled in the annals of any country; for is there an inſtance upon recordworthy equal attention to this—where the heir of ſuch a glorious crown, with a ripened wiſdom and Spartan greatneſs of ſoul, *at twenty*, preferred to ſee his palace in ruins, rather than his tradeſmen ſhould go unpaid. There are no words adequate to the praiſe of ſuch an action. Admiration muſt tell it. It muſt be felt—nay it *is*, in that uniform, heart-felt tranſport with which men gaze on their idol, who gave them ſo early a proof that he is not more a *munificent prince*—than an HONEST MAN.

It would not be credited, were it not as evident as light, that theſe NINE papers are ſo pampered with ſucceſs, that though advertiſements—which are charged equally at the ſtamp-office—are now rated from five and ſixpence to fourteen or fifteen ſhillings, they garble *what* they think proper, diſappoint *when* they think proper, and advertiſe for *whom* they think proper. In ſhort, the very end propoſed in advertiſing is defeated by their ſhameful neglect, or ſcandalous perverſion of what is committed to their care.

This it ſeems has rouſed a number of opulent and reſpectable men, who having themſelves ſuſtained great inconvenience from ſuch kind of conduct, are now, at an immenſe expence, and with a ſpirit hitherto unequalled, bringing out a paper to be called *The Star*.

This paper will be out before what I am now writing can be read, and this TOUR will finally go to preſs before this *Novel Heſperus* will have made its appearance, therefore I cannot, at any rate, give more than a blind judgment on the buſineſs. It will however be fair to conclude, that the immenſe property the gentlemen engaged in this undertaking are able to muſter—which is an ingredient by the bye never yet poſſeſſed by the eſtabliſhers of a new public print—will certainly, if they go the right way to work, render their undertaking a very popular one. It has one novelty to recommend it, it will be publiſhed *every evening*; and if their ſource of intelligence be genuine, and within themſelves, and they can in conſequence anticipate the articles of the following day, it will really become a very valuable acquiſition to the public. Some amendment moſt aſſuredly has long been wanted, and by the eaſieſt aſſent in the world they may riſe to the ſummit of their wiſhes—for it conſiſts of nothing more than to avoid the errors of the other daily prints, which are ſo glaring, that it is not only thoſe who run may *read*, but thoſe who run may *correct*.

I ſhall not ſpeak of *evening papers*, for they are a ſort of moons to the others, and it would be only to *reflect* a *reflection*. In the whole, there are in LONDON—taking in the three Sunday papers—about twenty, under different titles—all which yield prodigious profit, indeed more individually, than when there were but *four*; which I think is a pretty concluſive proof that an increaſe of theatres would be proportionably productive.

In the country, where ſeveral fortunes have been made by newſpapers alone, there are, I ſhould ſuppoſe, *ten* for every *one* that was to be ſeen

twenty-five

twenty-five years ago; and the ſhort hiſtory of them, in general, is this: They are indefatigable to procure entertaining and uſeful intelligence, till they fill with advertiſements, and then a pair of ſciſſars become the editor, which are indiſcriminately brandiſhed by *compoſitors* and *devils*, to the great annoyance of *Lloyd's Evening Poſt*, and the unmerciful mutilation of the *St. James's Chronicle*.

Some exceptions however there are to this rule, and the ſtrongeſt I know, by infinite degrees, is *The Sheffield Regiſter*. I do not know how ſoon my friend GALES may make a fortune, which ultimately muſt inevitably happen, if unwearied induſtry, fair dealing, the world's regard, and a well ſtocked head, as well as ſhop, are the materials to procure it; but, let it happen when it will, I ſhall change my good opinion of him—which is at preſent pretty ſtrongly rooted—if he ſo far forget his patrons, the public, as to neglect them in return for their favours. I think however he will not; and ſo much do I approve his paper, that I have made choice of it to announce what will publicly be known of me in future; and I here, conformably to ſuch reſolution, give notice, that nothing relative to me is to be conſidered as authentic, but what ſhall appear in or through the medium of *The Sheffield Regiſter*.

There may be other matters which are yet untouched; if ſo, in that ſtate they muſt remain, leaving it to the goodnature of my readers to overlook what in my haſte I may have omitted—while I make uſe of the little time I have to draw up a general correction of errors in minuter matters.

Adieu. My next letter, though neceſſary, will be tedious; I ſhall endeavour therefore—in the way of a ſtory or a ſong on a tireſome journey—to enliven it with a few remarks: not forgetting however firſt to remark, that I am as uſual,

Yours very truly,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 29, 1788.

LETTER CVI.

A GENERAL ERRATA.

"All offences, my Lord, come from the heart:
"Never came any from mine."

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I Had a great mind not to write this letter; but there is ſomething ſo eaſy in me, that I may be perſuaded into any thing. What I am about to ſet down, is a candid expoſition of all the errors this book contains—which, being given in a new way, I may perhaps from ſome be credited for having committed theſe faults on purpoſe to introduce *novelty*, even in my very ERRATA.

One reaſon for my wiſh to ſay nothing about it was, that the ingenuous part of my readers, when they meet with a typographical miſtake, will have the goodneſs, and—what is better in the reading of a book—the *good ſenſe* to believe that the beſt ſubſtitute for the improper word their invention could ſupply, was the very individual expreſſion meant by the author.

A ſecond reaſon was, that it would really be a pity to deprive the critical fry of a little nibbling—who live upon the errors of the preſs, as young trouts do upon May flies, till by and by the inſects are all gone, when, ſearching for their prey with the uſual avidity, they get *hooked* for their pains.

I had many others; but the moſt ſubſtantial was, that my modeſty would become the ſacrifice in ſuch a trial—for if I ſay any thing about it at all, common juſtice will oblige me to pronounce, that this book, though abounding with *errors*, is the moſt PERFECT that ever was publiſhed.

Having ſo far dipped into this ſubject as to have been guilty of an apparent ſoleciſm, my reputation demands that I ſhould ſet the matter to rights; relying, therefore, on the candour of the public, I bluſh, and go on.

Nothing can controvert that aſſertion which affirms that compariſon is the only criterion by which any thing ought to be judged; let it then be conſidered, that when this book was firſt begun I had not the ſmalleſt idea what form it would take; that I have been three thouſand miles to ſearch for the matter with which it is furniſhed; that it was utterly impracticable I ſhould myſelf ſuperintend more than the firſt ſixty-four pages; that I have not had recourſe to a document of any kind—not even my own letters, of which it was impoſſible to write or keep a copy; that during the whole time, till my laſt arrival in TOWN, I had on my mind the weight of performing a moſt laborious entertainment—perhaps four times a week; that I have been under the neceſſity of accepting a great number of invitations; that in the courſe of the time I have not written ſo few as five hundred private letters; let all this I ſay be put againſt the advantages which attend the productions of writers in general in their way to the world, and then try by what degree of compariſon this work is more or leſs perfect than any other. 'Tis CLEAR—and *every* reader has given it in my favour, confeſſing, that inſtead of ſo ſmall a number of errors, 'tis wonderful there are not twenty times as many. Every reader? Yes. My friends have *proclaimed* it; and my enemies curſed me, bit their lips, and *owned* it—*in ſecret*.

I ſhall begin with thoſe errors which are of the greateſt magnitude—but theſe are not typographical. The language in many places is not ſufficiently

perſpicuous, and frequently aiming at ſtrength—for I hate any thing luke-warm—I am afraid I have been now and then a little uncouth in my ſtyle.

The errors of the preſs are at leaſt two-thirds of them chargeable to me. In the firſt place, I write—eſpecially when imagination is hard at work—a moſt *villainous hand*; and as more than three-fourths of the copy has gone, letter after letter by the poſt, there was nothing for it but to print away—in doing which, Mr. GALES has proved himſelf poſſeſſed of no mean abilities at decyphering. But I'll go over the errors in the order they happened.

The firſt, p. 83, is a very curious one, for it deſcribes LIVERPOOL to be *eaſt* of LEEDS. Nine out of ten however upon reading it would have ſaid this is an error of the preſs, it ſhould be *weſt*. P. 106, l. 18, it will eaſily be credited, that I meant to ſay the dean and chapter of LICHFIELD were *providently* repairing their cathedral—and not *providentially*. P. 145, l. 3, dele *in* before *conduct*—for it ſhould read, the men who conduct thoſe paſſage boats. P. 158, l. 2, read, on the ſtage—and not, on *to* the ſtage. P. 169, l. 15, read POLLARD—and not HOLLAND. Same page, laſt line but two, dele *much*—and read, on being a MAN as well as a MONARCH. This ought to be ſet right, for it is that trait of his character on which our moſt gracious ſovereign prides himſelf. P. 232, l. 20. Here is a miſtake occaſioned, without a doubt, by ſome omiſſion of mine. How I intended to expreſs myſelf at that moment it is totally out of my power at this diſtance of time to ſay, but the paſſage will read tolerably well, if the reader will entirely omit the words, "then to ſay that." After all, there is ſome whim in this kind of errata, for it looks—wholly without intention however—like a ſatire on the amendments of motions in the *houſe of commons*. P. 236, l. 5, read of a more *ſane* nature—and not *ſape*. In the letter to Mr. HARRIS, to ſay I did not mean to ſay *more privater*—though it might have been in the ſtyle of ſome of his people, is unneceſſary, therefore the reader will pleaſe to dele *more*, and let *privater* ſtand alone. P. 258, l. 2, place a *comma* after *arguments*, and put a *period* to *theatre*, l. 4. Read *level*, inſtead

instead of *feats*, l. 10, same page. P. 260, l. 20, for *when*—read *where*. P. 266, l. 22, read accommodating the melody *to* the capacity of the trumpets—not *of*. P. 272, l. 4, instead of *tone*, read *time*. P. 323, in the motto, for *Jack in the wood*—read *Jack in his mood*. Every body knows it, 'tis a ſpeech of MERCURY'S. P. 354, l. 3, for *fconce*, read *nonce*. P. 380, l. 19, read *dir tiple*, inſtead of *der traple*. P. 383, in the motto of a few of the copies, *The vizor ſpeaks the art*, inſtead of *heart*. P. 391, laſt line but one—*expoſe*, not *explore* falſe charms. P. 393, l. 18, after the word *dangers*, add *ſcars*. P. 280, l. 9, inſtead of *recommendation to paſſengers*, read *accommodation to paſſengers*. In the note, P. 287, inſtead of *prevailed*, read *having prevailed*. P. 291. In the account of GARRICK's manœuvres relative to the *Jubilee*, it ſhould be, "he raiſed a prodigious number of volunteers, whoſe exertions he pretty libe-" rally *exacted*"—not *extracted*. In the ſong from *Poor Vulcan*, read *quinze*—not *quince*. P. 74, laſt line but one, inſtead of *wiſh ſafe*, read *wiſh me ſafe*. P. 409, laſt line but one, inſtead of *only*, read, *not only*. P. 412, read *auto de fe*, not *aute de fe*. P. 420, l. 2, inſtead of, *if they*, *literati*, read, *if the literati*.

There are other errors of leſs note, ſuch as *ſenſeoutive*, inſtead of *conſecutive*—*invetend*, inſtead of *invented*—*diving*, inſtead of *driving*—a *the* to be taken out before *theatre*—*ſubtel*, inſtead of *ſubtle*—*whetever*, inſtead of *whereever*—*ſeviture*, inſtead of *ſerviteur*—*phojector*, for *projector*—ABURNOT, inſtead of ARBUTHNOT, and perhaps a few others.

The pointing alſo has in ſome places altered the ſenſe, and perhaps a turned letter or two will now and then be met with; in return however for all theſe imperfections, the work is beautifully printed; the letter is new and clean; the lines are leaded, that they may be read without confuſion; and the preſs-work—which is no trifle in a large publication—carefully and neatly executed. Indeed, ſo much ſolicitude has Mr. GALES ſhewn in the getting out this work, and real judgment and underſtanding in being able to conduct it under ſuch circumſtances, that he has, as uſual, anticipated my praiſe, by letting his labour

bour ſpeak his panegyric. I do not know what degree of influence my recommendation of him may have; but if his mode of treating others be equally obliging—and there is no reaſon to doubt it, for I am ſure my pretenſions to a preference are ſlight indeed—he will *recommend* HIMSELF, which, it muſt be confeſſed, is a very enviable ſtyle of patronage.

Before I quit this *comedy*, or *farce of errors*, if you pleaſe, I muſt not omit to ſet one very material matter to rights; in doing which however it will appear, that we were obliged to manœuvre now and then, and pretty ingeniouſly, to get out this TOUR through the medium of the general poſt.

When I went laſt from SHEFFIELD to LIVERPOOL, the matter then written went no farther than Letter 44—which the reader will ſee is dated SHEFFIELD, March 4. As I well knew the hoſpitality I ſhould find at LIVERPOOL, on my return, and the variety of pleaſures that would be kindly chalked out for me, I felt myſelf conſcious that to keep pace with Mr. GALES would be no eaſy matter. We therefore agreed that as ſoon as Letter 44 ſhould be finiſhed, to go on upon Letter 75, which begins *The Readings*; as, inſtead of *inventing*, I ſhould in that caſe have nothing to do but *copy*. Thus we calculated that there would be a vacancy of thirty letters—a number ſufficient to contain all that it would be neceſſary to ſay on the TOUR itſelf, and the ſtatement of pieces. We outreckoned ourſelves however two ways. In the firſt place, in bringing up the matter to page 307, inſtead of 305 or 309, we found ourſelves entangled with an odd quarter of a ſheet, and were thus obliged to have duplicates of the *pages* 307 and 308, though the *matter* will be found different. This will all be clearly underſtood by noticing that Letter 44, is dated as above SHEFFIELD, March 4, Letter 75—which begins *The Readings*—is dated LIVERPOOL, March 6, Letter 98—which finiſhes *The Readings*—s dated LONDON, March 22, and Letter 45—which returns again to the main ſubject, is dated LONDON, March 25.

The

The advantage of this manœuvre, ſuperadded to that which I have already mentioned, was *ſuppoſed to be*, that I ſhould be able to ſuperintend all that remainder of the work; the propoſed end however was defeated—for I have not ſeen SHEFFIELD—except for about eighteen hours—ſince the fourth of March.

Another error neceſſary to be mentioned is this: letting the pages remain on the form after the matter was diſtributed, thoſe two half ſheets which are diſtinguiſhed by the colating letters, 4 Q and 4 R, will be found to be the ſame pages, viz. 335, 336, 337, & 338, though different matter. Theſe particulars are mentioned merely for the information of the public, you may remember I privately apprized you of them as we went on.

Theſe are the hardneſſes I thought it neceſſary to rub off; to which perhaps it will not be unneceſſary to add, that as there can be no doubt but that my abſence will be immediately taken advantage of, and as it is not impoſſible, not only that much ſpurious traſh may be given out for mine, but alſo that my real compoſitions may ſurreptitiouſly get into the world, I entreat the public not to credit any declaration, either in print or otherwiſe, to this effect, not properly authenticated; and I alſo give notice, that I ſhall have left authority behind me to proſecute all thoſe who ſhall either *perform* or *publiſh* any compoſition of mine, without my written permiſſion.

This laſt declaration has put it in my power to finiſh this letter very pleaſurably, by mentioning Mr. PRESTON in the Strand. I deſire he will accept my public thanks for the innumerable kindneſſes I have received at his hands; and I ſincerely hope that the muſic of *Liberty Hall*, *Harveſt Home*, the *ſongs* in *The Readings*, and the variety of other things he has liberally purchaſed of me, may, by being productive to him, in ſome degree acquit me of ſo large a load of obligations. To adviſe all perſons who may have dealings in his way to ap-

ply to him, is only aſking them to conſider their own intereſt. 'Tis upon that principle I am happy to find that it has been in my power to contribute ſome little towards the extenſion of his immenſe country correſpondence; for I have never returned to any place where I have not been thanked for my recommendation. In ſhort, if a large capital, a ſtrong back, a well conducted home manufactory, the beſt materials, a reaſonable price, ſtrict fidelity, the moſt minute care and attention, and a remarkable diſpatch and punctuality, are the true requiſites of an opulent and reſpectable man of buſineſs, Mr. PRESTON certainly anſwers the deſcription; to which he adds—and my own feelings ſtrongly evince it—all the *warmth*, *ſincerity*, and *generoſity* of a *faithful* and *valuable* FRIEND.

The heightening touches will come in the next letter, and finiſh this picture; after which it may be hung up—like of that of PRAXITILES—on *the ſecond day*; when, I'll venture to ſay, if there be any beauties in truth, ſome of them will be here allowed—if it were only a repetition of thoſe truths which have marked me as

Your very thankful friend,

C. DIBDIN.

London, April 30, 1788.

LETTER CVII.

CONCLUSION.

"*And now I am come to the end of my ſong.*"

To the Rev Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I Come now to that moment to which I have ſo long looked with panting anxiety. To GARRICK it was "an awful one;" for he had every enjoyment "his *little* heart could wiſh." He was courted, encouraged, flattered, and careſſed; his productions were ſhewn to all poſſible advantage; his very foibles were objects of imitation; *and all this*—HE LEFT. To me it is a welcome moment; for I have had but little enjoyment—except that chearfulneſs of heart which has ſo often galled my oppreſſors. I have been envied, diſcouraged, vilified, and traduced; obliged to ſuſtain every poſſible humiliation—while my poor attempts have been uſhered into the world under the moſt mortifying diſadvantages; *and from all this*—I EMANCIPATE.

It was with peculiar propriety that I put this reſolution in practice by an appeal to the public. In the courſe of ſuch a length of time I muſt of neceſſity have noticed many ſhameful impoſitions. To communicate ſuch information as might go to the *detection*, if not the *cure* of theſe, I conceived it my duty —as a mite of gratitude in return for the innumerable inſtances of kindneſs I have received at the hands of my liberal benefactors; and I flatter myſelf this duty

duty is diſcharged in that proper, candid way, that actuates the feelings of all who aim at the good will of the benevolent, and can ſmile with contemptuous diſregard at the malignant and unworthy.

I have purpoſely reſerved this place to thank one more friend, whoſe exertions in procuring ſubſcribers for this work have been as flattering as beneficial to me. I have already mentioned this gentleman; for it was owing to him I am honoured with that ROYAL NOTICE which ſo greatly diſtinguiſhes the—I hope—*propitious hour* that, if fortune ſmile, muſt lead me to independance. His generoſity however did not ſtop here; for through the medium of his application has been procured the name of almoſt every noble perſonage in my liſt—beſides a large number of others. My only difficulty is how to thank him. He will not feel the conſciouſneſs of any merit in what he has done—for *his* gratification has been equal to *mine*—nevertheleſs he muſt not be offended if I aſſure him, with all this ph'lanthropy he cannot be more pleaſed than I am, nor more *diſintereſtedly*; for, when he ſhall have taken ſtill further pains—which I know he meditates—his *kind wiſhes* and *unparalleled attention* will be a welcomer pleaſure than—*the advantages ariſing from them.*

And now—having paid this tribute of gratitude—nothing further remains than, moſt ſeriouſly and ſolemnly to aſſure the public,

That in the proſecution of this work I have not had an unfair, an unworthy, nor an unhandſome wiſh to gratify; that if I have ſpoken in *ſtrong language*, it well became the dictates of TRUTH; and ſo may I proſper—as that cheerful, fearleſs, manly monitor prompts me—while I declare, that in this moment of parting from every public connection, I have not an ungenerous, nor unkind wiſh to any human being in the whole round of exiſtence.

Thus,

Thus, my dear friend, I commit myſelf to the world; and as to my particular good wiſhes to you, when you ſhall have ſummed up the finiſh of every letter, and ſeen what they all amount to, I deſire it may be conſidered that I ſubſcribe to the truth of the ſum total, by aſſuring you *now*, that I am, as ever,

Moſt cordially yours,

C. DIBDIN.

London, May 1, 1788.

FINIS.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER:

1	Place the ſong of Pompoſo to face	page 310
2	The Cape of Good-Hope	312
3	The Muſician's Lamentation for the Loſs of his Miſtreſs	334
4	The Siege of Troy	336
5	The Return of Ulyſſes to Ithaca	342
6	Bonny Kitty	381
7	Hope from Collins's Ode	404